



Anna L. ...
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THE READER THE FOCUS OF LANGUAGE-TRAINING

SWINTON'S

FIFTH READER

AND

SPEAKER

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TO SCHOOL OFFICERS.

The attention of School Officers is invited to the following leading features of this *Fifth Reader and Speaker*.

Its Twofold Purpose. — It will be noted that this book is at once a Fifth Reader and a school Speaker, — two-thirds of the matter being included under the former head, and one-third under the latter. The prose and poetic selections in the Speaker section comprise many of the finest gems of oratory and poesy, and form a "golden treasury" from which the choicest pieces may be drawn for "declamation afternoons." At the same time the pieces in this section are an integral part of the Fifth Reader, and afford lessons which from time to time should be intercalated as specially fitted by their inspiring tone and rhetorical excellence for class-room *reading*.

Matter. — In the tone of thought and feeling embodied in the selections will be found a well-considered advance on that of the Fourth Reader, but care has been taken to avoid the common mistake of making the transition too violent. The presence of a series of lessons under the generic title "Glimpses of Science" will be observed; and it will be noted that these selections are not "dry-bones," but science expressed in the forms of literary art.

Preparatory Notes. — In the paragraphs under this head are given brief characterizations of the authors, and such explanation of allusions and references as is necessary to the understanding of the pieces. As it is futile to assume that the literary apparatus requisite for the elucidation of such references and allusions is within the reach of scholars, it has been thought judicious to explain whatever needed explanation, to the end of *good reading*.

Language Study and Composition. — Under the head of "Language Study" will be found etymological, grammatical, and rhetorical questions and requirements, arranged under three subdivisions: I. The writing of the analysis of a few derivative words, fully exhibited in the Appendix; II. Hints and queries on salient points of practical grammar and sentential analysis; and III. Easy exercises in thought-analysis, literary expression, and the most useful figures of speech. The guiding principle has been to "make the exercises such as are fairly within the scholar's powers, and at the same time such as shall call these powers into fruitful activity."

As in the Third and Fourth Readers, syllabuses for composition are appended to each lesson specially fitted for such reproduction.



LESSON		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	7
	Outlines of Elocution	7
	Definitions in Language Study	28
1.	HOW TO WRITE <i>Hale</i>	33
2.	THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS <i>Alexander</i>	38
3.	THE SUNKEN TREASURE <i>Hawthorne</i>	40
4.	THE CHILDREN'S HOUR <i>Longfellow</i>	47
5.	SHARP EYES <i>Burroughs</i>	50
6.	GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE :	
	<i>The Two Breaths</i> <i>Kingsley</i>	54
7.	THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN. (Part I.) <i>Aldrich</i>	60
8.	THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN. (Part II.) "	64
9.	THE DISCOVERER <i>Stedman</i>	69
10.	SIX CHINESE PROVERBS	72
11.	KNICKERBOCKER LIFE IN NEW YORK <i>Irving</i>	73
12.	ONLY A DOG. (Part I.) <i>Alice Bacon</i>	79
13.	ONLY A DOG. (Part II.) "	84
14.	GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE :	
	<i>The Hand</i> <i>Wilson</i>	88
15.	IF I WERE A VOICE <i>Mackay</i>	92
16.	HONEY-HUNTING <i>Burroughs</i>	94
17.	THE MOON-MAIDEN <i>Japanese Legend</i>	98
18.	OLIVER CROMWELL. (Part I.) <i>Hawthorne</i>	104
19.	OLIVER CROMWELL. (Part II.) "	109
20.	RECOLLECTIONS OF MY BOYHOOD <i>Ruskin</i>	114
21.	THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE <i>Arnold</i>	117
22.	THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK <i>Poe</i>	120
23.	GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE :	
	<i>The Eye</i> <i>Wilson</i>	126
24.	THE IMAGINARY BANQUET " <i>Arabian Nights</i> "	132
25.	THE SNOW-STORM <i>Emerson</i>	137
26.	THE HERITAGE <i>Lowell</i>	139
27.	FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR <i>Dana</i>	141
28.	GRADGRIND'S IDEA OF EDUCATION <i>Dickens</i>	146
29.	A FRIENDLY EMBARRASSMENT <i>Harte</i>	153

30. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>The Three Lives of Insects</i>	T. W. Harris	156
31. THE BUILDERS	Longfellow	161
32. A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA	Hugo	163
33. NEW ENGLAND WEATHER	"Mark Twain"	166
34. A PICTURE AND A HOPE	Whittier	170
35. A BRILLIANT GEOGRAPHICAL CONTRAST	Ruskin	173
36. THE PROFESSOR IN SHAFTS	Kellogg	176
37. DEATH-BED OF WASHINGTON	Irving	181

38. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>Marvels of Ancient Life</i>	Arthur Nicol	186
39. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE	Bryant	191
40. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST	Old Testament	195
41. VISION OF BELSHAZZAR	Byron	199
42. THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON	Old Testament	203
43. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	Finch	206
44. AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT	Franklin	210

45. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>Sunbeams and their Work</i>	Buckley	214
46. THE RIVER PATH	Whittier	218
47. THE COUNTRY SCHOOL	Lowell	220
48. ABRAM AND ZIMRI	Clarence Cook	223
49. GOING UP IN A BALLOON	"Household Words"	227
50. MR. WINKLE ON SKATES	Dickens	232
51. PROGRESS	"The Quiver"	238

52. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>The Gulf Stream</i>	Maury	240
53. PASSING AWAY	Pierpont	244
54. A DUTCH GOVERNOR. (Part I.)	Irving	247
55. A DUTCH GOVERNOR. (Part II.)	"	251
56. CONTENTMENT	Holmes	255
57. THE STAGE COACH	Dickens	258
58. THE STRANGER ON THE SILL	T. B. Read	263

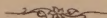
59. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>My First Geological Excursion</i>	Geikie	265
60. THE ROUND OF LIFE	"Chambers's Journal"	270
61. THE FOOT-BALL MATCH	H. C. Adams	272
62. THE MEAN SIDE OF NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER	Emerson	278
63. GOLDEN THOUGHTS		281

64. GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE:

<i>The Winds</i>	Kingsley	283
65. THE BELLS OF SHANDON	Mahony	288

66. THE QUICKSAND	<i>Hugo</i>	290
67. MY ORATORICAL EXPERIENCE	<i>Hawthorne</i>	294
68. A DISCOURSE OF FLOWERS	<i>Beecher</i>	297
69. GLIMPSSES OF SCIENCE:		
About Electricity	<i>Buckley</i>	304



SPEAKER.

I.—PROSE SELECTIONS.

70. SHAKESPEARE ON GOOD ELOCUTION	<i>"Hamlet"</i>	315
71. WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF	<i>J. Q. Adams</i>	317
72. PATRIOTISM	<i>Curtis</i>	320
73. VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL	<i>Webster</i>	321
74. A PICTURE OF DAWN	<i>Everett</i>	324
75. STORY OF JOHN MAYNARD	<i>Gough</i>	327
76. ADDRESS OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ	<i>Dickens</i>	329
77. THE CROSSING OF THE RUBICON	<i>Knowles</i>	333
78. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS	<i>Webster</i>	335
79. PITT IN REPLY TO HORACE WALPOLE		339
80. THE FRUITS OF LIBERTY	<i>Macaulay</i>	342
81. THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES	<i>Burke</i>	343
82. CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM	<i>Grattan</i>	347
83. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN	<i>Macpherson</i>	349
84. SOLILOQUY OF A YOUNG LADY	<i>Taylor</i>	350
85. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS	<i>Kellogg</i>	352
86. THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC	<i>Beecher</i>	356
87. TRUE ELOQUENCE	<i>Webster</i>	360
88. MRS. CAUDLE'S VIEWS ON MASONRY	<i>Jerrold</i>	361
89. SPEECH AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR	<i>Chatham</i>	363
90. AN APPEAL TO ARMS. (Part I.)	<i>Henry</i>	365
91. AN APPEAL TO ARMS. (Part II.)	<i>"</i>	368
92. CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP	<i>W. Phillips</i>	369
93. WASHINGTON	<i>C. Phillips</i>	371
94. EMMET'S LAST SPEECH. (Part I.)		373
95. EMMET'S LAST SPEECH. (Part II.)		376
96. THE BLIND PREACHER	<i>Wirt</i>	378
97. LIBERTY AND UNION	<i>Webster</i>	381
98. AMERICA'S OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND	<i>Barré</i>	382

II.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

99. KING CANUTE	<i>Thackeray</i>	385
100. THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS	<i>Holmes</i>	389
101. THE OLD CONTINENTALS	<i>McMaster</i>	390
102. BINGEN ON THE RHINE	<i>Norton</i>	393
103. LOVE OF COUNTRY	<i>Scott</i>	396
104. THE GERMAN FATHERLAND	<i>Arndt</i>	397
105. THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO	<i>Byron</i>	398
106. THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT	<i>Saxe</i>	401
107. RING OUT, WILD BELLS	<i>Tennyson</i>	403
108. THE WINE-CUP	<i>Stoddard</i>	404
109. DOUGLAS AND MARMION	<i>Scott</i>	409
110. SAINT JONATHAN	<i>Saxe</i>	411
111. THE RAVEN	<i>Poe</i>	414
112. APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN	<i>Byron</i>	419
113. TELL ME, YE WINGÉD WINDS	<i>Mackay</i>	422
114. HELPS TO READ	<i>Byrom</i>	424
115. MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS	<i>Shakespeare</i>	425
116. WILLIAM TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS	<i>Knowles</i>	430
117. THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD	<i>Hemans</i>	432
118. THE BURIAL OF MOSES	<i>Alexander</i>	434
119. FALSE DEFERENCE TO WEALTH	<i>Khemnitzer</i>	437
120. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT	<i>Hood</i>	439
121. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET	<i>Greene</i>	443
122. THE COMET	<i>Holmes</i>	446
123. A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS	<i>C. C. Moore</i>	449
124. THE RAZOR-SELLER	<i>Wolcott</i>	451
125. PIANO MUSIC		452
126. THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE LAWYER	<i>Horace Smith</i>	454
127. RIENZI TO THE ROMANS	<i>Mitford</i>	456
128. HOME	<i>Montgomery</i>	458
129. ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH	<i>Byrom</i>	459
APPENDIX :—		
Analysis of Latin Derivatives		461
Phonic Chart		479

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—OUTLINES OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution (from Latin *e*, “out,” and *loqui*, *locutus*, “to speak”) is the art of uttering sentences, either in speaking or reading, with all the agreeableness, feeling, force, and effect of which their meaning is susceptible.

Good reading depends on the proper use of the following.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| I. FORCE AND STRESS. | IV. INFLECTIONS, or SLIDES. |
| II. TIME. | V. QUALITY. |
| III. PITCH. | VI. EMPHASIS (union of elements). |

Good reading presupposes also correct PRONUNCIATION; in which term are included *articulation*, *syllabication*, and *accent*. Articulation has been copiously treated in the previous numbers of this series. Syllabication and accent are best learned by reference to the dictionary.

I. FORCE AND STRESS.

Force of voice is the degree of loudness or softness used in vocal utterance.

The three principal degrees of force are:—

1. *Medium*;
2. *Soft*;
3. *Loud*.

I. By another mode of naming, the degrees of force are classed as : 1. *effusive* (as in ordinary conversation) ; 2. *expulsive* (with considerable effort) ; and, 3. *explosive* (with great effort).

II. The varying degree of force may be more minutely denoted by borrowing from the language of music. In the following table the ordinary and the technical names of the degrees of force are set forth in connection with the thoughts and sentiments to the expression of which these degrees of force are applicable.

Pupils will understand that the Italian names used mean, respectively : *piano*, soft ; *pianissimo*, very soft ; *mezzo forte*, moderate (literally, *middling loud*) ; *forte*, loud ; *fortissimo*, very loud.

DEGREES OF FORCE.			APPLICABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.
SOFT.	Piano, Pianissimo.	<i>p.</i> <i>pp.</i>	Secrecy, caution, doubt . . . pity, love, grief, awe . . . tenderness, plaintive sentiment . . . humility, shame . . . repose . . . fatigue, pros- tration.
MEDIUM.	Mezzo forte.	<i>mf.</i>	Common conversation . . . plain narrative and description . . . unim- passioned speech.
LOUD.	Forte. Fortissimo.	<i>f.</i> <i>ff.</i>	Certainty . . . anger, rage, hate, ferocity . . . mirth, joy, triumph . . . excited states of the mind generally.

Rule. — In the application of force, we must first decide, by an inspection of the general character of the piece, what is the *normal* degree of force to be used. Applying this degree to words that are not emphatic,

we must increase the force in proportion to the importance of the ideas to be expressed. Thus,—

He buys — he *sells* — he STEALS — he KILLS for *gold*.

If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a *foreign troop* remained in my country, I NEVER would *lay down* my arms — *never*, NEVER, NEVER!

Stress is the manner of applying emphatic force in the utterance of a syllable.

The term *stress*, as distinguished from “force” in general, is used to denote the mode in which force is rendered impressive in *single sounds*. Says Russell, “The force of utterance in a sentence may be on one phrase, or even on a single word. In the pronunciation of a word, it may be exclusively on one syllable. In the enunciation of a syllable, the organic force may lie chiefly on a single letter. In the sound of a letter, the force of the voice may lie conspicuously on the first or on the last part of the sound, on the middle, or on both extremes, or it may be distributed with an approach to equalizing force over all parts of the sound.”

The three principal varieties of stress are:—

1. **Initial** (or *radical*), with the force applied at the beginning of a vowel.

2. **Median**, in which there is an increase of force towards the middle of a vowel.

3. **Final**, with the force applied at the close of a vowel.

These three modes of stress correspond respectively to the *diminuendo*, *swell*, and *crescendo*, in music.

We may use the greatest force at the beginning of the word. To indicate this we use the mark $\rangle$. An instance of this way of applying the force is found where we laugh out heartily.

$\rangle$ Ha $\rangle$! $\rangle$ Ha $\rangle$! $\rangle$ Ha $\rangle$! If we now bring out the greatest amount of force in the middle of the word, we mark it $\diamond$, as

$\diamond$ oOoOo. The most intense feeling or enthusiasm is generally expressed by making the last part of the word the loudest.

Exercise.

MEDIUM.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

SOFT.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river ;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Poor little Binny Wallace ! How strange it seemed, when I went to school again, to see that empty seat in the fifth row ! One day a folded sheet slipped from my algebra : it was the last note he ever wrote me. Poor little

Binny Wallace! Always the same to me! The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men; but you are for ever young. Always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

105D.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye seek for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will!

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.
And since the war must go on, why put off longer the
Declaration of Independence?

Come one! come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

Make way for liberty!
This day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field:
She will not fly, she can not yield,
She must not fall.

Jump far out, boy, into the wave! Jump, or I fire!

On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave;
And charge with all thy chivalry!

II. TIME.

Time is the degree of rapidity in the rate of utterance.

The three principal rates of utterance are: —

1. *Medium*; 2. *Slow*; 3. *Rapid*.

The **medium** rate is used in the utterance of unimpassioned speech,—that is, when the general character of the piece does not involve the *emotions*, or feelings.

The **slow** rate is used in the utterance of such sentiments and mental states as: solemnity and dignity; deliberation and doubt; grief; and tranquillity.

The **rapid** rate is used in the utterance of such emotions as: cheerfulness, mirth, and gayety; raillery; anger, hate, and ferocity; and excited states generally.

Exercise.

MEDIUM.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

O'er all the peaceful world the smile of heaven lies.

SLOW.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

RAPID.

Storm! storm! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,—
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout and groan and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud.

And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Advancing and glancing and prancing and dancing,—
’Tis this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Under the element of “time” are included QUANTITY and PAUSES. The former may be briefly treated: the latter is of great importance.

Quantity determines the character of a syllable, as long, short, or neutral, by regarding its power of being prolonged in pronunciation,

A syllable is long when terminated by a vocal or sub-vocal (*go, fear, orb, home, these, bold*).

A syllable is short when, containing no sub-vocal, it is terminated by an explosive aspirate (*cat, top, pipe, apt*).

A syllable is neutral when, terminated by an explosive aspirate, it contains one or more sub-vocals (*tract, bank, great*); or when terminated by a sustained aspirate, with or without preceding sub-vocals (*if, fife, mists, strength, cease, face, grief*).

When, for the rhetorical expression of awe, solemnity, grief, etc., a deliberate delivery is required, the prolongation must be made on long syllables. Any attempt to extend those which from their construction are necessarily short or neutral will result in an offensive drawl, and a violation of correct pronunciation.

PAUSES.

A **pause** is a suspension of the voice in reading or speaking, in order to make the meaning clearer or more impressive.

Phrasing is the division of a sentence by pauses into its proper parts in reading.

Pauses are of two kinds, — *grammatical*, and *elocutionary* or *rhetorical*.

Grammatical pauses, introduced chiefly for the sake of clearness, are indicated by the punctuation marks.

A very noticeable defect in reading, on the part of young pupils, is the hasty or mechanical delivery of long sentences, complex or compound. As most pupils have been taught to pause at the punctuation marks on the old-fashioned plan, "Stop long enough to count one, and keep your voice up," etc., they form the idea that they must make no pause until some printer's mark is reached. Whenever there is a long or involved sentence, therefore, the teacher should call attention to the

different parts of which it is composed, and require a pause at the close of every group of words forming a distinct element of the sentence. Give pupils the general rule: "Suspend the voice whenever you think the pause will help you better to understand and express the meaning of what you are reading."

An **elocutionary**, or **rhetorical**, pause is a suspension of the voice for the purpose of rendering words or phrases more impressive or emphatic.

I. The punctuation marks, which indicate the grammatical relations of the elements of a sentence, are sufficient for the *eye*, but they are not sufficient for the *ear*. Many more stops than are indicated to the eye ought often to be observed. Good reading depends largely on the judicious use of rhetorical pauses, both as to their position and length.

II. The rhetorical pauses often coincide with the grammatical pauses, but not always. Sometimes a considerable pause is required where no punctuation mark is used; as in the statement—

He woke to die;

which should be read,—

He woke to die.

On the other hand, it often happens that no pause should be made at a comma; as in "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," when a pause at the comma would make the reading stiff and halting.

In the use of elocutionary pauses, observe the following

GENERAL RULES.

I. Pause after a subject which consists of a phrase or a clause, or which is enlarged by adjuncts (modifiers); as,

To - be - virtuous | is to be happy.

The - blades - of - heroes | fence it round,

That - we - ourselves - need - forgiveness | should
make us ready to forgive.

II. Pause before an object which consists of a clause which is enlarged by modifiers; as,

They tell us | that - we - are - weak.

The harpies of the shore shall pluck | the - eagle -
of - the - sea.

III. Pause after an element of a sentence placed for emphasis out of its grammatical order; as,

Blithe | looked the morning on cottage and spire.

Ere the-dark-hunters | the herd have passed by.

Into-the-jaws-of-death | rode the Six Hundred.

On-Linden | when-the-sun was-low | all blood-
less lay the untrodden snow.

IV. Pause after words or phrases contrasted in meaning; as,

It is more blessed to *give* | than to *receive*.

To-err | is human; *to-forgive* | divine.

V. Pause where there is an ellipsis (one or more words omitted); as,

O, thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,

That land | thy country, and that spot | thy home.

Length of Pause.—The length of a pause depends on the feeling expressed in a passage: it is long in *solemn* and short in *lively* style. The pauses after emphatic words are longer than after other words.

III. PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of the voice.

The three most important grades of pitch are: —

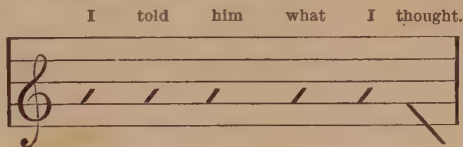
1. *Medium*, or *Natural*; 2. *Low*; 3. *High*.

The **key-note** of the voice is its *natural pitch*.

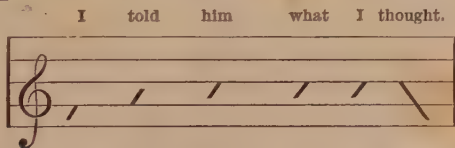
The **compass** of the voice is the *range*, from the lowest to its highest note.

Modulation is the change of the voice from note to note.

I. Even the inflections of speech do not proceed from one perpetual line of pitch, as in this diagram: —



They are diversified by placing them at higher or lower degrees of the scale, as in the following notation of the same sentence:—



II. Although we may express properly all the pauses, inflections, and degrees of force necessary in a given selection, there will still be an unpleasant monotony of delivery if the voice is kept too long upon the same key, or pitch. To acquire flexibility of voice, there should be frequent changes in the pitch. Certain emotions, as those of joy, hope, or sudden fear, are best

expressed in a high key. Ordinary description and general ideas call for the natural or medium pitch, while solemn or deep emotions require a low pitch.

Teacher. — In dialogues it will be found easy, with a little practice, to read the speeches of the different persons in different keys, so that the characters can never be confused or mistaken one for another. In selections in which different persons are quoted or spoken of, much life and interest may be imparted to the reading by changing the pitch or key as the description or speech changes.

To teachers who have a knowledge of musical sounds, the following specific directions will be of value. Let the class sound the syllable "la," upon the key of E, first in one long note, and afterwards in four short ones. Then start them upon a sentence or two in prose or poetry, so as to have them all read upon the same key, even if at first it is a little "sing-song." When this is done, have them continue on another sentence or two, so as to render also the natural sense of the passage while reading on the same key. Practice next on the key of C, in the same way, and afterwards upon the key of G. In this way you will soon train pupils to read naturally on any key that may be desired, from A below middle C to G above. Practice upon the *changes in key* will develop variety and flexibility of voice.

Exercise.

MEDIUM PITCH.

Lovely art thou, O Peace, and lovely are thy children.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay:

His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats.

HIGH PITCH.

Hear the sledges with the bells, —
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight.

Away, away! through the wide, wide sky, —
 The fair blue fields that before us lie, —
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light!

LOW PITCH.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the church-bells, sad and slow,
 For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Roll on, thou deep and dark, blue ocean, roll!

IV. INFLECTIONS, OR SLIDES.

Inflections are slides of the voice at the close of syllables or words.

The slide is a gliding of the voice from one note to another in the scale of speaking tones.

Inflections are of two kinds, *Simple* and *Compound*.

A *simple inflection* consists of a single slide of the voice in either an upward or a downward direction. There are two simple inflections, — the *rising* inflection and the *falling* inflection.

The rising inflection (marked ') is a gliding of the voice upward; the **falling inflection** (marked `) is a gliding of the voice downward.

If we ask a question to which we expect the answer "Yes" or "No," — as "Will he go'?" — the voice slides or glides upwards on the word "go." In the answer, as *No`*, the voice slides or glides downwards.

In the falling inflection the voice starts above the general pitch of the words in the sentence, and comes down to it: as, —

I say *no`*.

Will you go to-day' or to-*morrow`*?

DRILL ON THE SIMPLE INFLECTIONS.

Teacher. — One of the best methods of breaking up a monotonous delivery on the part of pupils is to practice them, say five minutes, at the beginning of the reading lesson, on a drill column of words. Arrange vertically on the blackboard, and mark with the falling inflection, such words as *Yes`*, *No`*, *Why`*, *How`*, *Where`*, 1', 2', 3'.

Then substitute the rising inflection, — *Yes'*, *No'*, *Why'*, etc. Again alternate, as —

Yes`	Where`
No`	1'
Why'	2`
How'	3'

Finally, for mere drill purposes, both inflections may be marked, and the sounds given: viz., '*Yes*', '*No*', '*Why*', etc.

These examples of inflection may be practiced first in concert and afterwards individually.

. In giving the downward slide, there is a tendency on the part of pupils to drop the voice *below* the general pitch of the sentence in cases where it should merely come down *to* that pitch; that is (in exact language) to give the "*full cadence*" where the "*partial cadence*" should be used, — to say "I said *no* " in place of "I said *no*." In drilling on the falling inflection, in the examples given above, this matter should be carefully watched.

The *compound inflection*, or circumflex, is the union of two simple inflections. The rising may be continued into the falling, or the falling into the rising; and these inflections are named *rising circumflex* or *falling circumflex*, according to the termination of the slide.

The last part of the circumflex is generally the longer; so that the rising circumflex is a slight downward slide followed by a long upward slide; and the falling circumflex is a slight upward slide followed by a long downward slide.

The **rising circumflex** (*marked* ^v) begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide; the **falling circumflex** (*marked* [^]) begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide.

Rising: Is thy servant a dōg, that he should do this great thing?

Falling: I'm to be queen of the Mây, mother;
I'm to be queen of the Mây!

Monotone. — When no inflection is used, a monotone, or sameness of tone, is produced. This is suited to sublime or solemn passages, but is out of place in ordinary pieces. MONOTONE improperly used becomes *monotony*.

“The unmeaning style so often and justly complained of in school reading is, to a great extent, owing to want of perception in regard to the nature and effect of the inflections. The ability to read aright the plainest passage of narrative or descriptive writing is wholly dependent on the just and discriminating use of the slide.” — *Russell*.

Exercise.

Will they do it'? Dare they do it'?

Who is speaking'? What's the news'?

What of Adams'? What of Sherman'?

God grant they won't refuse'!

If you have tears', prepare to shed them now'.

What constitutes a state'?

I come to bury' Cæsar, not to praise' him.

Were you ever at sea in a storm'?

On', ye brave,

Who rush to glory or the grave!

Should not merchants be prompt in paying their debts'?

Has the gentleman done'? Has he completely done'?

No doubt yě are the pēople, and wisdom will die with yoũ.

Then' the forms of the departed'

Enter at the open door—

The belovéd', the true-hearted',

Come to visit' me once more'.

Can the dôve live with the hăwk?

Charge, Chester, charge'! On', Stanley, on'!

They will give us pēace,—yes, such pēace as the wŏlf gives to the lâmb!

V. QUALITY.

Quality of voice is the kind of tones produced by the vocal organs.

The two chief tones are:—

1. *Pure* tones, when *all* the breath used is vocalized.
2. *Aspirated*, when only *part* of the breath is vocalized.

I. **Orotund**.—What is called the OROTUND quality is simply pure tone used in impassioned utterance, by means of volume and energy of voice, combined with ample resonance. This quality of voice is mentioned by Dr. Rush as the highest perfection of the cultivated utterance of the public speaker. It is also regarded by him as the natural language of the highest species of emotion. It characterizes the vivid utterance of children, in their tones of love, and joy, and ecstasy. It belongs to the audible expression of masculine courage, energy, delight, admiration; and to the deliberate language of vengeance, as distinguished from the aspirated and suffocated voice of anger and rage.

II. **Faults in Quality.**—The following are enumerated by Murdoch as faults which impair purity of tone :—

1. The *guttural* tone—a mode of utterance which seems to make the voice issue from an obstructed throat.

2. *Nasal* tone—which makes the voice sound as if it came only through the nose.

3. The *oral* tone—the slight, ineffective voice of indifference, feebleness, or fatigue ; or the mincing tone of false taste.

4. The *pectoral* tone—a fault arising from an imperfect habit of breathing, in consequence of which the lungs are not furnished with a sufficient supply of air to produce full and clear tone.

. Of course, all these “ faults ” in quality may become *merits* when appropriately used by the professional elocutionist for expressive or imitative effects.

Exercise.

PURE.

O that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified !

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night ;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land—thy country, and that spot—thy home.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !

ASPIRATED.

Speak softly!
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

The citizens whispered, with white lips,
"The foe! they come! they come!"

VI. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the mode of drawing attention to one or more words in a sentence. By the proper use of emphasis we impart interest and animation to reading.

Emphasis, though often confounded with mere comparative force of utterance on an accented syllable, has in reality the wider scope of signification indicated in the preceding and following paragraphs. It is, therefore, not one of the simple elements of vocal expression, but the utilization of two or more of these elements to the end of calling special attention to emphatic words.

Modes of Emphasis. — To call special attention to a word in *any* way, is to emphasize it. Hence a word may be rendered emphatic by the use of extra force, by a change in the inflection, by pauses, or even by uttering it in a very *low* key.

I. **Emphasis by Force.** — A word may be emphasized by uttering it in a *louder tone* (that is, with extra "force").

Exercise.

[The lowest degree of emphasis is usually marked by *Italics*; the next higher degree, by SMALL CAPITALS: the highest degree, by LARGE CAPITALS.]

Go, ring the *bells*, and fire the *guns*,
 And fling the *starry banners* out;
 Shout "FREEDOM" till your *lisping ones*
 Give back their *cradle* shout.

Come *over*, come OVER the river to me!

Must we but *weep* o'er days more blest?
 Must we but *blush*? Our fathers BLED!

What can alone ennoble *fight*?
 A noble CAUSE!

Not that I loved Cæsar LESS, but Rome MORE.

And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, *thou* HAST LIED!

Strike—till the last *armed foe* expires;
 STRIKE—for your *altars* and your *fires*;
 STRIKE—for the green graves of your *sires*,
God, and your *native land*!

An hour passed on—the Turk *awoke*;
 That bright dream was his *last*;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
To arms! they *come!* the *Greek!* the GREEK!

II. **Emphasis by Inflection.** — A word may be emphasized by the use of the suitable inflection.

Exercise.

Be not like dumb, driven *cattle'*:

Be a *hero'* in the strife.

Sínk or swím, líve or díe, survíve or perísh, I gíve
my hánd and my heàrt to this vote.

Three thousand ducats': 'tis a good round *sum'*.

I said an *elder'* soldier, not a *better'*.

In the *one'* writer we most admire the *man'*; in the
other', the *work'*.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to *slăves*?

He said; then full before their sight

Produced the beast, and lo! 'twas *whête*!

Truly, sir, *ăll* that I live by is with the *ăwl*.

Is thy servant a dŏg, that he should do this great thing?

III. **Emphasis by Time.** — A word may be rendered emphatic by uttering it more slowly, or by pausing before or after it.

Exercise.

I had a brother once — a *g-r-a-cious* boy.

A lad both *b-r-a-ve* and *g-oo-d*.

H-ai-l, h-o-l-y light!

His sentence was | *death*!

A day, an *hour*, | of virtuous liberty is worth a
whole *eternity* | of bondage.

He woke | *to die*.

The quality of mercy is not | *s-t-r-ained'*.

He | jests at scars | who never felt a wound.

They show the banners | *taken*, they tell his battles | *won*.

II.—DEFINITIONS IN LANGUAGE STUDY.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

If the language work in the previous numbers of this series has been faithfully attended to, the pupil will have acquired considerable knowledge in practical grammar and composition. In this Reader it is assumed that the scholar understands the meaning of ordinary grammatical terms, including the names denoting the parts of speech and their modifications, together with the classification and elements of sentences. The definitions given below are confined to the explanation of such terms as are used in the very elementary rhetorical exercises called for under the Language Studies.

Language Study.—The exercises under this head are presented in three subdivisions:—

I. The analysis of a few Latin derivative words selected from the lesson. These derivatives, together with some hundreds of others occurring in the pieces, will be found in the Appendix, arranged under their respective Latin roots,—and it will be noticed that in the case of the derivatives whose analysis is called for, the root-word is indicated in *Italic* in parenthesis. Teachers who appreciate the value and interest of historic etymology will, of course, add largely to the number of words called for in the exercises.¹

¹ For valuable practice in the writing of the class of words here called for, the teacher is referred to WORD EXERCISES, No. 8, "Latin Roots and English Derivatives" (in Swinton's MODEL BLANKS, published by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co., N.Y.).

II. Questions and requirements relating to grammar and sentential analysis. These are merely suggestive, and should be added to, both in amount and difficulty, if the previous training of the class justify. The skilled teacher will be able to make the reading lesson truly the focus of grammatical training by showing that the rules and principles which scholars have been taught in a technical way, with application only to "cut-and-dried" examples, find concrete embodiment in actual literature. This is grammar vitalized.

III. Exercises in the thought and style of the pieces, together with easy rhetorical questions as to order of words, the more useful figures of speech, etc.

Composition.—It will be noted that the method of utilizing the reading lesson in the way of composition writing, which was begun in the Third and continued in the Fourth Reader, is in this book extended to such pieces as are peculiarly suitable for this kind of exercise. Pupils who have gone through the composition work in the Third and Fourth Readers will have become familiar with the mode of making abstracts from memory by means of these "heads," and it only remains to apply this mastery to these pieces of more mature thought and enlarged range of literary expression.

I.

DEF. 1. A **figure of speech** is a deviation from the direct and literal mode of expression.

DEF. 2. A **simile**, or comparison, is the statement of a likeness between one thing and another; as,—

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose.

DEF. 3. A **metaphor** is a mode of speaking of one object as if it were another; as,—

Virtue is a jewel.

Simile and metaphor both express comparison. In the simile, one object is said to *resemble* another; and some sign of

comparison (*as, like, etc.*) stands between them. In the metaphor, an object is spoken of as if it *were* another, and no sign of comparison is used. A metaphor is an *implied* simile. Thus, —

SIMILE. — He is *like a lion* in the fight.

METAPHOR. — He *is a lion* in the fight.

DEF. 4. **Personification** is the figure of speech in which an inanimate being is represented as animated or endowed with personality; as, —

The mountains *sing together*, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*.

DEF. 5. **Antithesis** is the statement of a contrast or opposition of thoughts and words; as, —

I do not *live that I may eat*, but *I eat that I may live*.

DEF. 6. **Climax** (meaning literally *a ladder*) is a series of statements rising in strength or importance until the last; as, —

Learning is better than wealth; *culture* is better than learning; WISDOM is better than culture.

DEF. 7. **Synecdoche**¹ is the figure of speech by which the whole of a thing is put for a part, or a part for the whole; the genus for the species, or the species for the genus; and the like: as, —

Sail, for *ship*.

Daily *bread*, for daily *food*.

DEF. 8. **Metonymy**² is the use of the name of one object to represent some related object; as, —

¹ **Synecdoche** (*pron.*, sin-ek'do-ke), from the Greek *syn*, "together with," and *ekdechomai*, "to understand in a certain sense."

² **Metonymy** (*pron.*, me-tŏn'ī-mī), from the Greek *meta*, implying "change," and *onoma*, "a name."

Gray hairs, meaning *old age*.

The *fatal cup*, meaning the *drink* in the cup.

DEF. 9. **Hy-pēr'bo-le** consists in magnifying objects beyond their natural bounds to make a statement more emphatic. "Swift as the wind," "Rivers of blood, and hills of slain," are hyperbolical expressions.

DEF. 10. **Apostrophe** consists in addressing some absent person or thing as if present; as, —

Milton, thou shouldst be with us at this hour!

DEF. 11. **Irony** is the use of words whose literal meaning is contrary to the real signification; as, —

Brutus is an *honorable* [meaning *not honorable*] man!

DEF. 12. **Ellipsis** is the omission of words grammatically necessary, but supplied by the thought.

II.

DEF. 13. The **direct** or **grammatical** order of words is their ordinary prose arrangement.

DEF. 14. The **indirect** or **rhetorical** order of words is an inverted arrangement of words adopted to make a statement more impressive.

In the sentence, "*I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny the atrocious crime of being a young man*," the words are arranged in the grammatical order, — subject, verb, object; but in the form, "*The atrocious crime of being a young man, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny*," the words are arranged in the indirect or rhetorical order.

DEF. 15. A **period** is a sentence in which, by using an inverted order of words, the meaning is suspended till the close or near the close.

DEF. 16. A **loose sentence** is one which may be brought to a grammatical close at one or more points before the end.

PERIOD.—On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, the Puritans looked down with contempt.

LOOSE SENTENCE.—The Puritans looked down with contempt on the rich | and the eloquent, | on nobles and priests.

III.

DEF. 17. **Description** is the representation of things observed at any one point of time.

DEF. 18. **Narration** is the report of a succession of events observed in the order of time.

DEF. 19. **Exposition** is the discussion of principles.

DEF. 20. **Poetry**, in its mechanism, is that kind of composition in which words are arranged in lines (verses) containing a definite number and succession of accented and unaccented syllables.

DEF. 21. **Rhyme** is that species of verse in which is found concord of sounds in words at the end of lines.

DEF. 22. **Blank verse** consists of unrhymed lines containing five feet of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable.

DEF. 23. A **refrain** is a phrase or verse which occurs at the end of each of the stanzas of a poem.

DEF. 24. **Style** is the peculiar manner in which thought is expressed in language.

There are many descriptive words used to denote the various kinds of style, and the meaning of these the pupil may look up in the dictionary; as, *figurative, flowery, plain, verbose, terse, simple, sublime, witty, epigrammatic.*

FIFTH READER.

1.—How to Write.

eon-sist', <i>to be made up of.</i>	pōst, <i>place, office.</i>
eouch, <i>to express, phrase, state.</i>	re-gārd', <i>respect, particular.</i>
eū'ri-oūs, <i>inquisitive, anxious.</i>	spûrt, <i>casual effort.</i>
hēad, <i>topic, subdivision.</i>	tóngue, <i>language.</i>
in-dīffer-ent, <i>unheeding, uninter- ested.</i>	trans-lāte', <i>to express in other words.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This lively and instructive piece is by Rev. Edward Everett Hale (b. 1822), an American essayist. His style is clear, pointed, and vivacious.

(1¹) **leading articles**, called *leaders* for short, are editorial articles of a newspaper. — (5) **capping verses**: naming alternately verses beginning alike. — (13) **Saxon words**: those words which we owe to the Anglo-Saxons, German tribes who conquered Britain in the fifth century A.D. — (13) **Latin words** here means those English words which are derived from the Latin language either directly or through French, Italian, or Spanish.

1. Whenever I am going to write any thing, I find it best to think first what I am going to say. This is a lesson which nine writers out of ten have never

¹ The numerals thus prefixed in the Preparatory Notes throughout this book indicate in each case the paragraph or stanza of the piece in which the word or phrase is found.

learned. Even the people who write leading articles for the newspapers do not, half the time, know what they are going to say when they begin. And I have heard many a sermon which was evidently written by a man who, when he began, only knew what his first head was to be. The sermon was a sort of riddle to himself when he started, and he was curious as to how it would come out.

2. I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to the Sunday-school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example:—

3. “My dear young friends, I do not know that I have any thing to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning. — The *morning* is so beautiful after the refreshment of the night, that as I walked to church, and looked around, and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world. — For the *world*, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own, that we might enjoy our own lives and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and our sisters.

4. “*Our brothers and our sisters* they are indeed, though some of them are in distant lands, and beneath other skies, and parted from us by the broad oceans. —

These *oceans*, indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. They make it one. The winds which blow over them, and the currents which move their waters, all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to commerce and to the good of man.— And *man*, my dear children,” etc., etc., etc.

5. You see there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word or the last idea of one sentence, and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only “occupy the time” that is appointed. It is very easy for you; but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who read and who listen.

6. The vice goes so far, indeed, that you may divide literature into two great classes of books. The smaller class of the two consists of the books written by people who had something to say. They had in life learned something, or seen something, or done something, which they really wanted and needed to tell to other people. They told it. And their writings make, perhaps, a twentieth part of the printed literature of the world. It is the part which contains all that is worth reading. The other nineteen-twentieths make up the other class.

7. In learning to write, our first rule is: *Know what you want to say*. The second rule is: *Say it*. That is, do not begin by saying something else which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to “think of eight and sing seven.” That may be a very

good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking or writing.

8. Thirdly, and always: *Use your own language.* I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your every-day language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk, which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better.

9. Remember that the very highest compliment paid to any thing printed is paid when a person hearing it read aloud thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

10. *A short word is better than a long one.* Here is a piece of weak English. It is not bad in other regards, but simply weak.

“Entertaining unlimited confidence in your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the public interest, and being conscious of no motives on my part which are separable from the honor and advancement of my country, I hope it may be my privilege to deserve and secure, not only your cordial co-operation in great public measures, but also those relations of mutual confidence and regard, which it is always so desirable to cultivate between members of co-ordinate branches of the government.”

11. Take that for an exercise in translating into shorter words. Strike out the unnecessary words, and

see if it does not come out stronger. I think this sentence would have been better if it had been couched in thirty-five words instead of eighty-one. I think we should have lost nothing of the author's meaning if he had said,—

“I have full trust in you. I am sure that I seek only the honor and advance of the country. I hope, therefore, I may earn your respect and regard, while we heartily work together.”

12. I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said,—

“I do not think I am fit for this post. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take it, and when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can.”

13. It is a very grand speech. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon,—there is not one spurt of Latin. Yet this was a learned man, who, if he chose, could have said the whole in Latin. But he was one American gentleman talking to another American gentleman, and therefore he chose to use the tongue to which they both were born.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **evidently** (*see videre*)¹; **curious** (*cura*); **secure** (*cura*); **relation** (*ferre*); **translate** (*ferre*).

¹ The Latin roots (given in *Italic* in parentheses) will be found alphabetically arranged in the Appendix.

II. In paragraph 1, how many complex sentences? How many compound sentences? In paragraph 2, which sentence is simple, which complex, and which compound? In paragraph 6, why is the comparative degree "smaller" used?

III. Is the first sentence a period, or a loose sentence? (Definitions 15-16.) What period in paragraph 8? In the last sentence of paragraph 5, what words contrast with "very easy"? What with "for you"? What figure of speech is here illustrated? (See Definition 5.)

What long series of words, in the piece of "weak English," in paragraph 10, corresponds with "I have full trust in you," paragraph 11? Contrast the other *verbose* forms with the corresponding *terse* expressions in these two passages.

2.—The Power of Short Words.

chîme, sound harmoniously with,	round, full, pompous, sounding.
accord with.	sôre, afflicted, distressed.
fây, elf, fairy.	thême, subject, topic.

I.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,

Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.

To whom can this be true who once has heard

The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak

When want or woe or fear is in the throat,

So that each word gasped out is like a shriek

Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note

Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength

Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,

Which has more height than breadth, more depth
than length.

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat — a flash, but not a blaze!

II.

Nor mere strength is it that the short word boasts:
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell —
The roar of waves that clash on rock bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand.
To Joy's quick step as well as Grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad or gay or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought or speech or song, in prose or rhyme.

...

LANGUAGE STUDY.

This interesting poem, by Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander (1809-1860), affords a striking exemplification of its title, for it will be noted that only monosyllables are used in it. And of these, all but the following are of Anglo-Saxon origin: *round, brief, plain, cry, pressed, strange, note, fay, fine, force, phrase, serves, coasts, voice, dance, joy, grief, theme, gay, grand, chime, prose, rhyme.*

Of the remaining (Anglo-Saxon) words, write the *nouns* in one column, the *adjectives* in a second, and the *verbs* in a third. Note what *strong* words these are, and how they deserve the praise given them by Mr. Hale in the previous lesson,

3.—The Sunken Treasure.

ac-quired', gained, obtained.

bull'ion, uncoined precious metal.

fâir, fine, handsome.

gāl'le-on, large many-decked ship.

gran-dee', a Spanish nobleman of
the first rank.

hew'ing, cutting and shaping with
an ax.

knees, timbers having two branches.

plâte, gold and silver ware.

trêas'ûre, money and other valua-
bles.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This fascinating narrative is from the "True Stories" of Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), one of the most illustrious of American men of letters. He was master of all the felicities of style.

(1) **Sir William Phipps** figured in the colonial history of Massachusetts, of which he was governor in the latter part of the seventeenth century. — (4) **follow the sea**: enter on a seafaring life. — (5) **Porto Plata**: a seaport of Hayti. — (5) **cast away**, i.e., shipwrecked. — (20) **made him a knight**: gave him the title of *Sir*.

1. William Phipps was a poor man's son, and was born in the Province of Maine, at the time when our country was under British rule.

2. In his boyhood and youth he used to tend sheep upon the hills, and until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

3. In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he went to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a rich widow. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage,

and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

4. Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not yet gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahamas, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

5. But before he returned he was told of another Spanish galleon, which, laden with immense treasure, had been cast away near Porto Plata. This ship had lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

6. He went to London, and obtained admittance to King James. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and appointed Phipps to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men.

7. Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But it was all in vain. The seamen became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. Finally they broke out in open mutiny, but were mastered by Phipps and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

8. But before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, the old man said, a few leagues from Porto Plata.

9. On his arrival in England, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have any thing more to do with the affair.

10. Phipps might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto Plata,

where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

11. The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers.

12. The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the transparent water, but nothing could they see — nothing more valuable than a curious sea-shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks.

13. "We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea-shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find." Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea-shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea. "There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

14. No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping

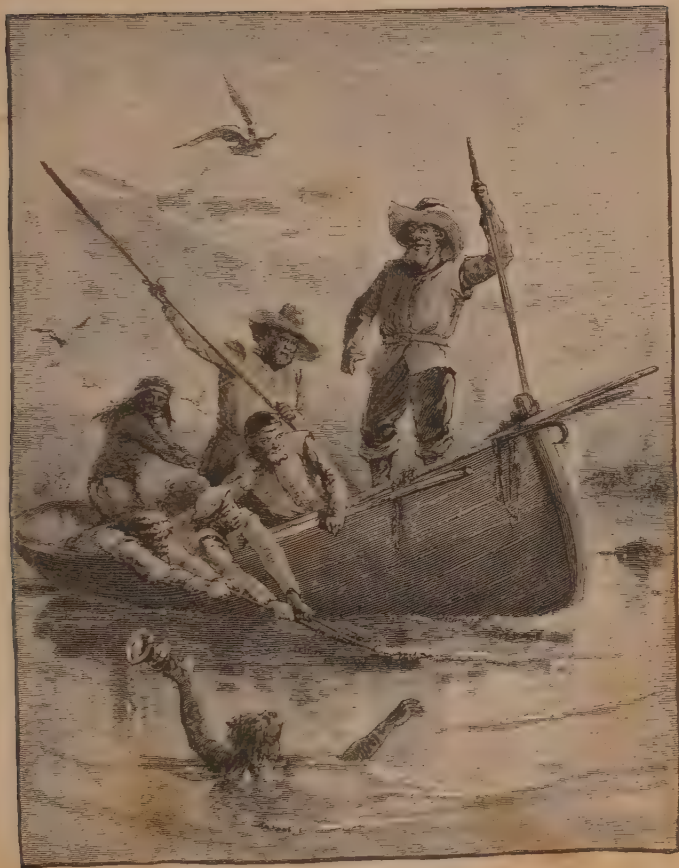
among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars.

15. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck. "Thanks be to God!" cries Captain Phipps. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

16. Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Now their rakes or fishing-lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling.

17. After a day or two Captain Phipps and his crew lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money-bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

18. The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate



bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars, as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short.

Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver, Phipps resolved to return to England, where he was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel.

19. The captain's share was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

20. Before Captain Phipps left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship-carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. HERO OF THE NARRATIVE: where and when William Phipps was born — his boyhood — becomes a ship-carpenter — his marriage — his varied fortunes.

II. FIRST SEA ADVENTURES: when he hears of the castaway ship — his visit to the spot — what he hears of — his determination.

III. THE NEW SEARCH: Phipps's visit to London — his story to the king — the result — the cruise in the *Rose* Alger — the failure and mutiny — return to England.

IV. THE SUNKEN TREASURE: what Phipps learned from the old Spaniard — by whom the new ship was fitted out — arrival at Porto Plata — the boat — the Indian divers — failure.

V. SUCCESS AT LAST: the request of the English sailor — what

the Indian diver brought up — the search amid the wreck of the Spanish galleon — the treasure brought up — value of the recovered treasure.

VI. AFTER-CAREER OF PHIPPS: return to England — his reception — share of the spoil — the fair brick house — his knighthood.

4.—The Children's Hour.

ban-dīt'ti (plural of Italian <i>ban-</i>	low'er, descend darkly.
<i>ditto</i>), bandits, outlaws.	seāled, climbed over.
fāst, secure, safe.	tūr'et, tower of a castle.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This is one of the sweet poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), one of the four classic American poets of the first rank; the three others being Whittier, Bryant, and Lowell. Mr. Longfellow's poetry has been described as like "a walk in the open air on a Sabbath morning."

(3) **Allegra** /al-lā'gra/: feminine form of Italian *allegro*, mirth, cheerfulness. — (7) **Bishop of Bingen** . . . **Mouse-Tower**: refers to a legend of the German Bishop Hatto. He was said to have stored away great quantities of grain in a tower on an island in the Rhine, at a time of famine, in order to get high prices for it from the people. Compelled by the popular fury to take refuge in this very tower, it is said that while there shut up he was devoured by the swarms of mice that had been attracted thither by the stores of grain he had accumulated. — (8) "**old mustache**" (French *vieux moustache*), a veteran, — hence, an experienced old fellow. — (9) **dungeon** (or *dōnjōn*), that part of the tower or keep of an ancient castle in which prisoners were confined.

1. Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

2. I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
3. From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.
4. A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.
5. A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden-raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!
6. They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair.
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.
7. They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

8. Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an "old mustache" as I am
Is not a match for you all?
9. I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.
10. And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **occupation** (*capere*); **surprise** (*prehendere*).

What two lines (1) mean *twilight*? Give synonyms of "descending" (3); "grave" (3); "enter" (5). What is meant by "for ever and a day"? (10)

II. Of what verb are "patter," "sound," and "voices" (2) the objects? What two adverbial phrases modify "see"? (3) What three propositions are involved in stanza 6? What kind of sentence is "If I try to escape they surround me"? (6) What kind of sentence is stanza 9?

III. Copy the verse expressing the thought, "In the chamber above me I hear the patter of little feet, the sound of an opened door, and soft, sweet voices."

Note that in stanza 5 the poet begins the fine image of an assault on a castle, which is carried out in the remainder of the poem. In this image the poet uses a series of metaphors (see Definition 3, p. 30), as "castle wall," "turret," etc. Point out other expressions used in developing this fine figure.

Express in your own words the meaning of stanza 10.

5.—Sharp Eyes.

a-lêrt', <i>quick, watchful.</i>	gêrms, <i>sources, seeds.</i>
aug-mēnt'ed, <i>increased.</i>	in'ti-nite-ly, <i>without limit.</i>
cas'u-al, <i>chance-like, accidental.</i>	strüet'üre, <i>make, mode of putting</i>
dis-cöv'ers, <i>sees, describes.</i>	<i>together.</i>
dis-erim'i-näte, <i>distinguish be-</i>	un-kempt' (lit. <i>uncombed</i>), <i>rustic,</i>
<i>tween.</i>	<i>unpolished.</i>
en-äet'ed, <i>performed.</i>	vis'ion, <i>sight.</i>
gê-o-lö'g'ie-al, <i>pertaining to the</i>	zē'nith, <i>point of the heavens di-</i>
<i>structure of the earth.</i>	<i>rectly overhead.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

"Sharp Eyes" is an extract from "Locusts and Wild Honey," by John Burroughs (b. 1837), one of the small class of poet-naturalists who combine keen insight into nature with the power of clothing their impressions in forms of literary art.

(3) **Gilbert White** (1720-1793) was the author of a famous book called "The Natural History of Selborne" (England), in which he notes many curious and original observations on the birds and beasts of the district in which he lived. He had eminently the gift of *sharp eyes*. — (3) **Henry David Thoreau** (*thō' rô*), a native of Concord, Mass. (1817-1862), was a man of subtle genius, whose relations with external nature were peculiarly sympathetic. He was the author of "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," etc. Both Thoreau and Gilbert White belonged to the already named class of poet-naturalists. — (3) **John James Audubon** (*au'du-bon*) (1780-1851) was famous for his great work on the "Birds of North America." — (8) **rank and file**: the "common run," the general mass.

1. I have often amused myself by wondering what the effect would be, if one could go on opening eye after eye, to the number, say, of a dozen or more.

2. What would he see? Perhaps not the invisible,

—not the odors of flowers, or the fever-germs in the air; not the infinitely small of the microscope, or the infinitely distant of the telescope. This would require, not more eyes so much as an eye constructed with more and different lenses; but would he not see with augmented power within the natural limits of vision?

3. At any rate, some persons seem to have opened more eyes than others, they see with such force and distinctness. How many eyes did Gilbert White open? how many did Henry Thoreau? how many did Audubon? how many does the hunter, matching his sight against the keen and alert sense of a deer or a moose, a fox or a wolf? Not outward eyes, but inward.

4. We open another eye whenever we see beyond the first general features or outlines of things—when we grasp the special details and characteristic markings that this mask covers. Science confers new powers of vision. Whenever you have learned to discriminate the birds, or the plants, or the geological features of a country, it is as if new and keener eyes were added.

5. It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves: this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers; and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird, and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen.

6. A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky! and how quickly the hawk discovers you, if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights!

7. One advantage the bird surely has; and that is, owing to the form, structure, and position of the eye, it has a much larger field of vision—indeed, can probably see in nearly every direction at the same instant, behind as well as before. Man's field of vision embraces less than half a circle horizontally, and still less vertically; his brow and brain prevent him from seeing within many degrees of the zenith without a movement of the head: the bird, on the other hand, takes in nearly the whole sphere at a glance.

8. The habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing: not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye, are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently, and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind.

9. Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard, and ask me to name it; but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found on this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely.

10. Not so the farm youth who wrote me, one winter

day, that he had seen a strange bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground, and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye, and settled the case. I knew it to be a species of lark, and, from the size, color, season, etc., the titlark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped?

11. Little dramas and tragedies and comedies, little characteristic scenes, are always being enacted in nature, if our eyes are sharp enough to see them.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **vision** (*videre*); **invisible** (*videre*); **different** (*ferre*); **confers** (*ferre*); **movement** (*movere*); **motionless** (*movere*); **describe** (*scribere*); **continent** (*tenere*); **intently** (*tendere*); **fact** (*facere*).

II. Analyze the first sentence. In paragraph 10 select a complex sentence; a compound sentence. Point out an exclamative sentence in paragraph 6.

III. "Not outward eyes, but inward" (3). Supply the words needed to make this a complete proposition. "Whenever you have learned to discriminate the birds, or the plants, or the geological features of a country, it is as if new and keener eyes were opened." Is this a period, or a loose sentence?

Express in your own words the meaning of paragraph 11.



6.—Glimpses of Science.

THE TWO BREATHS.

bōōn, *benefit.*eom-būs'tiōn, *burning.*eom-pēt'ing, *contending, striving.*eom-po-si'tion, *combination of parts.*ēl'e-ments, *component parts.*ex-çēss', *unduly large proportion.*ex-haust'ed, *consumed, used up.*in-hāle', *breathe in.*mī-nūte', *very small, very slight.*nōx'ioūs, *harmful, injurious.*ōx'y-gēn, *a gas, one of the chemical elements.*phŷs'ic-al, *pertaining to Nature.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

The author of this piece, Rev. Charles Kingsley (1819–1875), was a distinguished English novelist and essayist, and an agreeable writer for the young. His style is popular and interesting.

(4) **Highland**: relating to the Highlands of Scotland. — (5) **Grotto del Cane** (kā'nā) is Italian for *dog's cave*. — (5) **Black Hole of Calcutta**: a dungeon in Fort William, Calcutta, eighteen feet square, having two barred windows. Here, June 20, 1756, one hundred and forty-six British prisoners were shut up by their Hindu captors for the night. Only twenty-three survived till morning.

1. I call this lesson "The Two Breaths," not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of these two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again.

2. That the breath breathed out is very different from the breath breathed in, may be shown in many

ways. For instance, if a child be allowed to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed-clothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will surely grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases on record of serious disease appearing in children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped.

3. Take a second instance, which is only too common. If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fire and lights and company, with doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint, — so faint, that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant! The cause of your faintness is, that you and your friends, and the fire and the candles, have been all breathing one another's breaths over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life.

4. You are doing your best to enact over again the Highland tragedy, when, at a Christmas meeting, thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus-fever, of which two died.

5. You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to be stupefied, for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic-acid gas of the grotto, and brought to

life again by being dragged into the fresh air. Nay, you are inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and if there were no chimney in the room by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue, as they do, you know, when—according to the story-books—ghosts appear; your brains would become disturbed; and you yourselves would run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

6. Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if you put a lighted candle into a close box, and, while you take *in* breath from the outer air, send *out* breath through a tube into the box, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

7. Now, what is the difference between the breath you take in and the breath you give out? The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic-acid gas. The breath which you give out is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support animal life, an excess of carbonic-acid gas.

8. That this is the fact, you can prove for yourselves by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the druggist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube: your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic-acid gas of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

9. Now, I do not wish to load your memories with scientific terms; but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen gas and carbonic-acid gas; and to remember that, as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

10. I say “the fire of life.” Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon animal life and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside of us? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coal is burnt in the fire, oil in a lamp, and wax in a candle. To keep each of these fires alight, oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case—carbonic-acid gas and steam.

11. These facts justify the expression I just made use of: that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire requires, to keep it burning, as much oxygen as several human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one; and an average gas-burner consumes as much oxygen as several candles. All alike are making carbonic-acid gas.

12. The carbonic-acid gas of the fire happily escapes up the chimney in the smoke; but the carbonic-acid gas from the human beings and the candles remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

13. A human being shut up in a room, of which every crack is closed, with a pan of burning charcoal, falls asleep, never to wake again. His inward fire is competing with the fire of the charcoal for the oxygen of the room; both are making carbonic-acid gas out of it; but the charcoal, being the stronger of the two, gets all the oxygen to itself, and leaves the human being nothing to inhale but the carbonic-acid gas which it has made.

14. The human being dies first; but the charcoal dies also. When it has exhausted all the oxygen of the room, it cools, goes out, and is found in the morning half consumed beside its victim.

15. And now, what becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful? merely waste? No! The carbonic-acid gas which passes from your lips at every breath is a precious boon to thousands of things which we daily need. Indeed, there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy-tale of the girl from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds.

16. For, though you must not breathe your breath again, you may enjoy its fragrance and its color in the lily and the rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic-acid gas, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fiber, and courteously returning you

the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more.

17. Thus you feed the plants, and the plants feed you, while the great life-giving sun feeds both: and the geranium standing in the sick child's window not merely rejoices his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but honestly repays the trouble spent on it; absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

Write a composition by answering the following questions:—

1. Do we breathe two different breaths every time we breathe?
2. How may this be shown in the case of a sleeping child?
How from the sensations we feel in a close, crowded room?
3. What is the difference between the breath we take in and that we give out?
4. What are the two principal gases in air?
5. What gas, of which there is a small portion in pure air, is found in excess in foul air?
6. Which "breath" do the fire and lights use up?
7. What gas, harmful to us, goes to feed plants?



7.—The Cruise of the Dolphin.

eråft, *boat.*erā'zy, *rickety, dilapidated.*cūn'ners, *small salt-water fish.*hård'-täck, *sailors' biscuit.*lûrks, *lies in wait.*nōon'ing, *rest at noon.*pāint'er, *rope at the bow.*pitched, *set up in place.*reigned, *prevailed.*shēlv'ing, *sloping.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

"The Cruise of the Dolphin" is an extract from one of the best boys' books ever written — "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich (born at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1836). Mr. Aldrich is known as a writer of sketches in a very crisp and clever style, and also takes high rank as a poet. Portsmouth (N.H.) is the point from which the four partners started on "the cruise of the Dolphin." 1

(2) **flood-tide:** the high tide about to fall or ebb. — (5) **throw a wet blanket over:** cool the ardor of, throw cold water on.

PART I.

1. It was a proud moment when I stood on the wharf, with my three partners, inspecting the Dolphin, moored at the foot of a very slippery flight of steps. She was painted white, with a green stripe outside; and on the stern a yellow dolphin, with its scarlet mouth wide open, stared with a surprised expression at its own reflection in the water. The boat was a great bargain.

2. Not long after the purchase of the boat, we planned an excursion to Sandpeep Island, the last of the islands in the harbor. We proposed to start early in the morning, and return with the tide in the moon-

light. We were up before sunrise the next morning, in order to take advantage of the flood-tide, which waits for no man. Our preparations for the cruise were made the previous evening.

3. In the way of eatables and drinkables, we had stored in the stern of the Dolphin a generous bag of hardtack (for the chowder), a piece of pork, three gigantic apple-pies, half a dozen lemons, and a keg of spring-water. The last-named article we slung over the side to keep it cool, as soon as we got under way.

4. The crockery, and the bricks for our camp-stove, we placed in the bow; with the groceries, which included sugar, pepper, salt, and a bottle of pickles. Phil Adams contributed to the outfit a small tent of unbleached cotton cloth, under which we intended to take our nooning.

5. Charley Madden, whose father had promised to cane him if he ever stepped foot on sail or row boat, came down to the wharf, in a sour-grape humor, to see us off. Nothing would tempt *him* to go out on the river in such a crazy clam-shell of a boat. He pretended that he did not expect to behold us alive again, and tried to throw a wet blanket over the expedition.

6. "Guess you'll have a squally time of it," said Charley, casting off the painter.

"Bosh!" muttered Phil Adams, sticking the boat-hook into the string-piece of the wharf, and sending the Dolphin half a dozen yards towards the current.

7. How calm and lovely the river was! Not a ripple stirred on the glassy surface, broken only by the sharp cutwater of our tiny craft. The sun, as round and red as an August moon, was by this time peering above the water-line. The town had drifted behind us, and we were entering among the group of islands. Sometimes we could almost touch with our boat-hook the shelving banks on either side.

8. As we neared the mouth of the harbor, a little breeze now and then wrinkled the blue water, shook the spangles from the foliage, and gently lifted the spiral mist-wreaths that still clung along-shore. The measured dip of our oars, and the drowsy twitterings of the birds, seemed to mingle with, rather than break, the enchanted silence that reigned about us. The scent of the new clover comes back to me now, as I recall that delicious morning when we floated away in a fairy-boat down a river, like a dream.

9. The sun was well up when the nose of the Dolphin nestled against the snow-white bosom of Sand-peep Island. This island was the last of the cluster, one side of it being washed by the sea.

10. It took us an hour or two to transport our stores to the spot selected for the encampment. Having pitched our tent, using the five oars to support the canvas, we got out our lines, and went down the rocks seaward to fish.

11. It was early for cunners, but we were lucky enough to catch as nice a mess as ever you saw. A

cod for the chowder was not so easily secured. At last Binny Wallace hauled in a plump little fellow, crusted all over with flaky silver.

12. To skin the fish, build our fireplace, and cook the chowder, kept us busy the next two hours. The fresh air and the exercise had given us the appetites of wolves, and we were about famished by the time the savory mixture was ready for our clam-shell saucers. How happy we were, we four, sitting cross-legged in the crisp salt grass, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing gratefully through our hair! What a joyous thing was life, and how far off seemed death,—death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **excursion** (*currere*); **current** (*currere*); **expect** (*specere*); **inspect** (*specere*); **transport** (*portare*); **support** (*portare*).

Supply other words for those in Italics: "*inspecting* the Dolphin" (1); "*stared* with a *surprised* expression at its own reflection" (1); "*a generous* bag of hard-tack" (3); "*three gigantic* apple-pies" (3); "*in a sour-grape* humor" (5); "*the measured* dip of our oars" (8); "*we were about* famished by the time the *savory* mixture was ready" (12).

II. In paragraph 1 are a simple, a complex, and a compound sentence. Select each.

Analyze the sentence: "What a joyous thing was life, and how far off seemed death,—death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!"

III. This piece is an excellent example of the NARRATIVE style of composition. Examine the sentences, and see if they are long and involved, or short and direct in construction. Are the words those that belong to the ordinary vocabulary? Is the style easy and pleasing? What at the close of the piece leads us to anticipate a sad ending of the cruise?

8.—The Cruise of the Dolphin.

ab-sôrbed', *occupied wholly.*ad-joûrned', *removed to.*fîlm'y, *thin, narrow.*fōōt'ing, *foothold.*in-çēs'sant-ly, *unceasingly, con-
tinually.*lee, *side opposite the wind.*lū'min-oūs, *bright.*mī'nus (Latin), *without.*mō'ment-ly, *every moment.*pēal, *loud sound.*seûll, *an oar.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(1) **ducks and drakes**: skipping flat stones or shells on the surface of water. — (16) **hug the island**: keep close to the island.

PART II.

1. The wind had freshened by this, and we found it comfortable to put on the jackets which had been thrown aside in the heat of the day. We strolled along the beach, and gathered large quantities of the fairy-woven Iceland moss, which, at certain seasons, is washed to these shores: then we played at ducks and drakes; and then, the sun being sufficiently low, we went in bathing.

2. Before our bath was ended, a slight change had come over the sky and sea: fleecy white clouds scudded here and there, and a muffled moan from the breakers caught our ears from time to time. While we were dressing, a few hurried drops of rain came lisp- ing down; and we adjourned to the tent to await the pass- ing of the squall.

3. "We're all right anyhow," said Phil Adams. "It won't be much of a blow; and we'll be as snug as a bug in a rug, here in the tent, particularly if we have that lemonade which some of you fellows were going to make."

4. By an oversight, the lemons had been left in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to go for them.

"Put an extra stone on the painter, Binny," said Adams, calling after him: "it would be awkward to have the Dolphin give us the slip, and return to port minus her passengers."

"That it would," answered Binny, scrambling down the rocks.

5. Binny Wallace had been absent five or six minutes, when we heard him calling our several names in tones that indicated distress or surprise, we could not tell which. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift!"

6. We sprang to our feet, and hastened down to the beach. On turning the bluff which hid the mooring-place from view, we found the conjecture correct. Not only was the Dolphin afloat, but poor little Binny Wallace was standing in the bow with his arms stretched helplessly towards us, — *drifting out to sea!*

7. "Head the boat in shore!" shouted Phil Adams.

Wallace ran to the tiller; but the slight cockle-shell merely swung round, and drifted broadside on. O, if we had but left a single scull in the Dolphin!

8. "Can you swim it?" cried Adams desperately;

using his hand as a speaking-trumpet, for the distance between the boat and the island widened momentarily.

9. Binny Wallace looked down at the sea, which was covered with white caps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty seconds in those angry waters.

10. A wild, insane light came into Phil Adams's eyes, as he stood knee-deep in the boiling surf; and for an instant I think he meditated plunging into the ocean after the receding boat.

11. The sky darkened, and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea. Binny Wallace half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved his hand to us in token of farewell. In spite of the distance, increasing every instant, we could see his face plainly. The anxious expression it wore at first had passed. It was pale and meek now; and I love to think there was a kind of halo about it, like that which the painters place around the forehead of a saint. So he drifted away.

12. The sky grew darker and darker. The figure of Binny Wallace was no longer visible, for the boat itself had dwindled to a mere dot on the black water. Finally it went out like a spark, and we saw it no more. Then we gazed at each other, and dared not speak.

13. Absorbed in following the course of the boat, we had scarcely noticed the huddled inky clouds that

sagged down all around us. From these threatening masses, seamed at intervals with pale lightning, there now burst a heavy peal of thunder that shook the ground under **our** feet.

14. It was impossible to keep our footing on the beach any longer. We crawled up the sands on our hands and knees, and, pausing in the lee of the granite ledge to gain breath, returned to the camp. We fell to crying, the **three** of us, and cried I know not how long. The wind rose higher and higher, cutting long slits in the tent, through which the rain poured incessantly. To complete the sum of our miseries, the night was at hand. It came down suddenly, at last, like a curtain, shutting in Sandpeep Island from all the world.

15. What an endless night it was! I have known months that did not seem so long. Fred Langdon was the first to discover a filmy, luminous streak in the sky, the first glimmering of sunrise. "Look, it is nearly daybreak!" While we were following the direction of his finger, a sound of distant oars fell on our ears. Running down to the water's edge, we hailed the boats with all our might. The call was heard; for the oars rested a moment in the rowlocks, and then pulled in towards the island. It was two boats from the town.

16. Our story was soon told. The sea was still running too high for any small boat to venture out: so it was arranged that one boat should take us back to town; leaving the other with a picked crew, to hug the

island until daybreak, and then set forth in search of the Dolphin.

17. The excitement over, I was in a forlorn state. Towards evening a high fever set in; and it was many days before my grandfather deemed it prudent to tell me that the Dolphin had been found, floating keel upwards, four miles south-east of Mackerel Reef.

18. Poor little Binny Wallace! How strange it seemed, when I went to school again, to see that empty seat in the fifth row! One day a folded sheet slipped from my algebra: it was the last note he ever wrote me. Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me! The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men; but you are for ever young. Always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

♦ ♦ ♦

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **correct** (*regere*); **direction** (*regere*); **distance** (*stare*); **distant** (*stare*); **instant** (*stare*); **state** (*stare*); **visible** (*videre*); **expression** (*premere*).

What word (1) means *grown brisk or strong*? Explain "drops of rain came lipping down" (2). What word (4) means *said he was willing*?

Supply other words for those in Italics: "we found the *conjecture correct*" (6); "I think he *meditated plunging* into the ocean after the *receding* boat" (10); "Absorbed in following the course of the boat, we had *scarcely noticed* the *huddled inky* clouds that *sagged* down all around us" (13); "To *complete* the *sum* of our *miseries*, the night was *at hand*" (14).

II. In paragraph 11 are two simple sentences, one complex sentence, and three compound sentences: select those of each type.

III. Which is the most *pathetic* paragraph in this piece? Notice how many short exclamative sentences it contains.

9.—The Discoverer.

a-vēr', declare, affirm.

chrÿs'ô-lite, a beautiful green

precious stone.

fâre, live and act.

guîse, appearance, mien.

kîng'sman, relative.

peers, persons of equal rank.

têth'er, limits, furthest reach.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This beautifully tender poem is by Edmund Clarence Stedman (b. 1833), a native of Connecticut. Mr. Stedman's poetry exhibits many moods, but is always refined and artistic, and sometimes exceedingly powerful. In a prose volume ("The Victorian Poets") he has shown himself one of the most subtle and discriminating of modern critics.

(1) **Drake** (Sir Francis); **Frobisher** (Sir Martin): these were famous English navigators of the sixteenth century.—(1) **winged pilot**: the Angel of Death.—(1) **hoary Mimer's well and tree** in the Scandinavian mythology were placed in the far north, "in that mysterious meeting-place of sea and sky:" Mimer was the guardian of "Wisdom's Well."—(3) **pricking of his chart**: refers to the tracing of a ship's course by means of punctures on a chart.—(4) **in the groves is taught**: an allusion to the grove of Academus, near Athens, under whose olives and plane-trees Plato and his followers, called Academic philosophers, taught.—(4) **farthest Indies**: an allusion to the ancient Hindu lore.

1. I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,

Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has traveled whither
A wingéd pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimer's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

2. Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
“Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover.”
— With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

3. Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then we should learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,

To lay beside this severed curl,
 Some starry offering
 Of chrysolite or pearl?

4. Ah, no! not so!

We may follow on his track,
 But *he* comes not back.

And yet I dare aver

He is a brave discoverer

Of climes his elders do not know.

He has more learning than appears

On the scroll of twice three thousand years,

More than in the groves is taught,

Or from farthest Indies brought;

He knows, perchance, how spirits fare, —

What shapes the angels wear,

What is their guise and speech

In those lands beyond our reach, —

And his eyes behold

Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers
 told.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. What expression (1) means, *who is only three years old*? What is the allusion in "who seek the frozen Pole" (1)? What lines in stanza 1 mean, *he has died*? What is meant by "one who bore a flower" (2)?

Give synonyms of: *voyager*; *surges*; *bark*; *command*; *return*; *severed*.

Write the analysis of: **voyager**; **discoverer**; **unknown**; **noiseless**.

Write the analysis of: **portal** (*porta*): **severed** (*parare*): **mortal** (*mors*).

II. In stanza 1 select a complex sentence. Select an exclamative sentence in stanza 3. Analyze: "We may follow on his track, but he comes not back."

Arrange in the prose order: "And yet a voyager is he greater than Drake or Frobisher."

III. The fact expressed in this poem is that a child has died: what beautiful strain of imagery does the poet use to convey this? Point out what you consider fine uses of this image. Select skillfully chosen describing words (*epithets*), as "*severed curl*" (stanza 3). Note the arrangement of words in "*sweet smile innocent*."

10.— Six Chinese Proverbs.

greät, of high station.

| small, in humble life.

1. If a man has not done any thing wrong, a knock may come at dead of night, and he will not be startled.

2. Think of your *own* faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of *others* the latter part of the night (when you are asleep).

3. Even if you should be uncivil to a great man, be sure that you are respectful to a small man.

4. To go a long journey to offer incense in a distant temple, is not so good as showing kindness near home.

5. Use men as you use wood: if one inch is rotten, you do not throw away the whole piece.

6. Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you.

11.—Knickerbocker Life in New York.

am-phib'i-oŭs, <i>capable of living</i> <i>in both water and air.</i>	et-i-quëtte', <i>laws of politeness.</i>
bûrgh'er, <i>a well-to-do citizen.</i>	grîs'ly, <i>frightful, terrible.</i>
eom-mū'ni-ty, <i>possession in com-</i> <i>mon.</i>	no-blësse', <i>aristocracy.</i>
Dëlf't, or dëlf, <i>white earthen-ware</i> <i>of Delft, Holland.</i>	pri-më'val, <i>belonging to early</i> <i>times.</i>
	rhôm'boids, <i>oblique-angled par-</i> <i>allelograms.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

The following is an extract from Irving's "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." **Knickerbocker** was a purely imaginary author, but the popularity of the book caused the name to be given to the old Dutch families of New York. Washington Irving (born in the city of New York in 1783, and died 1859) is the most classic of American authors. He is distinguished for his graceful style, rich humor, and simple pathos. — (2) **St. Nicholas**, the Santa Claus of the Dutch. — (4) **sanc'tum sanc-tor'um** (sănk'tum sănk-tōr'um, Latin, "holy of holies"), hence the most private apartment.

1. In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife.

2. The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals, New-Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which was curiously wrought,—sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head,—and daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was often

worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

3. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water,—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, “like unto a duck.”

4. The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment, except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking-feet.

5. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand,—which was curious’y stroked with a broom into angles and curves and rhomboids,—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreens in the fire-place, the windows were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

6. As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have

seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

7. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, — nay, even the very cat and dog, — enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner.

8. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire, with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, for hours together; the good wife, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New-England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, hair-breadth escapes, and bloody encounters among Indians.

9. In these happy days, fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse*; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.



10. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, seated round the genial board, evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, — in much the same manner that

sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

11. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's-fat, and called doughnuts or olykoeks, — a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

12. The tea was served out of a majestic Delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fancies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle.

13. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend, by a string from the ceiling, a large lump directly over the tea-table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

14. At these primitive tea-parties, the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed, — no flirting nor coquetting; no romping of young ladies; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets; no amusing conceits of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all.

15. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah, Mynheer*, or *yah, yah, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them. The parties broke up without noise or confusion. The guests were carried home by their own carriages; that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon.

16. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present. If our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **universal** (*vertere*); **diversions** (*vertere*); **permit** (*mittere*); **vision** (*videre*); **incredible** (*credere*).

Give synonyms of: *ornamented*; *burnished*; *permitted*; *magnitude*; *dexterity*; *beverage*.

II. In paragraph 4 are two complex sentences: which are they? Analyze the second sentence in paragraph 8.

III. No bright scholar can fail to appreciate the humor and drollery of this sketch. Note such touches as the burnishing of the knocker with "*religious zeal*" (2); the house being in a state of "*inundation*" (3); the burlesque in paragraph 5 in comparing a small event with the revolution of the heavenly bodies, etc.

12.—Only a Dog.

blānd'ish-ments, <i>artful devices.</i>	wīle, <i>trick, stratagem.</i>
en-dowſ', <i>enriches, endues.</i>	wīst'ful-ly, <i>wishfully, in a yearn-</i>
ne-gō'ti-āte, <i>treat for purchase.</i>	<i>ing manner.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

The following narrative, one of the most touching *true* "dog stories" ever told, was written by Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Dr. Leonard Bacon, an eminent divine and long pastor in New Haven, Conn. Dr. Bacon died in the latter part of 1881.

(2) **Henry of Navarre:** Henry IV., the first French Bourbon king, a valorous and chivalrous monarch.

PART I.

1. It was a case of love at first sight. I met him one Sunday afternoon, while I was strolling about the fields; and from that moment I vowed I would make him mine, if by any wile or guile that result could be brought about.

2. He was a beautiful shepherd dog, of no breed that I have ever encountered either before or since. His color was buff, shading to white underneath, and set off by two long pointed collars of dark-gray hair upon his shoulders. His tail was long, and as he waved it over his back it reminded me of the white plume of King Henry of Navarre.

3. But the crowning glory of the dog was his face. The color of his face was the lightest and most esthetic shade of "old gold," and was set off by a black

nose-tip, two little black eyebrows, a pair of sensitive and inquisitive yellow ears, and the most human, intelligent, loving brown eyes that it has ever been my lot to meet.

4. His face, when I first met him, was lighted up with a smile of joy at seeing a party of friendly people approaching him; and when I called him he came bounding across the field, with his plummy tail waving, his brown eyes shining, and such an expression of good-will to men, that then and there the conquest was made, and I became his abject slave and adorer.

5. That was all I saw of him for about a month, though during that time I was negotiating with his master to see on what terms he would give up all claim to the dog. What those negotiations were, I will not tell here; but at the end of the month, after I had returned to my home in the city, my blandishments prevailed, and the dog was sent down by express.

6. I received a telegram saying that the dog Brant had started: and soon afterward an express wagon drove up to the door; and there, sitting on the seat beside the driver, and beaming as if he owned the whole town and were returning to his possessions after long absence, was the dog Brant. He came in, sure that he was among friends; and from the moment of his arrival he never expressed a desire for any other home than the one to which he had come.

7. That he was my exclusive property, he fully understood before a week had passed; and, though he

accepted the rest of the family as near and dear relations, he never for one moment doubted in his loyal little heart to whom he owed the most devoted love and allegiance. He followed me from room to room about the house, accompanied me in my walks, slept in my room at night, and was never for one moment separated from me by any act of his own will. His whole being was swallowed up in devotion to me. I do not think there was an expression of my face, or a movement of my hand, that he did not notice and comprehend by that subtle sense with which love for a human being endows a dog.

8. A dog with no supreme object for his affections is a contemptible, miserable animal. A dog who knows and loves a master is of all animals the most happy and intelligent.

9. His obedience was perhaps the most noticeable of his virtues; for that was remarkable, and rather unusual, in a dog that is simply a pet. He seldom had to be told a thing more than once. The night of his arrival among us, when the doors between the dining-room and sitting-room were thrown open, and the family went in to tea, Brant showed a wish to accompany them.

10. He was told that he must not; and from that time, though he would lie in the next room, and look wistfully toward the dining-table, nothing but the warmest invitation from some person whom he considered in authority, would induce him to pass the

threshold; and then, as soon as he saw that the business for which he was called in was accomplished, he would retire to his original place in the sitting-room.

11. So it was in regard to any thing he was told to do. If he understood the order, he did as he was told. If he did not understand the order, he did every thing he could think of until he found out what was right.

12. Another of his virtues was his politeness. He never willingly hurt any one's feelings. He always shook hands when he was introduced to a stranger; not because he was told to, but from a natural sense of the fitness of things. If any caller was obliged to wait a few moments in the parlor, Brant always felt it his duty to go in and make himself agreeable until some one relieved him. If he had been particularly affectionate or caressing toward any one member of the family, he would often go around and shake hands with every one else in the room, so as to show that he didn't mean to slight any one.

13. There was something almost pathetic in Brant's desire to do the very best that he knew how, under all circumstances. He not only did what he was told; but he thought out what was the right thing to do, and did it. As an illustration: when he first came, Brant was shut up in the front vestibule at the time of family prayers, but he had proved so good and obedient every way that it was decided to let him stay in the room. So he was told that he might stay if he would be very quiet. He crawled under a chair, and lay there until

the service was over; and from that hour we had only to tell him that we were going to have prayers, and in he would go under that chair.

14. Once only did he leave his place, and then he was seized with a sudden and strong desire to exterminate a flea. He got up as quietly as he could, and walked into the next room, and, after a battle with the wicked flea, lay still until the family rose. When I went in to speak to him, he lay with his head down, and no motion of his tail except the slight deprecatory wag with which he was wont to receive reproof.

15. He knew that he had done something out of the way, and he was afraid that it was wrong. When I spoke to him kindly he was all smiles in a moment. The head was raised, the tail began to wag violently, and he showed by every means of expression that a dog has, that his mind was relieved of a dreadful doubt.

...

HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. DESCRIPTION OF BRANT: a shepherd dog — color — his face — he is bought by Miss Bacon.

II. HIS LOYALTY: traits of his affection for his mistress.

III. HIS OBEDIENCE: incident showing that to be told once was enough for Brant.

IV. HIS POLITENESS: shaking hands — making himself agreeable — mode of showing that he meant to slight no one — Brant at prayers.

15 - Only a Dog.

Reverend Mr. Thompson,
 1200 North 10th Street, Minneapolis,
 Minnesota, has a fine family
 pet dog, a pointer, which he
 recently

has been sold
 and is now being sold to the
 best of interest in the
 interest
 will be at the same time.

PREPARATORY NOTES

At age sixteen, and in the year 1880, I was a student in the
 Lutheran at the same time, and a student of the same

PART II.

1. For more than a year I was the pet and guide
 of the household. Every one loved him almost as they
 would have loved a child. He was so gentle and play-
 ful with such a keen sense of the balance and yet
 so much so loving, so cheerful and sympathetic, that
 all, from the aged father whose silver hair was in-
 deed "a crown of glory," to the youngest grandchild
 who visited the parental home, regarded him as a true
 and faithful friend and a beloved companion.

2. He was a constant source of pleasure to us all, and
 I am afraid, if any outsider had known the amount of
 time that we spent in playing with and talking to and
 about that dog, he would have concluded that we were
 all laboring under the influence of the wolf.

3. It was a pleasure worthy of a Lutheran to see the
 venerable patriarch of eighty years, whose life had
 been spent in labors for the good of his country and of

the world, talking to the dog; and the dog's quick appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by such notice, and his ready response to all efforts for his entertainment.

4. Every day we congratulated ourselves upon our wonderful good luck in obtaining such a treasure, and wondered how the dog's former master could have made up his mind to part with such a friend.

5. And now we come to the part of our tale which illustrates, more than any thing else, the little fellow's singular beauty of character. As the autumn drew on, the beloved father, whose strength had been failing for a number of months, grew more and more subject to attacks of a painful and terrible disease; and Brant, as if he appreciated the situation, seemed to grow more and more loving and considerate of his aged master.

6. When in the early morning one of those terrible attacks would come on, and we stood about the bed of the sufferer and administered whatever restoratives we hoped might bring ease and comfort, Brant would steal quietly in, and wait anxiously and pertinaciously until he knew that all was well again.

7. Nothing would induce him to leave my father's room during one of those attacks; nor, indeed, would he stir until the patient was able to rise and dress himself. If my father was obliged to lie on the sofa during the day, Brant was at once full of sympathy, and would sit beside him, and whine, and want to shake hands; and when my father rose, and again took his usual

seat, Brant would express his joy by every means in his power.

8. So it went, and we all grew more attached to the little fellow because of his almost human sympathy with suffering. But at last came a time when Brant's character was to be even more tried, that it might show forth its beauty in a clearer light. An insidious disease attacked first his beautiful eyes, and dimmed their glory for ever, and then his whole system.

9. Every thing that veterinary science could suggest was done for his relief and comfort; but all efforts were in vain, and after a painful illness of nearly five weeks the end came, and the little sympathizing, loving heart ceased to beat. During all those painful weeks, his patience, cheerfulness, and good temper preached a sermon to us all.

10. Well do I remember one afternoon, when I was sitting beside him and talking to him, and he showed more life and spirit than for some days. My father heard me from the other end of the hall, and came down to shake hands with the little patient, and to speak a word of sympathy to him. Brant looked up at him with love shining from his dimmed eyes, and gave his little feeble paw, and wagged his bushy tail with unusual vigor. It was their last meeting. That night the aged man, who all his life long, like Enoch, "walked with God," passed gently and quietly "through the gates into the city;" "and he was not, for God took him."

11. From that time the little dog who had done so much to brighten the last year of my father's life grew rapidly worse; and two days after that day, when amid the grief of the whole city, and the tolling bells, and weeping heavens, we committed to earth all that was earthly of one of God's saints, Brant died. And may we not hope that there is a place somewhere in God's universe where that faithful little soul may be rewarded for the good that he was able to accomplish during his short life?

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —

HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. PET AND PRIDE OF THE HOUSEHOLD: how he was such—why he was so loved by all—what was a “picture worthy of Landseer”?

II. A TEST OF BRANT'S CHARACTER: the illness of Dr. Bacon—Brant at his bedside—his joy when his master was well.

III. THE TEST OF SUFFERING: Brant's eyes attacked—how he behaved during these painful weeks—an incident.

IV. THE END: death of Dr. Bacon—Brant, too, dies—hope expressed by the writer.



14.—Glimpses of Science.

THE HAND.

dē'vi-ōūs, <i>crooked, uncertain.</i>	mīn'is-terſ (v.), <i>aids, serves.</i>
em-bōd'ied, <i>exemplified, displayed.</i>	mīn'is-ter (n.), <i>servant, helper.</i>
en-hançe'ment, <i>increase in serviceableness.</i>	mu-ni'fi-çent-ly, <i>generously, bounteously.</i>
ex-al-tā'tion, <i>elevation, refinement.</i>	re-striet', <i>confine, limit.</i>
	thrēads, <i>passes through.</i>
	un-wōnt'ed, <i>unaccustomed.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This lesson on "The Hand" is from "The Five Gateways of Knowledge," by Dr. George Wilson (1818-1859), a distinguished Scottish scientific writer. The "Five Gateways" is a metaphor denoting the five senses. In a later lesson Dr. Wilson's eloquent and instructive essay on "The Eye" is given.

1. Touch, as embodied in the hand, is in many respects the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive: the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell: but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.

2. It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires,—unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it can not turn; and the ear, which can not escape from the torture of discordant

sounds; and the nostril, which can not protect itself from hateful odors.

3. Moreover the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious way: it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

4. It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

5. The organs of all the other senses, even in their greatest perfection, are indebted to the hand for the enhancement and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

6. It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distills for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its

throne as the lord of taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

7. And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power, of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plow into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him.

8. What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man. An electric telegraph is but a longer pen for that little hand to write with. All our huge cannon and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier.

9. What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace,—what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

10. When I think of all that human hands have done of good and evil, I lift up my own hand, and gaze

upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! what an instrument for evil! And all the day long it never is idle. We unwisely restrict the term handicraftsman, or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings. It belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet.

11. For the carpenter's hand there is the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand, the plow; for the miner's hand, the spade; for the sailor's hand, the oar; for the painter's hand, the brush; for the sculptor's hand, the chisel; for the poet's hand, the pen. For each of us there is some instrument we may learn to handle: for all there is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **active** (*agere*); **devious** (*via*); **eloquently** (*loqui*); **perfection** (*facere*); **constructs** (*struere*); **expression** (*premere*).

II. In paragraph 6 select a complex sentence. What kind of sentence is paragraph 9?

Analyze the following sentence: "Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plow into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him."

III. Copy the following sentences, substituting synonyms for the italicised words: "Touch, as *embodied* in the hand, is in many respects the most *wonderful* of the senses. It *puts away* from it the things which it *hates*, and beckons towards it the things which it *desires*. Its fingers enable it to discharge the *unwonted* office of a listener."

15.—If I were a Voice.

<i>con-sōl'ing, comforting, cheering, giving relief.</i>	<i>per-suā'sive, tending to persuade, exhorting.</i>
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PREPARATORY NOTES.

“If I were a Voice” is one of the stirring lyrics of Charles Mackay (b. 1812), a native of Scotland. In his songs he has one great purpose at heart, from which he never deviates,—the promotion of human virtue and human happiness.

1. If I were a voice,—a persuasive voice,—
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.
 I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

2. If I were a voice,—a consoling voice,—
 I'd fly on the wings of air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.
 I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to rejoice again.

3. If I were a voice,—a pervading voice,—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.
4. If I were a voice,—an immortal voice,—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice,—an immortal voice.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **priceless**; **truthful**; **unknown**.

Write the analysis of: **suffer** (*ferre*); **immortal** (*mors*), **liberty** (*liber*).

II. What adjective clause modifies "voice" (1)? What adjective clause and adjective phrase modify "Truths" (3)? What adverbial phrase modifies "fly" (4)?

Of what is "I'd" (2) an abbreviation?

III. Of the two sentences in stanza 1, which is a *period*? (See Definition 15.) Which a *loose sentence*? (See Definition 16.) In stanza 3 point out an example of *personification*. (See Definition 4.)

16.—Honey-Hunting.

ab-sôrb', *take up, engross.*
 an-tên'næ, *feelers of an insect.*
 bōōt'y, *plunder, spoils.*
 eom-plā'cent, *self-satisfied.*
 de-plēt'ed, *emptied, exhausted.*
 lōath, *unwilling, reluctant.*

ma-neū'ver-ing, *skillful man-
 agement.*
 ob-liv'i-ōūs, *forgetful, unconscious.*
 pūn'gent, *sharp-smelling.*
 rāck, *wrack, wreck, destruction.*
 sāl'ly, *make excursion.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(3) **Virgil**: a famous Roman poet, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era; author of the *Æneid*. — (9) **Peggy Mel** (Latin *mel*, honey): a fanciful proper name assigned by the author to this particular bee.

1. If you would know the delights of bee-hunting, and how many sweets such a trip yields beside honey, come with me some bright, warm, late September or early October day.

2. Armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it, we sally forth. After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make our first trial—a high stone wall that runs parallel with a wooded ridge, and separated from it by a broad field.

3. There are bees at work there on that golden-rod, and it requires but little maneuvering to sweep one into our box. The bee is alarmed for a moment; but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to

eat, but to carry home as booty. "Such rage of honey in their bosoms beats," says Virgil. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself.

4. We now set the box down upon the wall, and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is oblivious to every thing else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces, and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background.

5. In two or three minutes the bee is seen rising slowly and heavily from the box. It seems loath to leave so much honey behind, and it marks the place well. It mounts aloft in a rapidly increasing spiral, surveying the near and minute objects first, then the larger and more distant, till having circled above the spot five or six times, and taken all its bearings, it darts away for home. It is a good eye that holds fast to the bee till it is fairly off. Sometimes one's head swims following it, and often one's eyes are "put out" by the sun.

6. This bee gradually drifts down the hill, then strikes off towards a farm-house half a mile away where bees are kept. Then we try another, and another; and the third bee, to our delight, goes straight toward the woods. We can see the brown speck against the darker background for many yards.

7. Our bees are all soon back; and more with them, for we have touched the box here and there with the

cork of a bottle of anise, and this fragrant and pungent oil will attract bees half a mile or more. When no flowers can be found, this is the quickest way to obtain a bee.

8. A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect the bee does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret: it doubtless bears some evidence with it upon its feet or proboscis that it has been upon honey-comb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow.

9. No doubt there are plenty of gossips about a hive that note and tell every thing. "O, did you see that? Peggy Mel came in, a few moments ago, in great haste; and one of the up-stairs packers says she was loaded down with apple-blossom honey, which she deposited, and then rushed off again like mad. *Apple-blossom honey in October!* Fee, fi, fo, fum! Let's after!"

10. In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established,—two to farm-houses and one to the woods,—and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods, which are rough and dense; and we do not like to follow the line of bees until we have settled the problem as to the distance they go into the woods,—whether the tree is on this side of the ridge, or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees, and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall.

11. It is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called *cross-lining* the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle, of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely.

12. But not a bee is seen or heard; we do not seem as near the tree as we were in the fields; yet, if some divinity would only whisper the fact to us, we are within a few rods of the coveted prize, which is not in one of the large hemlocks or oaks that absorb our attention, but in an old stump not six feet high, and which we have seen and passed several times without giving it a thought.

13. After much searching, and after the mystery seems rather to deepen than to clear up, we chance to pause beside this old stump. A bee comes out of a small opening like that made by ants in decayed wood, rubs its eyes and examines its *antennæ*, as bees always do before leaving their hive, then takes flight. At the same instant several bees come by us loaded with *our* honey, and settle home with that peculiar low complacent buzz of the well-filled insect.

14. Here, then, is our treasure, in the decayed stump

of a hemlock-tree. We could tear it open with our hands, and a bear would find it an easy prize; and a rich one too, for we take from it fifty pounds of excellent honey.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **distant** (*stare*); **distance** (*stare*); **instant** (*stare*); **objects** (*jacere*); **insect** (*secare*); **evidence** (*videre*).

II. Write the principal parts of the following verbs: *refresh, maneuver, fall, remove, increase, establish, tell, hold.*

Write the comparative and superlative degrees of the following adjectives: *late, strong, few, minute, easy.*

III. Is the first sentence a period, or a loose sentence? Select a period in paragraph 2.

17.—The Moon-Maiden.

ăp-pa-rî'tion, <i>vision, appearance.</i>	lăpsed, <i>broke, glided.</i>
děd'i-eâte, <i>set apart and devote.</i>	me-mō'ri-al, <i>memento.</i>
de-void', <i>destitute, deprived.</i>	pā'thōs, <i>deep feeling.</i>
dōn (<i>lit., do on</i>), <i>to put on, to dress.</i>	seal'lop, <i>a shell-fish.</i>
en-răpt'ured, <i>delighted, entranced.</i>	zēph'yr, <i>a gentle breeze.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This pleasing piece of fancy is a translation of a Japanese legend.

(1) **Su-ru'ga**, a province in Japan. — (4) **Fu'si** mountain, or Fusi-yama, a volcanic mountain in Japan, held as sacred by the Japanese, in whose art it figures largely. — (4) **Mi-kă'do**, the emperor of Japan.

1. Pearly and lustrous white, like a cloud in the far-off blue sky, seemed the floating figure of the moon-

maiden, as she flew to earth. She was one of the fifteen glistening maidens that wait attendant upon the moon in her chambers in the sky. Looking down from her high home, she became enraptured with the glorious scenery of Suruga's ocean shore, and longed for a bath in the blue waters of the sea.

2. So this fairy maid sped to the earth one morning early, when the moon having shone through the night was about to retire for the day. The sun was rising bright and red over the eastern seas, flushing the mountains and purpling the valleys. Out amid the sparkling waves the ships sailed toward the sun, and the fishermen cast their nets.

3. It was in early spring, when the air was full of the fragrance of plum-blossoms, and the zephyrs blew so softly that scarce a bamboo-leaf quivered, or a wave lapsed with sound on the silvery shore.

4. The moon-maiden was so charmed with the scenery of earth that she longed to linger above it to gaze tranquilly. Floating slowly through the air, she directed her course to the pine-groves that fringe the strand near Cape Miwo. Lying at the base of Fusi mountain, whose snowy crown glistens above, fronting the ocean whose blue plain undulates in liquid glory till it meets the bending sky, the scenery of Miwo is renowned under the whole heavens, but especially in the land which the Mikado's reign blesses with peace.

5. Full of happiness, the fairy maiden played sweet music from her flute, until the air was full of it, and it

sounded to the dweller on earth like the sweet falling of rain-drops on the thirsty ground. The fairy shed sweet fragrance through the air, and flowers fell from her robes as she passed. Though none saw her form, all wondered.

6. Arriving over a charming spot on the sea-shore, she descended to the strand, and stood at the foot of a pine-tree. She laid her musical instrument on a rock near by, and taking off her wings and feathered suit hung them carefully on the pine-tree bough. Then she strolled off along the shore to dip her shining feet in the curling waves.

7. Picking up some shells, she wondered with innocent joy at the rich tints, which seemed more beautiful than any color in the moon-world. With one, a large smooth scallop, she was particularly pleased; for inside one valve was a yellow disk, and on its mate was a white one.

"How strange!" said she. "Here is the sun, and there is the moon. I shall call this the sun-and-moon shell," and she put it in her girdle.

8. It chanced that near the edge of the pine-grove, not far away, there dwelt a lone fisherman, who, coming down to the shore, caught such a sweet perfume as had never before delighted his nostrils. What could it be? The spring zephyrs, blowing from the west, seemed laden with the sweet odor.

9. Curiosity prompted him to seek the cause. He walked toward the pine-tree, and, looking up, caught

sight of the feathery suit of wings. How his eyes sparkled! He danced for joy, and taking down the robe carried it to his neighbors. All were delighted, and one old man said that the fairy must herself be near by.

10. So with feathered robe in hand the fisherman went out again to the strand, and took his place near the pine-tree. He had not waited long before a lovely being appeared before him.

11. "Please, good sir, give me back my feathered robe," said she, in a sad voice of liquid sweetness, though she seemed greatly frightened.

"No, I must keep it as a sacred treasure, a relic from a heavenly visitor, and dedicate it in the shrine yonder as a memorial of an angel's visit," said the fisherman.

12. "O wicked man! what a wretched and impious thing to rob an inhabitant of heaven of the robe by which she moves! How can I fly back to my home again? Give me your wings, O ye wild geese that fly across the face of the moon, and on tireless pinions seek the icy shores in spring-time, and soar unwearied homeward in autumn. Lend me your wings!" But the wild geese overhead only whirled and screamed.

13. "O ye circling gulls! lend me but for a day your downy wings! I am a prisoner here!" cried the weeping fairy. But the graceful gulls hovering for a moment swept on in widening circles out to farther sea.

14. "O breezes of the air, which blow whither ye list! O tide of ocean, which ebbs and flows at will! Ye may move all; but I am prisoner here, devoid of motion!—O good sir, have pity, and give me back my wings!" cried the moon-maiden, pressing her hands together in grief.

15. The fisher's heart was touched by the pathos of her voice and the glittering of her tears. "I will give back your wingéd robe if you will dance and make music for me," said he.

"O yes, good sir! I will dance and make music; but first let me put on my feather-robe, for without it I have no power of motion."

16. "Not I!" said the suspicious mortal. "If I give you back your wings you will fly straight to heaven."

"What! can you not believe the word of a heavenly being without doubting? Trust me in good faith."

17. Then, with shamed face, the fisherman handed to the moon-maiden her feathered robe, which she donned, and began to dance. She poured out such sweet strains from her upright flute, that, with eye and ear full of rapture, the fisherman imagined himself in heaven. Then she sang a sweet song, in which she described the delights of life in the moon, and the pleasure of celestial residence.

18. The fisherman was so overjoyed that he longed to detain the fairy. He begged her to dwell with him on earth, but in vain. As he looked he saw her rising.

A fresh breeze, rippling the face of the sea, now sprang up, and wafted the pearly maiden over the pine-clad hills, and past Fusi-yama. All the time sweet music rained through the air until, as the fisherman strained his eyes toward the fresh-fallen snow on Fusi's crest, he could no longer distinguish the moon-maiden from the fleecy clouds that filled the thin air.

19. Pondering long upon the marvelous apparition, the fisherman resolved to mark the spot where the fairy first descended to earth. So he prevailed upon the simple villagers to build a railing of stone around the now sacred pine.

20. Daily they garlanded the old trunk with festoons of tasseled and twisted rice-straw. Long after, when by the storms of centuries the old pine, in spite of bandages and crutches, and tired of wrestling with the blast, fell down, like an old man, to rise no more, a grateful posterity cleared the space and built the shrine of Miwo, which still dots with its sacred enclosure the strand of Suruga on which the fairy danced.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **enraptured** (*rapere*); **direct** (*regere*); **undulate** (*unda*); **innocent** (*nocere*); **curiosity** (*cura*); **suspicious** (*specere*); **ponder** (*pondus*).

II. In paragraph 12 select a declarative sentence; an interrogative sentence; an imperative sentence; an exclamative sentence.

III. Select references to objects and ideas that you think characteristic of the Japanese.

Point out a simile (see Definition 2) in paragraph 1; a metaphor (see Definition 3) in paragraph 18.

18.—Oliver Cromwell.

a-bashed, <i>humiliated and surprised</i>	deftly let, <i>skillfully put by</i>
be-times, <i>at good times</i>	unbribed, <i>without any bribe</i>
courtiers, <i>courtiers</i>	war, <i>war</i>
cuir-asse, <i>breast-plate</i>	yeo man, <i>an English gentleman</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

1. King James I. James VI. of Scotland (son of Mary Queen of Scots) became James I. of England, on the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603. A vivid picture of the personages of this king will be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."

PART I.

1. Not long after King James I. took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hindenbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors for a good many years. In it there was a great hall, hung round with coats-of-arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle.

2. This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was for ever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by miracle.

3. Even while he was an infant in the cradle, a strange accident had befallen him. A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little Noll in his arms, and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if it had done the most praiseworthy thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again.

4. One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, guards, and yeomen, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself.

5. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen; and the neighbors knew by the smoke which poured out of the chimney that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying were going on merrily.

6. By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; and a heavy, old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat in his hand, stood at the gate to receive the king. His majesty was dressed in a suit of green not very new: he had a feather in his hat, and a triple ruff round his

neck, and over his shoulder was slung a hunting-horn instead of a sword.

7. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world; but the spectators gazed at him as if there was something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

8. "How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent; for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

9. The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while his majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. Though by no means an ill-looking child, he seemed shy, or sulky; and his cheeks were pale, as if he had been kept moping within doors, instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind.

10. "I have brought my son Charlie to see ye," said the king. "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate."

11. Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men, humbled themselves before this child. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

12. The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being: so that, of course, he had imbibed the same opinion of himself. He naturally supposed that the whole kingdom of Great Britain and all its inhabitants had been created solely for his benefit and amusement.

13. "What a noble little prince he is!" exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration. "No, please your majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his royal highness; but there is a nephew of mine about the house. He is near the prince's age, and will be but too happy to wait upon his royal highness."

"Send for him, man! send for him!" said the king.

14. But as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants, and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose (which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king's visit) were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his playfellows.

15. "Here, please your majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. "Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's majesty."

16. The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance, for

in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince, in a very grave manner, extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

17. "Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince." — "I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?"

18. All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn betimes what sort of a people he was to rule over. So King James and his train entered the house; and the prince, with Noll and some other children, was sent to play in a separate room while his majesty was at dinner.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. "LITTLE NOLL:" who he was — his uncle — his character — a strange accident.

II. ARRIVAL OF THE KING: description of the manner in which the king was received by Sir Oliver — "My son Charlie."

III. MASTER NOLL AND THE PRINCE: appearance of Noll — his introduction to the prince — refusal to "pay his duty" — astonishment of the courtiers — amusement of the king.

19.—Oliver Cromwell.

au-gŭst', *majestic.*eān'o-py, *projecting head-screen.*de-sist', *forbear, leave off.*dis-dāined', *scorned.*dī-vĕrt'ed, *amused.*trāit, *characteristic.*vār'let, *rascal.*vis'age, *face, countenance.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(11) **Charles:** i.e., Charles I., who ascended the throne of England on the death of his father in 1625, and was beheaded in 1649. (17) **Lord High Protector:** Oliver Cromwell, who was the leading spirit during the struggle between Charles I. and the parliament, was made chief ruler of England under this title in 1653, and died in 1658. During this period the government of England was called a "commonwealth" (republic), but Cromwell was absolute king in every thing but name.

PART II.

1. The young people soon became acquainted; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with, I can not tell. Perhaps they played at ball, perhaps at blind-man's buff, perhaps at leap-frog.

2. Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him wine or the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees.

3. But fate had ordained that good King James

should not finish his dinner in peace. On a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at table looked aghast.

4. "Mercy on us!" muttered Sir Oliver; "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other." Getting up from table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play-room.

5. On looking in, they beheld the little Prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight, not only the prince, but king and kingdom too.

6. "You little villain!" cried his uncle. "What have you been about? Down on your knees, this instant, and ask the prince's pardon. How dare you lay your hands on the king's majesty's royal son?"

"He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll, "and I've only given him his due."

7. Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands

in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their zeal, were about to chastise the boy in the royal presence.

8. But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist. "Thou art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and, if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee."—"I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

9. "Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king; and then addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants, "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose."

10. So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. But when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him, and beat him in many battles.

11. Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more to ruin the royal authority than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling-match between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

12. When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment-hall. Many judges were present besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his majesty from death.

13. "No!" said he sternly. "Better that one man should perish than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!"

14. When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on with a steadfast gaze while the executioner lifted the fatal ax and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

15. At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with battle-marks; his brow was wrinkled with care. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or

manner, that belonged to the little Noll who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

16. He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then his mind went back over all the marvelous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and had raised himself, a humble individual, to the possession of kingly power.

17. Why was it that this great king fell, and that humble Oliver Cromwell had been raised to the august station of "Lord High Protector" of England? King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood, as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow-men.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. THE PRINCE AND NOLL AT PLAY: the terrible uproar.

II. THE SCENE OF COMBAT: the rush to the door of the play-room—appearance of Prince Charles—of Noll—indignation of the uncle—Noll's reply.

III. FEELINGS OF THE SPECTATORS: what Sir Oliver and the courtiers thought—sensible verdict of the king—what he said to Noll—the prince's anger—the king's remark on the "good lesson."

20.—Recollections of my Boyhood.

bī'as, *turn, inclination.*
 do-māin', *estate, territory.*
 in-flīet'ed, *imposed.*

pōst'chāise, *four-wheeled carriage for travel on post-roads.*
 prī'mal, *first, chief.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

These "Recollections" are from the pen of John Ruskin (1819- —), an eminent English art-critic, and author of "Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," and other works characterized by extraordinary brilliancy of style.

1. My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by any thing for himself.

2. For this his best friends called him a fool; and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was an "entirely honest merchant."

3. Years went on, and I came to be four or five years old. He could command a post-chaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the round of his country customers. I saw all the high roads and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and a great part of low-land Scotland as far as Perth.

4. It happened, — which was the real cause of the bias of my after-life, — that my father had a rare love of pictures. Accordingly, wherever there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night, and in reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; — not, indeed, myself at that age caring for pictures, but much for castles and ruins; feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, and perceiving that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at.

5. I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart and ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks.

6. The group of which our house was the quarter consisted of two precisely similar couples of houses, — gardens and all to match. The house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded a very notable view from its upper windows. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size.

7. The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden as I had imagined it, were, that in this one *all*

the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects, the little domain answered every purpose of paradise to me.

8. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other, nor seen an angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter.

9. Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, as a ship her helm. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given, nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true. Peace, Obedience, Faith: these three I esteem the main blessings of my childhood.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **accept** (*capere*); **picture** (*pingere*); **permit** (*mittere*); **promise** (*mittere*); **sufficient** (*facere*).

Point out adverbs formed by adding the suffix *ly* to adjectives.

Form adjectives by adding the suffix *able* to verbs.

II. What kind of sentence is paragraph 7? Point out three adverbial clauses in paragraph 5. "Reverentest:" what is the more usual form of the superlative of "reverent"?

III. In paragraph 4 point out an antithesis. (See Definition 5.) Point out a simile (see Definition 2) in paragraph 9.

21.—The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

gāit, walk, bearing.
līt'i-gāte, go to law.

ō'dor-oūs, fragrant, sweet-smelling.
pěd'a-gōgue, schoolmaster.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

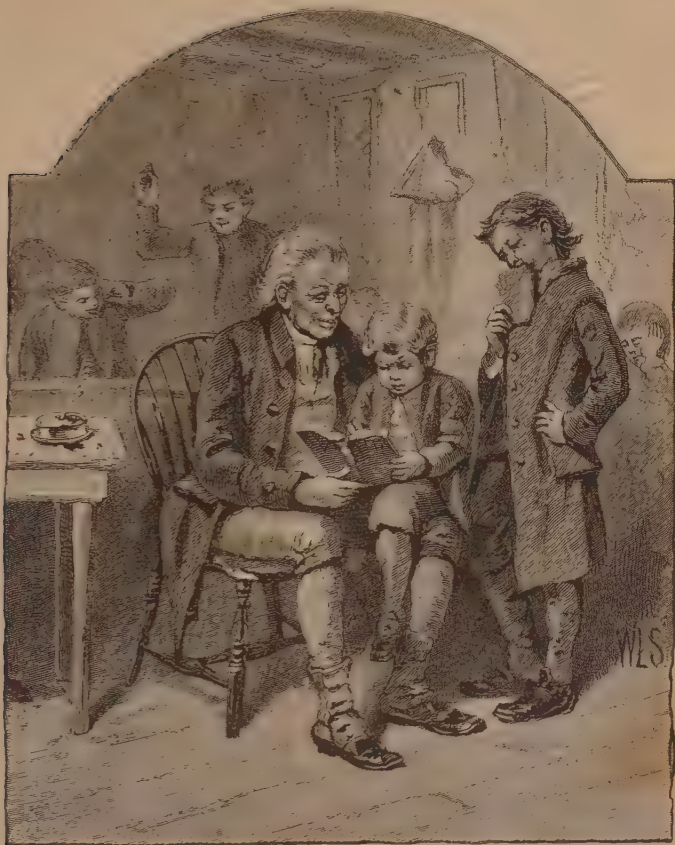
This tenderly-told story of the "Jolly Old Pedagogue" is by George Arnold (1834-1865), a native of New York. Dying at an early age, he had yet given evidence of eminent literary ability both in prose and verse.

1. 'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
 Tall and slender, and sallow and dry.
 His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
 His long, thin hair was as white as snow:
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
 And he sang every night, as he went to bed, —
 "Let us be happy down here below:
 The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
2. He taught his scholars the rule of three,
 Writing, and reading, and history too;
 He took the little ones up on his knee,
 For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
 And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
 "Learn while you're young," he often said;
 "There's much to enjoy, down here below:
 Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

3. With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school:
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said.
"We should make life pleasant, down here below:
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

4. He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door.
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain;
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

5. He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night, when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,—
"'Tis a glorious world, down here below:
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



6. He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west;
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"

Gently, gently, he bowed his head.
 There were angels waiting for him, I know:
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: wonderful; painful; pleasant; balmy; silvery; glorious; happiness; golden; kindly; gently.

II. Analyze this sentence: "Let us be happy down here below."

III. To what class of composition does this poem belong? (See Definition 18.) What is the *refrain*? (See Definition 23.) Which is the most pathetic passage?

22.—Three Sundays in a Week.

an-tiç'i-pâte, meet before the usual <i>time.</i> eön'se-quence, importance. pömp'öus, swelling with impor- <i>tance.</i>	răn'dòm, chance, hap-hazard. seäpe'-gräçe, a graceless fellow. sū-per-fiç'ial-ly, on the surface <i>only.</i> tēs'ti-ly, fretfully, petulantly.
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PREPARATORY NOTES.

This amusing sketch is by Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), who was a native of Boston, but passed most of his life in the South and in New York City. He was the author of the weird and peculiar poems, "The Raven" and "The Bells;" but his chief fame rests on his powerful tales of the grotesque and the fanciful.

1. "You hard-hearted, obstinate, crusty, musty, fusty old savage!" said I in fancy, one afternoon, to my

grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, shaking my fist at him in imagination.

2. Only in imagination; for what I did say, as I opened the drawing-room door and approached him, was this: "I am sure, my dear uncle, that you have no design seriously to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present is that you would oblige us with your advice as—as regards the time, you know, uncle; in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself that the wedding shall come off?"

3. "Wouldn't it answer, Bob, if I were to leave it at random, some time within a year or so, for example? Must I say precisely?"

"If you please, uncle, precisely."

4. "Well, then, Bob my boy, since you will have the exact time, I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—let me see! When shall it be? To-day's Sunday, isn't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely—precisely, now mind—when three Sundays come together in a week! But not till then, you young scape-grace, not till then if I die for it. You know me: I'm a man of my word. Now be off!"

5. A very fine old English gentleman was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but he had his weak points. He was a little, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence.

6. With the best heart in the world, he contrived, to earn for himself, among those who only knew him superficially, the character of a curmudgeon. To every request, a positive "No!" was his immediate answer; but in the end, in the long, long end, there were exceedingly few requests which he refused.

7. Now, it was this peculiarity in his disposition, of which Kate's ingenuity enabled us, one fine day not long after our interview, to take a very unexpected advantage. It happened that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed, were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I paid uncle Rungudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth, just three weeks after the memorable decision which had so cruelly defeated our hopes.

8. For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn: "Well," said Captain Pratt, "I have been absent just one year to-day. Let me see! Yes, this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rungudgeon, I called this day year to bid you good-by. And, by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence, does it not, that our friend Captain Smitherton here has been absent exactly a year also,—a year to-day?"

9. "Yes, just one year to a fraction," said Captain Smitherton. "You will remember, Mr. Rungudgeon,

that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day last year, to pay my parting respects."

"Yes, yes, yes," said uncle: "I remember it very well. Very queer indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed!"

10. "To be sure, papa," interrupted Kate, "it is something strange; but then Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go the same route, and that makes a difference, you know."

"I don't know any such thing," said uncle Rumgudgeon. "How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable."

11. "Captain Pratt," said I hastily, "you must come and spend the evening with me to-morrow, you and Smitherton. You can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist."

"Whist, my dear fellow!" said Captain Pratt, "you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening."

12. "O no!" said Kate. "Robert is not quite so bad as that. To-day's Sunday."

"To be sure, to be sure!" said uncle.

"I beg both your pardons," said Pratt, "but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday."

13. "What are you all thinking about?" cried Smitherton. "Wasn't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?"

"Yesterday, indeed!" said all of us in chorus. "No, no!"

"To-day's Sunday, I say, and I ought to know," said uncle testily.

"You are all mad, every one of you!" persisted Smitherton. "I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit here."

14. "I see it all, papa," said Kate, jumping up. "This is a judgment upon you, about—about—you know what. I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday. So it was: he is right. Cousin Bob and you and I say that to-day is Sunday. So it is: we are right. Captain Pratt insists that to-morrow will be Sunday. So it will: he is right too. The fact is, we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in a week."

15. "By-the-by, Pratt," said Captain Smitherton, "Kate has caught us. What fools we two are!—Mr. Rungudgeon, the matter stands thus: The earth, you know, is, in round numbers, twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now, the earth turns on its own axis, spins round, these twenty-four thousand miles, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Well, sir, that is at the rate of one thousand miles an hour.

16. "Now, suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course, I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding in the same direction yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours; another thousand, and I an-

ticipate it by three hours; and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day in advance of your time. Understand?

17. "But Captain Pratt, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles was twenty-four hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday; thus, with you, to-day is Sunday; and thus, with Captain Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are all right."

18. "Dear me! Well, well, Kate!" said uncle; "well, well, Bob! this is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word,—mark that! You shall have her, boy, when you please. Three Sundays in a week! Three Sundays in a week!"

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **oppose** (*ponere*); **disposition** (*ponere*); **positive** (*ponere*); **union** (*unus*); **convenient** (*venire*); **consequence** (*sequi*).

II. Write the principal parts of the verbs: *approach*; *oblige*; *know*; *happen*; *pay*; *bid*; *catch*; *see*; *spin*.

III. Make a list of all the *epithets* (quality-words) applied to Rumgudgeon. Write out in your own language the explanation of how Captain Pratt lost a day in circumnavigating the globe.

23.—Glimpses of Science.

THE EYE.

ōp'tie, <i>relating to sight.</i>	trāv'erse, <i>pass through.</i>
plī'a-ble, <i>yielding, flexible.</i>	ūt'ter, <i>complete, total.</i>
pre-vāil'ing, <i>predominant, general.</i>	wān'ing, <i>decreasing towards</i> "new" (<i>moon</i>).
suf-fice' (suf-fiz'), <i>be sufficient.</i>	wāx'ing, <i>increasing towards</i> "full" (<i>moon</i>).
sur-mount', <i>rise above.</i>	

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(5) **St. Peter's:** i.e., St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, the largest Christian church-building in the world. The dome, designed about 1546 by the famous sculptor Michael Angelo, has a diameter of nearly two hundred feet. (5) **St. Paul's:** i.e., St. Paul's Cathedral in London, next to St. Peter's the largest of Christian edifices, was designed by the famous architect Sir Christopher Wren, and was finished in 1710. Its dome is one hundred and forty-five feet in diameter.

1. It is one of the privileges of man to have eyes. Many living creatures have none. The eyes, for example, which the star-fishes have, are mere sensitive points dimly conscious of light and darkness, but not perceiving colors or distinguishing forms. The eyes of flies are hard horny lanterns which can not be moved about like our restless eyes, but look always in the same direction; whilst spiders, having many more things to look after than one pair of such lanterns will suffice for, have eyes stuck all over their heads, and can watch a gnat with one eye, and peer through a hole in their webs with another.

2. We are much better provided for than any of these creatures, although we have but two small orbs to see with. Think how beautiful the human eye is, excelling in beauty the eye of any other creature.

3. Yet the eyes of many of the lower animals are very beautiful. You must have admired the bold, fierce, bright eye of the eagle; the large, gentle, brown eye of the ox; the green eye of the cat, waxing and waning like the moon, as the sun shines upon it or deserts it; the pert eye of the sparrow; the sly eye of the fox; the peering little bead of black enamel in the mouse's head: the gem-like eye which redeems the toad from ugliness; and the intelligent, affectionate expression which looks out from the human-like eye of the horse and the dog.

4. There are these and the eyes of many other animals full of beauty; there are none, indeed, which are not beautiful: but there is a glory which excelleth in the eye of man. We see this fully only when we gaze into the faces of those we love. It is their eyes we look at when we are near them, and recall when we are far away. The face is a blank without the eye.

5. But apart altogether from its beauty, the human eye is a wondrous construction. Let us glance for a moment at it. It is a hollow globe, or small round chamber. There is no human chamber like it in form, unless we include among human dwelling-places the great hollow balls which surmount the domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. The eye is such a ball.

6. The larger part of it, which we do not see, forms the white of the eye, and consists of a strong, thick, tough membrane, something like parchment, but more pliable. This forms the outer wall, as it were, of the chamber of the eye; it may be compared to the cup of an acorn, or to a still more familiar thing, an egg-cup, or to a round wine-glass with a narrow stem. It is strong, so that it can not easily be injured; thick, so that light can not pass through it: and round, so that it can be moved about in every direction, and let us see much better on all sides with a single pair of eyes than the spider can with its host of them.

7. In the front of the eye is a clear, transparent window, much like the glass of a watch. If you look at a face sideways, you see it projecting with a bent surface like a bow-window. The eyelids may be compared to a pair of outside shutters for this window, which are put up when we go to sleep, and taken down when we awake. But these shutters are not useless. Every waking moment they are rising and falling, or, as we say, winking. We do this so often that we forget that we do it at all; but the object of this winking is a very important one.

8. An outside window soon gets soiled and dirty, and a careful shop-keeper cleans his windows every morning. But our eye-windows must never have so much as a speck or spot upon them; and the winking eyelid is the busy apprentice who, not once a day, but all the day, keeps the living glass clean: so that after

all we are little worse off than the fishes, who bathe their eyes every moment.

9. Behind this ever-clean window, and at some distance from it, hangs that beautiful circular curtain which forms the colored part of the eye, and in the center of which is the pupil. It is named the iris, which is only another name for *rainbow*; for though we speak of eyes as simply blue, or gray, or black, because they have one prevailing tint, we can not fail to notice that the ring of the eye is always mottled, and flecked or streaked with colors as the rainbow is.

10. This rainbow-curtain, or iris, answers the same purpose that a Venetian blind does. Like it, it can be opened and closed at intervals, and it is never closed altogether; but it is a far more wonderful piece of work than a Venetian blind, and it opens and closes in a different way. The iris opens widest in utter darkness, and closes so as to make the pupil a mere black point when sunshine falls upon it.

11. If we wish to observe this in our own eyes, we need only close them for a little while before a looking-glass, so that the dropped eyelids may shut out the day, when, like shy night-birds, the living circles will stretch outwards; and the pupil of the eye, like a hole which the sun is melting in the ice, will quickly widen into a deep, clear pool. If now we open our eyes, we see the rainbow-rings contract as the light falls upon them, and the dark pupil rapidly narrow.

12. But probably all have seen the movement I am

describing in the eyes of a cat, where the change is more visible than in our own eyes; and have noticed the broad iris spread out in twilight, till the look is softened into a mild glance; whilst when pussy is basking in the sun, as she dearly loves to do, she shows between her frequent winkings only a narrow slit for a pupil, like the chink of a shutter.

13. The endless motions of this living curtain, which, like the restless sea, is ever changing its aspect, have for their object the regulation of the flow of light into the eye. When the permitted number of rays have passed through the guarded entrance or pupil, they traverse certain crystal-like structures, which are now to be described.

14. Behind the iris is a lens or magnifying-glass. We are most familiar with this portion of the eye as it occurs in fishes, looking in the recently-caught creature like a small ball of glass, and changing into what resembles a ball of chalk when the fish is boiled. This lens is enclosed in a transparent covering, which is so united at its edges to the walls of the eye, that it stretches like a piece of crystal between them; and in front of it, filling the space dividing the lens from the watchglass-like window, is a clear transparent liquid like water, in which the iris floats.

15. The lens is set like the jewel-stone of a ring, in what looks like a larger sphere of crystal, but which in reality is a clear liquid contained in an equally clear membrane: so that the greater part of the eye is

occupied with liquid; and the chamber, after all, which it most resembles, is that of a diving-bell full of water.

16. Lastly, all the back part of the eye has, spread over its inside surface, a fine white membrane resembling cambric or tissue-paper, and behind that a dark curtain; so that it resembles a room with black cloth hung next the wall, and a white muslin curtain spread over the cloth. This curtain, seen alone, is like a flower-cup, such as that of a white lily, and ends like it in a stem, which is called the optic nerve; the stem in its turn, after passing through the black curtain, is planted in the brain, and is in living connection with it.

17. Altogether, then, our eye is a chamber shaped like a globe, having one large window provided with shutters outside, and with a self-adjusting blind within. It is filled with a glassy liquid, and has two wall papers or curtains, one white and the other black.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **expression** (*premere*); **construction** (*struere*); **include** (*cludere*); **transparent** (*parere*); **project** (*jacere*); **object** (*jacere*); **contract** (*trahere*).

Select adjectives formed by adding to nouns *less*; *y*.

II. In paragraph 14 are a simple, a complex, and a compound sentence: select each. Change the mode of expression by using the passive instead of the active voice: "A careful shop-keeper cleans his windows every morning."

III. To what class of composition does this piece belong? (See Definition 17.) In paragraph 3 notice instances of minute and vivid description. Tell what you can about the appropriateness of the describing words used in connection with the various "eyes." "The eyes of flies are hard horny lanterns:" what is the figure? (See Definition 3.) Point out *similes* (see Definition 2) in paragraphs 9, 11, and 15.

24.—The Imaginary Banquet.

ăe-çess', admittance.	ex-alt'ed, lofty, sublime.
ad-drëss', skull, adroitness.	in-hāle', breathe in.
ap-pre-çi-ā'tion, well-founded liking.	mārk, appearance.
būm'per, a brimful glass.	re-gāled', refreshed.
	vī'ands, rich and dainty food.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This amusing story is from the "Arabian Nights." A Barmacide was one of the princes of the Barmac family, which flourished at Bagdad just before Haroun Al-Raschid. The story has given rise to the use of the word Barmacide as an adjective, meaning *imaginary*, or *pretended*.

1. It is related that one Shacabac was reduced, by reverse of fortune, to the necessity of begging his bread. In this occupation he acquitted himself with great address; his chief aim being to procure admission, by bribing the officers and domestics, into the houses of the great, and, by having access to their persons, to excite their compassion.

2. By this means he one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, luxuriously reclining on a sofa, in a room richly furnished, he found the master, a Barmacide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him:—

"Welcome to my house. What dost thou wish, my friend?"

SHACABAC. "I am in great want. I suffer from hunger, and have nothing to eat."

3. The Barmacide was much astonished at this answer. "What!" he cried. "What! Nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I can not endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine."

SHAC. "O my master! I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day."

BARMACIDE. "What! is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die with hunger.—Halloo, there, boy! bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands."

4. Although no boy appeared, and Shacabac observed neither basin nor water, the Barmacide nevertheless began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water for him; and while he was doing this he urged Shacabac to do the same. Shacabac by this supposed that the Barmacide was fond of fun; and, as he liked a jest himself, he approached, and pretended to wash his hands, and afterwards to wipe them with a napkin held by the attendant.

BARM. "Now bring us something to eat, and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now lay the dishes on it.—Come, friend, sit down at the table here. Eat, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger."

5. Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it in his mouth and chew it, adding, "Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man, thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?"

6. SHAC. (*to himself*). "Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others. (*To the Barmacide*.) O my master, never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of a sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?"

BARM. "This was made by a slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. (*Calling aloud*.) Boy! bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings.—Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry,—violently so,—and in absolute want of food."

7. SHAC. (*twisting his mouth about as if eating heartily*). "Verily this is a dish worthy the table of the great Solomon."

BARM. "Eat on, my friend.—Boy! place before us the lamb fattened with almonds.—Now, this is a dish never found but at my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it."

8. As he said this, the Barmacide pretended to take a piece in his hand, and put it to Shacabac's mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight.

SHAC. "O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor."

BARM. "Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it. The goose, too, is very fat. Try only a leg and a wing. — Ho there, boy! bring us a fresh supply."

9. SHAC. "O no, my lord! for in truth, I can not eat any more."

BARM. "Let the dessert, then, be served, and the fruit brought. Taste these dates: they are just gathered, and very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed."

Shacabac's jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. "I assure thee," said he, "I am so full that I can not eat another morsel of this cheer."

10. BARM. "Well, then, we will now have the wine. — Boy, bring us the wine! — Here, my friend, take this cup: it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good."

But the wine, like the dinner and dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

11. Shacabac took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good bright color, he put it to his nose to inhale its perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmacide, he drank it off with every mark of keen appreciation.

12. The Barmacide continued to pour out one bumper after another so frequently, that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, feigned to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist, and gave the Barmacide such a violent blow that he knocked him down.

BARM. "What, thou vilest of creation! Art thou mad?"

13. SHAC. "O my master! thou hast fed me with thy provisions, and regaled me with old wine; and I have become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance!"

14. He had hardly finished this speech before the Barmacide burst into laughter. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Let us be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat: now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in earnest."

15. Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set out the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and Shacabac now enjoyed in reality the good things of which he had before partaken only in dumb show.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

Write the analysis of: **relate** (*ferre*); **suffer** (*ferre*); **reduce** (*ducere*); **reverse** (*vertere*); **admission** (*mittere*); **suppose** (*ponere*); **appetite** (*petere*).

25.—The Snow-Storm.

är-tif'i-çer, artist, artisan.	in-věsts', closes in, hides.
bās'tions, projecting parts of a fortification.	mau'ger, in spite of.
	mīm'ie, imitate.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This vivid descriptive poem is by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), a native of Concord, Mass., where he passed all his life. Emerson ranks as the most subtle of American thinkers, and his volumes of Essays have had a wide influence on all young and aspiring minds. His poetry, though small in quantity, is very choice in quality.

(1) *Parian*, i.e., white. The most famous statues of ancient sculptors were carved from the beautiful marble quarried in the Grecian island of Paros.

I.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

II.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Manger the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art,
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **arrive** (*ripa*); **river** (*ripa*); **courier** (*currere*); **inclosed** (*claudere*); **artificer** (*ars*); **projected** (*jacere*); **savage** (*silva*); **appear** (*parere*).

Write the analysis of: *unseen*; *fanciful*; *mockingly*; *farmer*; *traveler*.

II. What two adjective phrases modify "*snow*"? (1) What adverbial phrase modifies "*inclosed*"? (1) Select an imperative sentence in stanza 2. What verb is modified by the adverb "*mockingly*"? (2) Write the possessive plural of *garden*; *farmer*; *wind*.

III. In what measure is this poem written? (See Definition 22.) To what class of composition does it belong? (See Definition 17.) By what metaphor does the poet express the thought that *the signs of the heavens indicate a snow-storm*? Notice the expression, "tumultuous privacy of storm:" (1) i.e., the "housemates" (household) are sitting quietly around the great fireplace, secluded from the storm. What is the figure in "north wind's masonry"? (2) (See Definition 3.) Point out other expressions that carry out this metaphor. Notice the felicity of the expression, "the frolic architecture of the snow."

26.—The Heritage.

ad-jūdged', *awarded*.
 eon-tēnt', *contentment*.

gīves, *causes*.
 stāte, *place in life*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This noble poem is by James Russell Lowell (1819—), a native of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Lowell ranks as one of the foremost American poets, and has shown his power both in the serious and the satirical vein. His style is marked by extraordinary force and felicity of expression, and by the use of noble and beautiful imagery. He is also master of a prose style of marvelous strength, wit, and grace.

1. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art,—
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

2. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged to toil-worn merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings,—
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

3. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

4. O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.
5. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.
6. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same great God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **contentment** (*tenere*); **courage** (*cor*); **record** (*cor*); **equal** (*æquus*).

Write the analysis of: **sinewy**; **useful**; **employment**; **whiten**; **weariness**; **heirship**.

What expression (1) means *courage*? Explain "*king of two hands*" (1). "*Wishes o'erjoyed*," etc. (2); i.e., desires that are more than satisfied, etc.

II. Select a declarative sentence; an interrogative sentence; an imperative sentence.

III. Notice the structure of this poem, as exemplified in the first three stanzas. The poet, in each, begins by asking a question; then develops the details of the "heritage," and ends with a *refrain*. (See Definition 23.) What figure of speech in the expression "to toil-worn merit" (2)? (See Definition 7.) What is meant by "six feet of sod" (6)? What is the figure of speech? (See Definition 8.) "Best crop" (4): what is the figure of speech? (See Definition 3.)

27.—First Impressions of a Young Sailor.

ěx'e-eūt-ed, <i>carried out.</i>	rōads, <i>place where ships may lie at</i>
in-dīffer-ent, <i>not very good.</i>	<i>anchor a distance from the shore.</i>
līt'er-al-ly, <i>according to the very</i>	strāing, <i>tones, chant.</i>
<i>meaning of the words.</i>	un-in-těll'i-gi-ble, <i>not under-</i>
nāu'tic-al, <i>maritime, seafaring.</i>	<i>stood.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This is an extract from "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard Henry Dana, jun. (1815-1881), a native of Cambridge, Mass., and son of the American poet of the same name. In 1834 Mr. Dana made the voyage described in "Two Years Before the Mast" to California, then an almost unknown region; and as a result of his experiences wrote this exceedingly interesting narrative, depicting in its true colors the real life of the common sailor.

(1) "**With all my imperfections,**" etc.: a quotation from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." — (6) **watch**: that is, the men who attend to managing a ship for an allotted time, — four hours. — (8) **eight bells**: here means twelve o'clock at night.

1. "With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew; and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday; and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay.

2. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

3. About midnight the wind became fair, and having called the captain I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee-land.

4. I could take but little part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immedi-

ately executed, there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

5. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass, began; and in a few minutes we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night-breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground-swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good-night" to my native land.

6. The first day we passed at sea was the sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day; and at night the watches were set, and every thing put into sea order. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go; one or two men were talking on the fore-castle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to the full impression of every thing about me.

7. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did

then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

8. But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes eight bells was struck, the watch called, and we went below.

9. I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon.

10. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and every thing was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the rain-drops falling on deck, thick and fast; and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the indications of a coming storm.

11. When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close

hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam-ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge-hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The top-sail halyards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders constantly given, and rapidly executed; and the sailors "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains.

12. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea-legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to any thing; and it was pitch dark. This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

13. How I got along I can not now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail-yard. Soon, however, all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below.

14. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of every thing below, and that inexpressible sickening smell caused by the shaking-up of the bilge-water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I

felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for, in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two-years' voyage.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **perfect** (*facere*); **imperfection** (*facere*); **captain** (*caput*); **motion** (*movere*); **preparation** (*parare*); **unintelligible** (*legere*).

II. Analyze the sentence: "There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life."

From what nouns are these adjectives formed: "helpless," "pitiable;" "insensible;" "occasional;" "dreadful"?

III. Does this piece belong to the class of *narrative* or of *descriptive* composition? Point out bits of description.

Which sentence in paragraph 7 is a period? (See Definition 15.)

28.—Gradgrind's Idea of Education.

eô'r'pu-lent, *stout, fleshy.*

eoûrte'sy-ing, *bowing low with
bended knee.*

e-lât'ed, *overjoyed.*

fă'rri-er, *a horse-doctor.*

sus-çĕp'ti-ble, *capable of.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This pointed satire on certain features of education in England is from "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens (1812-1870), the Shakespeare of the novel, and an original genius of world-wide popularity. Dickens's most striking peculiarities are a rich vein of humor, and great power in pathetic description.

1. "Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted

in life. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir! In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

2. The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

3. Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for any thing over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.

4. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind — no, sir!

Indeed, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.



5. "Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and courtesying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecelia."

"Father calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another courtesy.

6. "Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecelia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

"He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know any thing about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

7. "You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say."

"O yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse." Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

8. "Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse.—Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

9. "Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

10. The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

"Very well," said this gentleman briskly, smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

11. After a pause, one-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in a chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is in these examinations. "Of course not. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I wouldn't paper a room at all, I'd paint it."

12. "You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"Yes, you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality,—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir," from one-half. "No, sir," from the other.

13. "Of course not," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

14. There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "no" was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "yes;" among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling, in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

15. "And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy"—

"Ay, ay, ay! but you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecelia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do any thing of that kind."

16. "You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by Fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact: you can not be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations, and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **fact** (*facere*); **proceed** (*cedere*); **exactly** (*agere*); **describe** (*scribere*); **definition** (*jinis*); **corpulent** (*corpus*.)

II. "Don't he" (6): Can "don't" properly be used with "he"? (It may with "I," because an abbreviation of *do not I*.)

Analyze this sentence: "She courtesied again, and would have blushed deeper if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time."

III. What droll metaphor in paragraph 2? Supply the ellipses in paragraph 3. "He seemed a kind of cannon" (4): what is the figure of speech? (See Definition 3.)

"Tell him he mustn't, Ceelia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?" notice the curt, explosive kind of short sentences which Dickens employs as characteristic of Gradgrind. Point out other examples.

29.—A Friendly Embarrassment.

al-bē'it, *although*.

eon-vēn'tion-al, *customary*.

fôr'mu-lâ, *prescribed form*.

in-tū'i-tive-ly, *instinctively*.

strâit, *difficulty*.

va-eū'i-ty, *emptiness*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This clever sketch is by Francis Bret Harte (1837- —), a native of Albany, N.Y. Mr. Harte has won fame by his boldly-outlined tales of life on the Pacific coast,—stories abounding in humor, satire, and pathos. He has also written dialect poems of a wide popularity.

(1) **Punch**: i.e., London Punch, the famous humorous and satirical weekly. — (8) **Au revoir** (French, pron. *O rě-vvăr*): literally, *till we see each other again*; equivalent to our *Good-by*.

1. There is a habit peculiar to many walkers, which "Punch," some years ago, touched upon satirically, but which seems to have survived the jester's ridicule. It is that custom of stopping friends in the street, to

whom we have nothing whatever to communicate, but whom we embarrass for no other purpose than simply to show our friendship.

2. Jones meets his friend Smith, whom he has met in nearly the same locality but a few hours before. During that interval, it is highly probable that no event of any importance to Smith, nor, indeed, to Jones, which by a friendly construction Jones could imagine Smith to be interested in, has occurred. Yet both gentlemen stop, and shake hands earnestly.

3. "Well, how goes it?" remarks Smith, with a vague hope that something may have happened. "So, so," replies the eloquent Jones, feeling intuitively the deep vacuity of his friend answering to his own.

4. A pause ensues, in which both gentlemen regard each other with an imbecile smile and a fervent pressure of the hand. Smith draws a long breath, and looks up the street; Jones sighs heavily, and gazes down the street. Another pause, in which both gentlemen disengage their respective hands, and glance anxiously around for some conventional avenue of escape.

5. Finally Smith (with a sudden assumption of having forgotten an important engagement) ejaculates, "Well, I must be off!"—a remark instantly echoed by the voluble Jones, and these gentlemen separate only to repeat their miserable formula the next day.

6. In the above example I have compassionately shortened the usual leave-taking, which, in skillful hands may be protracted to a length which I shudder

to recall. I have sometimes, when an active participant in these atrocious transactions, lingered in the hope of saying something natural to my friend (feeling that he too was groping in the mazy labyrinths of his mind for a like expression), until I have felt that we ought to have been separated by a policeman.

7. It is astonishing how far the most wretched joke will go in these emergencies, and how it will, as it were, convulsively detach the too-cohering particles. I have laughed (albeit hysterically) at some witticism, under cover of which I escaped, that five minutes afterward I could not perceive possessed a grain of humor.

8. I would advise any person who may fall into this pitiable strait, that next to getting in the way of a passing dray, and being forcibly disconnected, a joke is the most efficacious. A foreign phrase often may be tried with success: I have sometimes known *Au revoir*, pronounced "O-reveer," to have the effect (as it ought) of severing friends.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **occur** (*currere*); **pressure** (*premere*); **respective** (*specere*); **conventional** (*venire*); **ejaculate** (*jacere*).

II. What two adjective clauses modify "habit" (1)? What adverbial clause modifies "remarks" (3)? Supply the ellipsis in the last sentence of paragraph 4. With what is "remark" (5) in apposition?

III. What adjective (3) is used ironically? (See Definition 11.) Select what you think the most vividly descriptive words or expressions. By what metaphor does the author express the idea of *thinking desperately*? What fault in the expression "mazy labyrinths" (6)?

30.—Glimpses of Science.

THE THREE LIVES OF INSECTS.

a-dŭlt', <i>full-grown, mature.</i>	sĕg'ments, <i>sections, portions.</i>
in-ċiſ'ions, <i>in-cuttings.</i>	spĭr'a-eles, <i>little breathing-places.</i>
mōlt'ing, <i>shedding, casting.</i>	trans-vĕrse', <i>lying crosswise.</i>
pū'pā (<i>Latin, doll, puppet.</i>)	tū'bu-lar, <i>formed like a tube.</i>
ru'di-ments, <i>imperfect beginnings.</i>	vo-rā'ċious-ly, <i>ravenously.</i>

1. The word *insect* (which, in the Latin language, whence it is derived, means "cut into" or "notched") was designed to express one of the chief characters of this group of animals, whose bodies are marked by several cross-lines or incisions. The parts between these cross-lines are called segments, or rings, and consist of a number of jointed pieces, more or less movable on one another.

2. Insects have a very small brain, and, instead of a spinal marrow, a kind of knotted cord, extending backward from the brain; and numerous small whitish threads, which are the nerves, spread from the brain and knots in various directions.

3. Two long air-pipes, within their bodies, together with an immense number of smaller pipes, supply the want of lungs, and carry the air to every part. Insects do not breathe through their mouths, but through little holes, called spiracles, generally nine in number, along each side of the body.

4. The heart is a long tube, lying under the skin of the back, having little holes on each side for the admission of the juices of the body ; which are prevented from escaping again by valves, or clappers, formed to close the holes within. Moreover, this tubular heart is divided into several chambers, by transverse partitions. In each of these partitions there is a hole, shut by a valve, which allows the blood to flow only from the back part to the fore part of the heart, and prevents it from passing in the contrary direction.

5. The blood, which is a colorless or yellow fluid, does not circulate in proper arteries and veins ; but is driven from the fore part of the heart into the head, and thence escapes into the body. Here it mingles with the nutritive juices, and flows along the sides of the air-pipes, receiving from the air that influence which fits it to maintain life.

6. Most insects, in the course of their lives, are subject to very great changes of form, attended by equally remarkable changes in their habits. Those changes, transformations, or *metamorphoses*, as they are called, might cause the same insect, at different ages, to be mistaken for as many different animals.

7. For example, a caterpillar, after feeding upon leaves till it is fully grown, retires into some place of concealment, casts off its caterpillar-skin, and presents itself in an entirely different form, one wherein it has neither the power of moving about, nor of taking food : in fact, in this, its second or chrysalis state, the insect

seems to be a lifeless oblong or conical body, without a distinct head or movable limbs.

8. After resting a while, an inward struggle begins: the chrysalis skin bursts open; and from the rent issues a butterfly or a moth, whose small and flabby wings soon extend and harden, and become fitted to bear away the insect in search of the honeyed juice of flowers.

9. The little fish-like animals that swim about in stagnant water, and devour the living atoms that swarm about them, soon come to maturity, cast their skins, and take another form. In this second state they remain rolled up like a ball, and either float at the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing, or, if disturbed, suddenly uncurl their bodies, and whirl over and over.

10. In the course of a few days these little water-tumblers are ready for another transformation. The skin splits on the back: the head, body, and limbs of a *mosquito* suddenly burst from the opening; and the slender legs rest on the empty skin till the latter fills with water, and sinks. Then the insect abandons its native element, spreads its tiny wings, and flies away, piping its war-note, and thirsting for blood.

11. Caterpillars and grubs undergo a complete transformation in coming to maturity; but there are other insects, such as crickets, grasshoppers, and bugs, which, though differing a good deal in the young and adult states, are not subject to so great a change.

12. For instance, the young grasshopper comes from the egg a wingless insect, unable to move from place to place in any other way than by the use of its legs. As it grows larger it is soon obliged to cast off its skin; and, after one or two moltings, its body not only increases in size, but becomes proportionally longer than before, while little stump-like wings begin to make their appearance on the top of the back.

13. After this, the grasshopper continues to eat voraciously, grows larger and larger, and hops about without any aid from its short and motionless wings, repeatedly casts off its outgrown skin, appearing each time with still longer wings and more perfectly formed limbs. Finally it ceases to grow, sheds its skin for the last time, and comes forth a perfectly formed and mature grasshopper, with the power of spreading its ample wings, and of using them in flight.

14. Hence there are three periods in the life of an insect, more or less distinctly marked by corresponding changes of form, powers, and habits. In the first, or period of infancy, an insect is technically called a *larva*,—a word meaning a mask,—because therein its future form is more or less masked or concealed. In this first period, which is generally much the longest, insects are always wingless, pass most of their time in eating, grow rapidly, and usually cast off their skins repeatedly.

15. The second period is called the *pupa* state, from a slight resemblance that some chrysalids present to an

infant trussed in bandages, as was the fashion among the Romans. In this state those insects that undergo only a partial transformation retain their activity and their appetites, continue to grow, and acquire the rudiments of wings. Others, at this age, entirely lose their larva form, take no food, and remain at rest in a death-like sleep.

16. At the end of the second period, insects again shed their skins, and come forth fully grown, and, with few exceptions, provided with wings. Thus they enter upon their last or adult state, wherein they no longer increase in size. This period usually lasts only a short time, for most insects die immediately after their eggs are laid.

Bees, wasps, and ants, however, which live in society and labor together for the common good of their communities, continue much longer in the adult state.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS: to what are most insects subject? possible mistake owing to these changes.

II. MOTH OR BUTTERFLY: description of the *caterpillar* state — the *chrysalis* state — the fully developed insect.

III. THE MOSQUITO: description of first state ("little fish-like animals," etc.) — of the second state — steps in the final transformation.

IV. THE GRASSHOPPER: as it comes from the egg — its moltings — how it grows into the "mature grasshopper."

31.—The Builders.

en-tîre', <i>complete, perfect.</i>	mæss'ive, <i>weighty, grand.</i>
fāsh'ion (-un), <i>mold, give shape to.</i>	rēach, <i>stretch, expanse.</i>

1. All are architects of fate, ✓
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
2. Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
3. For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
4. Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
5. In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

6. Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen:
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
7. Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time;
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
8. Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
9. Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. What are the primitive words in "useless;" "strengthen;" "unseen," "builder;" "boundless"?

Write the analysis of: **support** (*portare*); **structure** (*struere*); **incomplete** (*plere*); **ascend** (*scandere*).

III. "The Builders" belongs to the class of *didactic* poems. It is an admonition to a noble life, poetically expressed in the image of the building of a house. Follow, throughout the poem, the unfoldings of the metaphor. Which line resembles these by Emerson? —

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought with a *sad sincerity*."

32.—A Tragedy of the Sea.

a-bÿss' (lit., bottomless), <i>the deep.</i>	mērged, <i>swallowed up.</i>
liv'id, <i>leaden-colored.</i>	pall, <i>black funeral-cloth.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This powerful pen-picture is an extract from "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo (1802- —), the most illustrious of French novelists and poets. Hugo, in his novels, deals with great social questions, which he discusses with marvelous power, and in a rich but peculiar style.

1. A man overboard! What matters it? The ship does not stop. The wind is blowing. That dark ship must keep on her destined course. She passes away.

2. The man disappears, then re-appears; he plunges, and rises again to the surface; he calls, he stretches out his hands: they hear him not. The ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope. The sailors see the drowning man no longer: his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows.

3. He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a specter is that disappearing sail! He looks upon it with frenzy. It moves away; it grows dim; it diminishes. He was there but just now: he was one of the crew; he went and came upon the deck with the rest, he had his share of the air and of the sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell; and it is finished.

4. He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing

under his feet but the yielding element. The waves, torn and scattered by the wind, close round him hideously; the rolling of the abyss bears him along; shreds of water are flying about his head; a populace of waves spit upon him; confused openings half swallow him.

5. When he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful unknown vegetations seize upon him, bind his feet, and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is merged into the great deep; he forms part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate.

6. But yet he struggles. He tries to defend himself; he tries to sustain himself; he struggles; he swims. He,—that poor strength that fails so soon,—he combats the unfailing.

7. Where now is the ship? Far away yonder, hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon.

The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to his death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds which are strange to man,—sounds which seem to come not from earth, but from some frightful realm beyond.

8. There are birds in the clouds, even as there are angels above human distresses; but what can they do

for him? They fly, sing, and float, while he is gasping. He feels that he is buried at once by those two infinities, the ocean and the sky: the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

9. Night descends. He has been swimming for hours: his strength is almost exhausted. That ship, that far-off thing, where there were men, is gone: he is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss. He sinks, he strains, he struggles; he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen; he shouts.

10. Men are no more. Where is God? He shouts. "Help! help!" He shouts incessantly. Nothing in the horizon. Nothing in the sky!

He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks: all are deaf. He supplicates the tempest: the imperturbable tempest obeys only the Infinite.

11. Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters; within him, horror and exhaustion; beneath him, the ingulfing abyss: no resting-place.

12. He thinks of the shadowy adventures of his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. His hands clutch spasmodically, and grasp at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirlwinds, blasts, stars,—all useless.

13. What shall he do? He yields to despair: worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he gives himself up; he abandons the contest, and he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss for ever.

33.—New England Weather.

foi'bles, *weaknesses*.mülls (colloquial), *ponders*.| sũmpt'ũ-oũs, *costly, splendid*.| va-gā'ries, *whims, freaks*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This witty sketch, "New England Weather," is taken from a speech by Samuel L. Clemens (1835—), who, under the pen-name of "Mark Twain," is the most celebrated of American humorists.

(1) **weather-clerk**: an allusion to the old phrase, "clerk of the weather."—(3) **Centennial**: i.e., the great international exhibition held at Philadelphia in the summer of 1876, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the independence of the United States.—(5) **Old Probabilities**: a humorous title given to the chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, whose reports of "weather probabilities" are now an item of daily news.

1. I don't know who makes New England weather; but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather-clerk's factory, who experiment and learn *how* in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it.

2. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there, always attending strictly to business, always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in the spring than in any other season. In the

spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours.

3. It was I that made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world, and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't you do it: you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity.

4. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, — why, he confessed he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, — well, after he had picked out and discarded all that were blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; weather to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

5. "Old Probabilities" has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers, and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific coast, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England. He can't any more tell that than he can tell how many presidents of the United States there are going to be.

6. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable north-east to south-east winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the mean time."

7. Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather,—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first.

8. You fix up for the drought: you leave your umbrella in the house, and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due: you stand from under, and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped.

9. Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways I mean. It is utterly disproportionate to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can hold, you will see that New

England weather sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather.

10. I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give only a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof: so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir: skips it every time.

11. I have been trying merely to do *honor* to the New England weather: no language could do it *justice*. But after all there are at least one or two things about that weather which we residents would not like to part with.

12. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries,—the ice-storm; when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top, ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

13. Then the wind waves the branches; and the sun comes out, and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red,

from red to green, and green to gold: the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence!

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **factory** (*facere*); **collection** (*legere*); **reputation** (*putare*); **confidently** (*fidere*); **president** (*sedere*).

II. In paragraph 2 are two complex sentences and two compound sentences: select each. "That so astounded" (3): what is the antecedent of "that"?

III. In this piece are various colloquial words and expressions which are a part of Mark Twain's style and diction. Point these out, and state whether they are justifiable or not. Under what droll personifications is the weather represented in paragraph 3? In the fine description of the "ice-storm," in paragraphs 12 and 13, point out the similes and metaphors.

34.—A Picture and a Hope.

eouch'ant, *reclining*.

hearth (pron. hārth).

| silhouette (sīl'ōō-ēt), *black profile*.

| trans-fig'ured, *glorified*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This selection is an extract from "Snow Bound," a poem by John G. Whittier (1807—), sometimes called the "Quaker Poet," who, with Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell, sits at the top of the American Parnassus. His muse has been mainly occupied in singing the great cause of freedom and humanity.

1. The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full: the hill-range stood

Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen;
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

2. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
3. The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow;
The apples sputtered in a row;

And close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

4. What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! With hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.

- 5 Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er:
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor.

6. Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play!
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,—
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!



LANGUAGE STUDY.

“Let the north wind roar in baffled rage” (2): what is the figure? (See Definition 3.) What other *metaphor* in this stanza? What example of *personification* in the same stanza?

Copy stanza 3, and draw a line under the most vivid or *picturesque* words or expressions.



35.—A Brilliant Geographical Contrast.

bōss'y, knobbed, studded.	lū'cent, shining, light-giving.
chāsed, embossed, engraved.	mo-sā'ie, inlaid work in colors.
hēath'y, covered with heather.	ō'ri-ent, glittering.



1. The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow

space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge; but I have never yet seen any one chart pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries.

2. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration,—that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco-wind.

3. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano-smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes: but, for the most part, a great peacefulness of light,—Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue,—chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain-chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their gray-green

shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand.

4. Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians, stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture-lands.

5. And then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness. And at last the wall of ice sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

6. And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life: the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet.

7. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of color, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey: and then, submissively acknowledge the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **spectator** (*specere*); **irregular** (*regere*); **contend** (*tendere*); **traverse** (*vertere*); **submission** (*mittere*).

II. From what verbs or adjectives are these words formed: "fullness;" "migration;" "difference;" "peacefulness;" "plumy."

Point out a personification and a simile in paragraph 3. What two powerful figurative expressions in paragraph 5?



36.—The Professor in Shafts.

<i>la-pěł', that part of a coat which laps over the facing.</i>	<i>pa-rāb'o-lā, a curve having an infinite branch.</i>
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PREPARATORY NOTES.

(1) **Bethel . . . Lewiston . . . Brunswick**: these are places in Maine. In Brunswick is Bowdoin (the "professor's") College.—(7) **Scylla and Charybdis** (*kā-rīb'dis*), the names of two rocks between Italy and Sicily, and only a short distance from each other, both formidable to ships which pass between them. Hence the proverb here made use of.



1. A singular illustration of the extent to which theory often fails in practice was furnished by a ven-

erated professor, — a most distinguished mathematician. The professor went to Bethel: on his return he spent the sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning he was told the horse was sick: nevertheless he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thills. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chaise home.

2. When the driver came they lashed the two vehicles together, and started. All went well till they came to the first long, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick: on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent: take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

3. "Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm-girth."

"But the horse, Mr. Chandler! it is too much for the horse. Besides, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"If the horse can't hold out, you can't."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematics the study of a lifetime."

4. "I have no intention to be disrespectful, sir; but I know that a horse understands his own business — which is handling a load on a hill — better than all

the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer, who confides in me, to take care of his property: if you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequences."

5. The professor had a habit, when a little excited, of giving a nervous twitch at the lapel of his coat with his right hand. "I," he replied, with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

6. The driver, in reality nothing loath to witness the operation, took out the horse, and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor trod upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange the standing position — with his shoulders thrown well back and feet well braced, which he had at first adopted — for a perpendicular one.

7. At length he was pushed into a run: the carriages were going at a fearful rate. At the bottom of the hill was a brook; on each side, precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off: the lashings of the



hinder one slipped; it ran into the forward one, breaking the fender, and both vehicles turned over down the hill with a tremendous crash; the learned gentleman describing a parabola, — one of his favorite figures, — and landing some rods away.

8. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pantaloons torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake underneath the hind carriage; and, looking round, he

exclaimed, "Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? It was prodigious!"

9. "I don't know any thing about momentum," replied Chandler, "but I do know something about horses. I know it makes a great difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether a horse has two legs or four, and whether a horse weighs a hundred and seventy-five or twelve hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars to ascertain how much horse-power he represented.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURE: the professor starts—the break-down—sends for another horse and carriage.

II. JOURNEY RESUMED: lashing together the vehicles—the consultation—the professor's proposal to get into the shafts.

III. COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE PROFESSOR AND MR. CHANDLER: Chandler's reply to the professor's proposal—the professor's rejoinder—Chandler's reply—the professor assumes the responsibility.

IV. THE PROFESSOR AS A HORSE: he gets into the shafts—the accident—change of posture—increase of velocity.

V. THE DISASTER—the professor's strategy—the smash-up—appearance of the professor—his remark on "momentum"—Chandler's reply—what the experiment cost the professor.



37. — Death-bed of Washington.

al-loŷ', *qualification.*äv-o-eā'tions, *business.*eol-lēet'ed, *composed, firm.*phrā-se-öl'o-gy, *style of speaking.*por-tēnt', *omen.*ū'ni-sōn, *harmony, concord.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This interesting description of the death-bed of Washington is from Irving's "Life of Washington." George Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and died Dec. 14, 1799, on his estate at Mount Vernon, situated on the Potomac, fifteen miles below the capital city of the United States which bears his name.

(6) **Mrs. Washington.** Mrs. Washington's maiden name was Martha Dandridge. When she married Washington, in 1759, she was the widow of Daniel Parke Custis. — (6) **Mr. Lear:** General Washington's private secretary.

1. Winter had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost: yet Washington still kept up his active round of in-door and out-door avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

2. He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault; the old one being damaged by the roots of trees which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change,"

said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

3. "When I parted from him," adds the nephew, "he stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. It was a bright frosty morning: he had taken his usual ride; and the clear, healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and, when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him." It was evident that, full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long-cherished hope, — the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart.

4. The morning of the 12th was overcast. About ten o'clock he mounted his horse, and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. An ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." Having on an overcoat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after three.

5. On the following morning the snow was three inches deep, and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat,

and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day grew worse toward night, but he made light of it.

6. He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with any thing interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit; or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

7. In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington; who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At day-break, when the servant-woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the General breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly.

8. Says Mr. Lear, "The General said to me, 'I find I am going; my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let

Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected any thing which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

9. About five o'clock his old friend Dr. Craik came into the room, and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the General, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it: my breath can not last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief.

10. "About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again, and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' — "'Tis well,' said he.

11. "About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock), his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He

came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

12. "While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked, with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is now over: I shall soon follow him.'"

* * * *

13. A deep sorrow spread over the nation on hearing that Washington was no more. Congress, which was in session, immediately adjourned for the day. The next morning it was resolved that the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session, and that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of doing honor to the memory of the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **avocation** (*vocare*); **purpose** (*ponere*); **continue** (*tenere*); **recollect** (*legere*); **committee** (*mittere*).

II. What nouns in this piece are from the following verbs or adjectives: *improve*; *pleasant*; *enjoy*; *hoarse*; *serve*?

III. Are Irving's sentences generally long and involved, or comparatively short and simple? Unite these two sentences (paragraph 11) into one by changing the first into a phrase: "I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire."

38.—Glimpses of Science.

MARVELS OF ANCIENT LIFE.

dinothereum (pron. dī-no-thē'-ri-um).	ge-ōl'o-gist, <i>one versed in the science of the earth's structure, etc.</i>
fōs'silz (lit., "things dug up"), <i>petrified animal forms buried in the earth.</i>	megatherium (pron. mēg-a-thē'ri-um).
	pterodactyl' (pron. tēr-o-dāk'til).

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This selection, forming a description of some of the wonderful creatures living in the far by-gone geological ages of our earth, is extracted from a pleasant little book, called "The Puzzle of Life," by Arthur Nicol, who wrote it for the instruction of his nephews.

(1) **serpents . . . roc**: in allusion to these fabulous creatures as mentioned in the story of Sindbad the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights."

1. Creatures once lived on this earth, of such strange shapes and great size, that the imaginations of those who wrote fairy-tales did not exaggerate much; and though we know that no flying serpents or immense birds like the roc are living now, and that there is no bean-stalk which grows up into the sky while we are asleep, yet there were once on this earth lizards as large as whales, and birds taller than elephants, and great sloths stronger than the rhinoceros or hippopotamus, and ferns as high as peach-trees, and club-mosses as large as forest oaks.

2. The patience and industry of clever men have been well spent in gathering together all the fossils

they can find, and arranging them in museums for our instruction, and making a history of them which is more wonderful than the tales of the Arabian Nights, and more beautiful, because it is all true.

3. In a period which geologists have called the reptile age, there were large numbers of animals like crocodiles, lizards, and tortoises (which are all reptiles); and some of them were of immense size. For instance, there was a creature something like a lizard, but as large as a Shetland-pony, with a great many curious teeth; and this animal left footprints in the sand, which have been dried, petrified, and buried, we can't tell how long; and there in the sandstone we may now see the cracks made by the sun's heat in what was once soft earth.

4. In the beds of the reptile age are fossils of many other strange animals; and among them are two great fish-lizards, as large as whales. Both of these lived in the water, and perhaps came on land sometimes; and it is certain that they must have been very ferocious creatures, from their great size and sharp teeth.

5. But still more extraordinary animals than any of these lived at this time, — animals that, like birds, had hollow bones and the power of flight, yet were not birds, but flying reptiles. Their eyes were very large, indicating nocturnal habits. These creatures are called *pterodactyls*, from two Greek words which mean “wing-fingered.”

6. Suppose the little fingers of both your hands were a yard longer than the others, and suppose a thick leathery skin was stretched from the tips of these long little fingers to each of your feet: you would have wings something like a pterodactyl, and also something like the wings of a bat.

7. But the pterodactyl had a long neck, and a long beak-like mouth full of long sharp-pointed teeth. It could not walk much, I think; but it could hang itself up by its hind limbs to a tree or rock, head downwards like a bat, and must have been able to fly very strongly with its outspread leathery featherless wings. There were swarms of these curious, half-lizard, half-bird-like animals on the land; and they were of all sizes, some no bigger than a crow, and some as large as the albatross, measuring twelve feet across their outstretched wings.

8. Several huge animals, more or less related to our living elephants, have flourished upon the earth at various periods of its history. I want particularly to tell you of the mammoth, mastodon, megatherium, and dinotherium, all of which are now extinct.

9. The bones of the mammoth were found in the North of Russia, on the banks of the Lena, in 1800; but the Russians knew of it before that, and the name they gave the animal means "earth," because they supposed it burrowed in the earth like a mole.

10. It was strange that any people could have supposed that this huge creature, larger than an elephant

and with great curved tusks ten feet long and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, could have got under ground of its own accord; but that was the only way in which they could account for finding it buried in the earth on the banks of the rivers.

11. What a splendid creature it was, this old elephant! larger and stronger than any living elephant. Immense quantities of its bones are found in Siberia; and the tusks and teeth are brought in ship-loads to England, where they are sold for their ivory. Sometimes even the flesh and skin have been preserved in the ice; and from this we know that the mammoth had a woolly coat interspersed with long hairs, and a bristly mane on its neck.

12. There was another animal very much like this, called the mastodon; but it had tusks in the lower jaw as well as the upper, four in all, and the lower tusks dropped out when the animal grew old. It had very curious pointed teeth, rather like a lot of fir-cones piled together, not flat grinders like those of the mammoth and all living elephants; and perhaps it fed upon fruits and nuts and boughs, as I do not think it could have managed well to chew grass and leaves with such pointed teeth. The teeth in its old dead jaws are still beautifully white, and look like china. Both the mammoth and the mastodon had long trunks. They have all passed away, and the only relations they have living are the elephants of Asia and Africa.

13. At one time there lived in South America an animal called the megatherium, which means "great beast." Its size and strength were enormous. Its leg-bones were bigger than your body. It was more like the sloth than any other living animal, but it could not climb. This creature stood on its huge, broad hind-feet, with its strong tail as a sort of third leg, and tore down the branches of trees to feed on, or even rooted them up to get at the leaves.

14. An immense animal once inhabited Europe and Asia, which geologists have called the dinotherium, or "dreadful beast." It was a relation of the mastodon, but its tusks were very curious. Instead of being in the upper jaw, and turned upwards, they stuck out from the lower jaw, and curved downwards, giving the creature a very odd appearance. It most probably had a trunk like the mammoth or mastodon, but perhaps not so long.

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HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. THE MAMMOTH: meaning of the word — why so named — when and where first found — account of remains of this animal.

II. THE MASTODON: its tusks — description of its teeth — where found — only living relations of the mammoth and mastodon.

III. THE MEGATHERIUM: where it lived — its size and strength — its appearance, and mode of feeding.

IV. THE DINOTHERIUM: description of its tusks — its trunk.

39.—The Planting of the Apple-Tree.

green'sward, *grassy turf*.
lēa, *meadow*.

nōōn'tide (lit., *noon time*).
quāint, *odd, fanciful*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This is one of the sweetest poems of William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), already mentioned as named in the bead-roll of the most illustrious American poets. He contrasts with Whittier, who is a student of man, while Bryant was a student of nature.

1. Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet.
So plant we the apple-tree.
2. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

3. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery Springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee;
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,—
We plant with the apple-tree.
4. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.
5. And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by the cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

6. The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long hours passed in summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.
7. Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass; but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.
8. But time shall waste this apple-tree.
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

9. "Who planted this old apple-tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:
 "A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple-tree."

— ■ —

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **tenderly; softly; lengthen; flowery; redden; fruitage; careless; childhood; loosen; helpless; mossy.**

Note that Bryant's simple, natural style, in this poem, calls for few words of Latin origin.

II. In stanza 1, point out a simple exclamative sentence; a compound imperative sentence; a simple declarative sentence.

Analyze this sentence:—

"O, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?"

III. "As round the sleeping infant's feet" (1): what is the figure of speech? (See Definition 2.) "Our flag of stripe and star shall bear" (6): what is the figure of speech? (See Definition 4.) "Fraud and force and iron will" (8): what is the figure of speech? (See Definition 7.)

Transpose into the prose order,—

"Wide let its hollow bed be made."

"A poet of the land was he."

Select beautiful pen-pictures. Which are the most touching passages?

40.—Belshazzar's Feast.

as-tõn'ied, *astonished*.diş-şolve', *solve, explain*.fôr-aş-müch', *because that*.Jew'ry, *Judea*.plâis'ter, *plaster*.whîles, *while, whilst*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This sublime description is taken from the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel.

(1) **Belshazzar** was made a participant in the kingdom by his father, and was left in control of the city of Babylon when his father went forth to meet the invading Persian army under Cyrus the Great.—

(5) **Chaldeans**: natives of Chaldea who were learned in astrology.—

(7) **Nebuchadnezzar**: king of Babylon in the fifth century B.C.—

(10) **all . . . languages**: i.e., people of all languages.— (11) **he was deposed**, etc.: it is recorded that Nebuchadnezzar was afflicted for several years by a strange form of madness, in which he imagined himself a beast of the field. (See Daniel iv. 32.) (14) **In that . . . slain**: Babylon was taken (538 B.C.) by the Persians, under Cyrus, while Belshazzar and his court were engaged in revelry; and Belshazzar was killed in the confusion of the early morning.

1. Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

2. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem.

3. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

4. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

5. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon,—

“Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom.”

6. Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

7. Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet-house. And the queen spake and said,—

“O king, live for ever! Let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and, in the days of thy father, light and understanding and wisdom like the wisdom of the gods was found in him: whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father—the king, I say, thy father—made master of

the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers, forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel. Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

8. Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, —

"Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king, my father, brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof; but they could not show the interpretation of the thing.

9. "And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts. Now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

10. Then Daniel answered and said before the king, — "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another. Yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king! the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor. And for

the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him. Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.

11. "But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him. And he was driven from the sons of men, and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses. They fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

12. "And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven.

13. "And they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know. And the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.

14. "Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written:—

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing:—

"MENE: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

"TEKEL: Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

"PERES: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and the Persians."

In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

41.—Vision of Belshazzar.

ex-pound', *explain*.
sāge, *wise*.

sā'trāps, *provincial governors*.
wāxed, *grew, became*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This poetic picture of Belshazzar's "Vision," by Lord Byron (1788–1824), well shows his wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single situation. Swinburne says, "Byron possesses the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength."

(4) **Babel**: i.e., Babylon. — (6) **Mede . . . Persian**: the people who inhabited the empire of Media and Persia.

1. The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!



2. In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand.
The fingers of a man —
A solitary hand —
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.
3. The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”
4. Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill,
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage:
They saw, but knew no more.
5. A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view:
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

6. "Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away:
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay:
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy in stone;
 The Mede is at his gate,
 The Persian on his throne!"



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **godless; bloodless; worthless; unknown; untold.** From what parts of speech are the first three words formed? The last two?

II. All the sentences in the poem are of one kind: which kind—simple, complex, or compound?

III. It is interesting to bring this poem into comparison with the Bible account of "Belshazzar's Feast," as given in the preceding lesson. Select from the Bible account the statements on which Byron founds the following expressions:—

"The king was on his throne,
 The satraps thronged the hall."

"Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless heathen's wine."

"The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall."

Bring together all the other parallel passages.
 Point out expressions *not* found in the Bible account.

42.—The Wisdom of Solomon.

eon-çēit', *conception, opinion.*
 eon-vēn'ient, *suitable. fit.*
 eō'ny, *a small. timid animal.*
 eount'ed, *accounted, considered.*

fā'vor, *good-will.*
 pēn'ū-ry, *want, privation.*
 void, *lacking, wanting.*
 whō'sō, *whosoever, whoever.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

These "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are selected from the Book of Proverbs. They phrase in beautiful imagery the benignant wisdom of the Eastern monarch.

1. My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings.

2. These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.

3. He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbor, but a man of understanding holdeth his peace. In all labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.

4. The poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends.

5. He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth; but he

that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. Whoso stoppeth his ears to the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.

6. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold.

7. Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, — a stranger, and not thine own lips.

8. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

9. Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right. Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.

10. Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

11. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger. A man hath joy by the answer of his mouth; and a word spoken in due season, how good is it! He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

12. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.

13. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

14. The slothful man saith, "There is a lion in the way, a lion is in the streets." As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed. The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.

15. He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.

16. There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

17. If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **attend** (*tendere*); **abomination** (*omen*); **adversity** (*vertere*); **revenue** (*venire*); **convenient** (*venire*); **destruction** (*struere*); **remove** (*movere*); **proverb** (*verbum*).

II. Analyze the first sentence.

III. What is a proverb? *Ans.* A proverb is a sentence which briefly and forcibly expresses a practical truth, or the result of experience and observation. What four words are synonymous with "proverb"? *Ans.* *Maxim, aphorism, apothegm, adage.* Is it to be supposed that a proverb will be expressed in a long, involved sentence, or in a brief, pithy sentence? If the latter, point out illustrations.

43.—The Blue and the Gray.

broid'ered, *embroidered*.
dēs'o-lāte, *bereaved*.

ē'qual, *impartial*.
sēv'er, *separate, estrange*.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

These tender lines by Francis Miles Finch, an American poet and jurist, were drawn out, in 1867, by the beautiful action of the women of Columbus, Mississippi, who, on Decoration Day, had strewed flowers impartially—"alike for the friend and the foe"—on the graves of Confederate and Federal soldiers. The stirring tribute to Nathan Hale (Lesson 80, Fourth Reader), affords another example of this poet's peculiar gifts of sympathy and tenderness.

(1) **By the flow . . . have fled.** The allusion is to the iron-clad gunboats used on the Mississippi and other Southern rivers, in the civil war.—(1) **Blue . . . Gray:** i.e., the Federals and the Confederates; the uniform of the Northern soldiery in the late war was blue, and that of the Southerners gray.—(2) **These:** i.e., "the Blue."—(2) **Those:** i.e., "the Gray."—(2) **laurel:** the tree from whose leaves were made wreaths for the victors in ancient contests.—(2) **the willow:** one of the emblems of sorrow and bereavement.—(6) **In the storm . . . fading:** i.e., the storm of war.—(7) **they laurel:** they decorate.—(7) **They:** i.e., the women of the South.—(7) **our dead:** i.e., Northern dead (Judge Finch is a resident of the State of New York).

1. By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.



2. These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.
3. From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.
4. So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.
5. So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

- I. Write the analysis of: *impartial* (*pars*); *defeat* (*facere*).
- II. In stanza 1 select two adverbial phrases; one adjective phrase.
- III. Is the first sentence a period, or a loose sentence? What word in stanza 1 gently expresses the thought, *are in their graves*? (This figure is called *euphemism*.) In stanza 2 point out an antithesis. "Under the laurel, under the willow" (2): what is the figure of speech? (See Def. 8.) In stanza 5 select a *simile*. Point out variations in the *refrain*.

44.—An Economical Project.

eon-trīve', to plan, to arrange.
do-mēs'tie, house-servant.

in'ter-ěst, advantage.
u-tīl'i-ty, usefulness.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

The "Economical Project" is one of the pieces of pleasantry with which Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) used to amuse himself during the years he spent in Paris as commissioner for the United States government. Franklin was master of a very pithy style.

1. I was the other evening in a grand company, where a new lamp was introduced and much admired for its splendor; but a general inquiry was made whether the oil it consumed was not in exact proportion to the light it afforded. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known; it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments. I was pleased to see this general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly.

2. I went home, and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light, and I imagined at first that a number of those lamps had been brought into it; but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it,

when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber ; my domestic having negligently omitted, the preceding evening, to close the shutters.

3. I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock ; and, still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanac, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June ; and that at no time does he retard his rising so long as till eight o'clock.

4. Those who, with me, have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanac, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early, and especially when I assure them *that he gives light as soon as he rises*. I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And, having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

5. Yet so it happens, that, when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, has assured me that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room ; for it being well known that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without, and

that my windows, being left open, instead of letting in the light had only served to let out the darkness.

6. He used many ingenious arguments to show me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I own that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me; and the subsequent observations I made, as above mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

7. This event has given rise in my mind to several serious and important reflections. I considered that if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the following night by candle-light; and, the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I now submit to the public; for utility is, in my opinion, the test of value in matters of invention.

8. Taking for the basis of my calculation the supposition that there are in Paris a hundred thousand families which consume in the night half a pound of candles per hour, I calculated that, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles, the city of Paris might save every year the immense sum of three millions of pounds, English money.

9. If it should be said that people are obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to induce them to rise before noon, and that consequently my discovery can be of little use, I answer, "Don't de-

spair." I believe all who have common sense, as soon as they have learned from this paper that it is daylight when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him : and to compel the rest, I would propose that every morning, as soon as the sun rises, all the bells in every church be set ringing; and if that is not sufficient, cannons should be fired in every street to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to their true interest.

10. All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days, after which the reformation will be as natural and as easy as the present irregularity. Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable that he will go willingly to bed at eight in the evening; and, having had eight hours' sleep, he will rise more willingly at four the morning following.

11. For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honor of it.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **submit** (*mittere*); **omit** (*mittere*); **perceive** (*capere*); **deceive** (*capere*); **accidental** (*cadere*); **occasion** (*cadere*).

II. "From whence" (2) : would it not be more accurate to omit "from"? "And to compel the rest" (9) : supply the ellipsis (Def. 12).

III. In this piece, which type of sentence does Franklin prefer: the period, or the loose sentence? Point out examples of *drollery*, or quiet humor. In paragraph 4, how does Franklin express the thought, "I am convinced of this, and am certain of my fact, for I saw it with my own eyes"? Are not the three short sentences more pointed?

45.—Glimpses of Science.

SUNBEAMS AND THEIR WORK.

<i>ē'ther, a medium assumed to pervade all space, and to be undulated by rays of light and heat.</i>	<i>rēt'i-nā, an interior eye-tissue which receives the impressions resulting in sight.</i>
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PREPARATORY NOTES.

This interesting "glimpse of science" is from "The Fairy Land of Science" (a series of lectures delivered to young people in London), by Miss Arabella B. Buckley, a skillful writer of popular science.

(1) **eye**. In connection with this piece re-read Lesson 23 on "The Eye."—(5) **red, orange**, etc., . . . **green**: a ray of sunlight passed through a prism is separated by it into what are called "prismatic colors."

1. What work do the sunbeams do for us? They do two things,—they give us light and heat. It is by means of them alone that we see any thing. When the room was dark you could not distinguish the table, the chairs, or even the walls of the room. Why? Because they had no light-waves to send to your eye.

2. But as the sunbeams began to pour in at the window, the waves played upon the things in the room; and when they hit them they bounded off them back to your eye, as a wave of the sea bounds back from a rock, and strikes against a passing boat. Then, when they fell upon your eye, they entered it, and excited the retina and the nerves; and the image of the chair or the table was carried to your brain.

3. Some substances send back hardly any waves of light, but let them all pass through them. A pane

of clear glass, for instance, lets nearly all the light-waves pass through it; and therefore you often can not see the glass, because no light-messengers come back to you from it. Thus people have sometimes walked up against a glass door, and broken it, not seeing it was there. Those substances are transparent, which, for some reason unknown to us, allow the ether-waves to pass through them. In clear glass, all the light-waves pass through; while in a white wall the larger part of the rays are reflected back to the eye.

4. Into polished shining metal the waves hardly enter at all, but are thrown back from the surface; and so a steel knife or a silver spoon is very bright, and is clearly seen. Quicksilver is put at the back of looking-glasses because it reflects so many waves.

5. The reflected light-waves not only make us see things, but they make us see them in different colors. Imagine a sunbeam playing on a leaf: part of its waves bound straight back from it to our eye, and make us see the surface of the leaf; but the rest go right into the leaf itself, and there some of them are used up and kept prisoners. The red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, and violet waves are all useful to the leaf, and it does not let them go again. But it can not absorb the green waves, and so it throws them back; and they travel to your eye, and make you see a green color.

6. So, when you say a leaf is green, you mean that the leaf does not want the green waves of the sunbeam, but sends them back to you. In the same way the

scarlet geranium rejects the red waves; a white tablecloth sends back nearly the whole of the waves, and a black coat scarcely any.

7. Is it not strange that there is really no such thing as color in the leaf, the table, the coat, or the geranium; that we see them of different colors because they send back only certain-colored waves to our eye?

8. So far we have spoken only of light; but hold your hand in the sun, and feel the heat of the sunbeams, and then consider if the waves of heat do not do work also. There are many waves in a sunbeam which move too slowly to make us see light when they hit our eye; but we can feel them as heat, though we can not see them as light. The simplest way of feeling heat-waves is to hold a warm flat-iron near your face. You know that no light comes from it, yet you can feel the heat-waves beating violently against your face.

9. Now, there are many of these dark heat-rays in a sunbeam, and it is they that do most of the work in the world. It is the heat-waves that make the air hot and light, and so cause it to rise, and make winds and air-currents; and these again give rise to ocean-currents. It is these dark rays, again, that strike upon the land, and give it the warmth which enables plants to grow. It is they also that keep up the warmth in our own bodies, both by coming to us directly from the sun, and also in a very roundabout way through plants.

10. Coal is made of plants, and the heat it gives out is the heat these plants once took in. Think how

much work is done by burning coal. Not only are our houses warmed by coal-fires and lighted by coal-gas, but our steam-engines and machinery work entirely by water which has been turned into steam by the heat of coal fires; and our steamboats travel all over the world by means of the same power. In the same way the oil of our lamps comes either from olives, which grow on trees; or from coal and the remains of plants or animals in the earth.

11. Even our tallow candles are made of mutton-fat, and sheep eat grass; and so, turn which way we will, we find that the light and heat on our earth, whether it comes from fires, or candles, or lamps, or gas, and whether it moves machinery, or drives a train, or propels a ship, is equally the work of those waves of ether coming from the sun, which make what we call a sunbeam.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. WORK OF THE SUNBEAMS: the two things they do — reason of not distinguishing objects in the dark — how it is that we see objects.

II. OBJECTS AND LIGHT-WAVES: nature of transparent substances — example — examples of substances that reflect the light-waves.

III. CAUSE OF COLORS: a sunbeam on a leaf — what waves the leaf can not absorb — the result — what waves it can absorb.

IV. HEAT OF THE SUNBEAMS: why heat-waves do not make us see light — the work the heat-waves do — effect on the air and on the earth — effect on our bodies.

46.—The River Path.

al-lied', *joined, united.* | hēm, *edge, brink.*

1. No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still:
No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.
2. The dusk of twilight round us grew
We felt the falling of the dew;
For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.
3. But, on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified, —
A tender glow, exceeding fair;
A dream of day without its glare.
4. With us, the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them, the sunset's rosy bloom:
While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.
5. From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.
6. We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

7. Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.
8. Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy and the sunlit side!
9. "So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,
And the night cometh, chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!
So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;
And, in thy beckoning angels, know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: *birchen*; *rosy*; *sunless*; *darkness*.

III. Write in prose, in your own words, the substance of this beautiful descriptive poem, giving such details as would enable an artist to paint the picture. In which stanza does the poet make a transition from description to a reflective tone? Select any figures of speech you can discover. Select striking phrases.

47.—The Country School.

mo-nōp'o-ly, <i>exclusive power.</i>	pōt'-hōōks, <i>scrawled letters.</i>
mōr'al-īz-ing, <i>moral reflections.</i>	pre-eā'ri-oūs, <i>uncertain, risky.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(3) **caps and bells**: the peaked cap dangling with bells, worn by the buffoon or fool in the drama, and by court-jesters in former times.
 — (6) **martello-towers**: round stone towers for sea-coast defense. —
 (7) **Shearjashubs and Elkanahs**: Puritan Christian names.

1. Passing through some Massachusetts village, perhaps at a distance from any house, — it may be in the midst of a piece of woods where four roads meet, — one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not be long doubtful.

2. It is summer; and the flickering shadows of forest-leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open windows you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices discharging words of two or three syllables with wonderful precision and unanimity. Then there is a pause, and the voice of the officer in command is heard reproving some raw recruit whose vocal musket hung fire. Then the drill of the small infantry begins anew, but pauses again because some urchin insists on spelling "subtraction" with an s too much.

3. If you had the good fortune to be born and bred in the Bay State, your mind is thronged with half-sad, half-humorous recollections. The *a-b abs* of little voices, long since hushed in the mold, or ringing now in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate-chamber, come back to the ear of memory. You remember the high stool on which culprits used to be elevated, with the tall paper fool's-cap on their heads, blushing to the ears; and you think with wonder how you have seen them since as men climbing the world's penance-stools of ambition without a blush, and gladly giving every thing for life's caps and bells.

4. And you have pleasanter memories of going after pond-lilies; of angling for horn-pouts,—that queer bat among the fishes; of nutting; of walking over the creaking snow-crust in winter, when the warm breath of every household was curling up silently in the keen blue air. You wonder if life has any rewards more solid and permanent than the Spanish dollar that was hung around your neck to be restored again next day, and conclude sadly that it was too true a prophecy and emblem of all worldly success.

5. But your moralizing is broken short off by a rattle of feet, and the pouring-forth of the whole swarm,—the boys dancing and shouting, the sedater girls in confidential twos and threes decanting secrets out of the mouth of one cape-bonnet into that of another. Times have changed since the jackets and trousers used to draw up on one side of the road, and the

petticoats on the other, to salute with bow and courtesy the white neckcloth of the parson or the squire, if it chanced to pass during intermission.

6. Now, this little building, and others like it, were an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the martello-towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers. They were the first law-givers who saw clearly, and enforced practically, the simple moral and political truth that knowledge was not an alms to be dependent on the chance charity of private men, or the precarious pittance of a trust-fund, but a sacred debt which the Commonwealth owed to every one of her children.

7. The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state; the first row of pot-hooks which the little Shearjashubs and Elkanahs blotted and blubbered across their copy-books was the preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

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LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **precision** (*cadere*); **subtraction** (*trahere*); **recollection** (*legere*); **ambition** (*ire*); **dependent** (*pendere*).

II. Analyze the first period.

III. This vivid piece of description abounds in powerful imagery. Explain the following expressions, and select the metaphors: "platoons of high-pitched voices" (2); "officer in command" (2); "hushed in the mold" (3); "the world's penance-stools of ambition" (3), etc.

48.—Abram and Zimri.

dũsk'y, *dark, shadowy.*ğẽn'er-oũs, *ample, bountiful.*lõt, *state, condition.*stõre, *abundant supply.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

"Abram and Zimri" one of the most charming narrative poems in the English language, by Clarence Cook (1828- —), a native of Massachusetts, is founded on a rabbinical legend. Mr. Cook is best known as an art critic, though his poetry in the magazines takes high rank.

(III.) *girded up his loins*: i.e., drew tight his girdle or belt, thus giving free motion to his limbs.

I.

Abram and Zimri owned a field together,—

A level field hid in a happy vale.

They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring

Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.

In harvest, when the glad earth smiles with grain,

Each carried to his home one half the sheaves,

And stored them with much labor in his barns.

Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons;

But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

II.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,

As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed,

And counted in his mind his little gains,

He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,

And said, "I dwell alone within my house,

But Abram hath a wife and seven sons ;
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I :
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

III.

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap ;
And then went back to sleep, and happy dreams.

IV.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone ;
He goeth forth to toil with few to help ;
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine,"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone):
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,

Who aid me in my toil, and make it light.
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God:
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

V.

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain-path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep, and happy dreams.

VI.

So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil.
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

VII.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,

And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive-branches whispered in the wind.

VIII.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek:
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak;
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **dusky**; **starry**; **blissful**; **doubtful**.
What two words in stanza II. are derived from *lone*?

III. In stanza I., point out an example of *personification*. (See Definition 4.)

Observe in stanza III., that the appearance of the landscape, on the night when Zimri "went out," is described by the poet as similar to that on the night when Abram went out (stanza V.); and yet the author makes variations in details. Thus,—

"The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,"
compared with —

"The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds."

Point out other resembling passages.

Write the substance of this beautiful story in your own words.

49.—Going up in a Balloon.

ā-ē'ri-al, *airy, lofty.*

ā'er-o-naut, *air navigator.*

fōre-shōrt'ened, *shortened as seen
obliquely.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(1) "for better, for worse:" a phrase from the Episcopal marriage service. — (3) **Vauxhall Gardens:** a park and pleasure-resort in London. — (8) **Father of Rivers:** not, as might be supposed, the Mississippi, but the Thames, which the older English poets were fond of personifying as "Father Thames."

1. Let us ascend into the sky. Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," let us for once have an aërial flight.

2. The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation, which takes away your breath for a time, in springing high up into the air. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned.

3. A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by a well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up; for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures, and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not *go up* at all; but at about five minutes past

six, on that famous Friday evening, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, *went down!*"

4. Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you, in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude, the silence, that grows more and more complete. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car,—all have ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air.

5. So much for what you first feel; and now, what is the thing you first do? In this case we all do the same thing: we look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously, keeping a firm seat; and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our traveling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth.

6. Every thing below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed, and so simultaneously,—so much too-much-at-a-time,—that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downward, and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position. They are stunted and foreshortened, and

rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance: they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer.

7. Away goes the earth, with its hills and valleys, its trees and buildings, its men, women, and children, its horses and cattle, its rivers and vessels; all sinking lower and lower, and becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat toward minuteness, the outspread objects flatten as they lessen: men and women are five inches high, then four, three, two, one inch, and now a speck.

8. As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray, winding streamlet; and his largest ships are no more than flat, pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct; and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up the space beneath.

9. How do we feel, all this time? "Calm, sir,—calm and resigned." Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen, a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations.

10. To this the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, chiefly contribute. The silence is perfect,—a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches,—tick! tick!—or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; now we think we can hear both.

11. Two other sensations must by no means be for-

gotten. You become very cold and desperately hungry. To the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one the balloon is quite as sensitive as you; and probably much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude.

12. But here we are, still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle: we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon.

13. The valve-line is pulled: out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon; you see the flag fly upward. Down through the clouds you sink, faster and faster, lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below: there's the dear old earth again! The dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops. Out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower; another shower, and up we mount again in search of a better spot to alight upon.

14. Our guardian *aéronaut* gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon when it touches the earth, partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened.

15. Meantime the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and is dangling down at the end of a strong rope a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank; it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three girls, and last of all a woman with a child in her arms; all running, shouting, screaming, yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge, grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard: three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. AN AËRIAL FLIGHT: what one expects first to feel—one's real experience—an author's amusing illustration—what he thought about Vauxhall Gardens.

II. FIRST IMPRESSION AND BEHAVIOR: impression of quietude and silence—what one up in a balloon first does.

III. VIEW FROM A BALLOON: novel appearance of objects owing to vertical position of the observer—diminishing size but increasing distinctness—final disappearance of objects in floating clouds.

IV. SENSATIONS OF A BALLOONIST: serenity due chiefly to the silence—sense of cold—of hunger.

V. THE COMING DOWN: effect of pulling the valve line—dark masses come into view—the bags of ballast—other details,

50.—Mr. Winkle on Skates.

ad-jŭst'ed, *fitted on.*ad-mĭn'is-tered, *gave.*de-pĭet'ed, *portrayed.*dex-tĕr'ity, *skill and deftness.*ĭm'pe-tŭs, *momentum.*lĭn'e-a-ment, *feature.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This amusing sketch is from "Pickwick Papers," the earliest novel of Charles Dickens, and the one to which he owed his first popularity. Written to exhibit the adventures of a party of Cockney sportsmen, it caricatures in a ludicrous manner the weaknesses, ignorances, and peculiarities of the members of a club of which Mr. Pickwick is the amiable chief.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; O, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am *rather* out of practice."

2. "O, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

"O, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

3. This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that

there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

4. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies.

5. All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state; with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

6. "Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

7. This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.



8. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was any thing the matter. "Come: the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

9. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

10. "Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

11. "Just hold me at first, Sam: will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

12. Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, —

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam: "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

13. With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged

himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

14. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do any thing of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

15. "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

16. "I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

17. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle. "Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

18. Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and, beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're a humbug, sir."

19. "A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it: an impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of. **elegant** (*legere*), **objection** (*jacere*); **describe** (*scribere*); **inscribe** (*scribere*); **satisfaction** (*facere*); **encourage** (*cor*); **opposite** (*ponere*); **accuracy** (*cura*).

Write the analysis of: **graceful**; **uncomfortable**; **assistance**; **uncommon**; **innocently**; **remarkable**.

II. Analyze this sentence: "Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable."

III. In paragraph 2, what simile does one of the young ladies use to express her appreciation of the grace of skating? What amusing comparison in paragraph 5? Quote a sarcastic remark by Sam Weller. Point out other droll or ludicrous situations and descriptions.

51. — Progress.

bārds, *poets.*fāsh'ions, *shapes.*fōnd'ly, *hopefully.*hūe, *tint, color.*sāve, *except.*vēnt'ūr-oūs, *daring, fearless.*

1. Steadily, steadily, step by step,
 Up the venturous builders go;
 Carefully placing stone on stone:
 Thus the loftiest temples grow.
2. Patiently, patiently, day by day,
 The artist toils at his task alway;
 Touching it here, and tinting it there,
 Giving it ever, with infinite care,
 A line more soft or a hue more fair:
 Till, little by little, the picture grows,
 And at last the cold, dull canvas glows
 With life and beauty and forms of grace
 That evermore in the world have place.
3. Thus with the poet: hour after hour
 He listens to catch the fairy chimes
 That ring in his soul; then, with magic power,
 He weaves their melody into his rhymes;
 Slowly, carefully, word by word,
 Line by line, and thought by thought,
 He fashions the golden tissue of song:
 And thus are immortal anthems wrought.

4. Every wise observer knows,
Every watchful gazer sees,
Nothing grand or beautiful grows
Save by gradual, slow degrees.
Ye who toil with a purpose high,
And fondly the proud result await,
Murmur not, as the hours go by,
That the season is long, the harvest is late.
5. Remember that brotherhood strong and true,
Builders and artists, and bards sublime,
Who lived in the past, and worked like you,—
Worked and waited a wearisome time.
Dark and cheerless and long their night,
Yet they patiently toiled at the task begun:
Till, lo! through the clouds broke that morning
light
Which shines on the soul when success is won.

◆◆◆

LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **venturous** (*venire*); **infinite** (*finis*); **immortal** (*mors*); **purpose** (*ponere*); **success** (*cedere*).

In this piece, what adverbs are formed from the adjectives *steady*; *patient*; *slow*; *careful*; *fond*?

II. Analyze this sentence:—

“Every wise observer knows,
Every watchful gazer sees,
Nothing grand or beautiful grows
Save by gradual, slow degrees.”

III. In stanza 2, point out a word used *hyperbolically*. (See Definition 9.) In stanza 3, point out two metaphors.

52.—Glimpses of Science.

THE GULF STREAM.

dif-fūge', *spread abroad.*dī-ûr'nal, *daily.*lāy, *position and contour.*ōffīç-es, *functions.*sêts, *flows.*ûl-tra-ma-rine', *a brilliant blue.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This selection is from "The Physical Geography of the Sea," by Mathew F. Maury (1806-1873), a native of Virginia, and a distinguished scientific observer.

(11) **Erin** (literally "The Green Isle"), the poetical name of Ireland. — (11) **Albion**, the most ancient and the poetic name of England.

1. There is a river in the ocean. Its banks and its bed are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream.

2. In the whole world there is no other such majestic flow of waters as the Gulf Stream; for its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

3. The currents of the ocean are the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

4. The ocean currents are, for the most part, the result of the very great evaporation that takes place in

the vast waters of the tropical regions. The immense quantity of water there carried off by evaporation disturbs the balance or poise of the seas, and to restore this balance there is a perpetual flow of water from the polar regions.

5. Now, when these streams of cold water leave the polar regions they flow directly towards the equator. But, before traveling far southward, their course is turned aside by the daily rotation of the earth on its axis. Still, they arrive at the tropics before they have gained the same velocity of rotation as the waters of the Torrid Zone. On that account they are left behind, and flow in a direction contrary to the diurnal motion of the earth. And hence the whole surface of the ocean for thirty degrees on each side of the equator flows from east to west in a broad stream or current (the "Equatorial Current"), three thousand miles broad.

6. Such would be the steady and constant flow of the waters of the ocean, were it not for the *land*. But the land breaks in on this regular westerly movement of the waters, sending some to the north and others to the south, according to the "lay" of the land.

7. Thus it is in the case of the great equatorial current in the Atlantic. From off Cape St. Roque, in South America, its principal branch takes a north-westerly course. Rushing along the coast of Brazil, it passes through the Caribbean Sea. Thence, sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico, it flows between Florida and Cuba, and so into the Atlantic. It is on entering the Atlantic

that this current takes the name of the Gulf Stream, the most beautiful of all the oceanic currents.

8. In the Strait of Florida the Gulf Stream is thirty-two miles wide, and over two thousand feet deep, and it flows at the rate of four miles an hour. Its waters are of the purest ultramarine blue as far as the coast of Carolina; and so completely are they separated from the sea through which they flow, that a ship may at times be seen half in the one and half in the other.

9. As the Gulf Stream proceeds on its course, it gradually increases in width. Flowing along the coast of the United States to Newfoundland, it there turns to the east, dividing into two branches. Of these two branches, one reaches the Azores, while the other sets towards the British Islands, and away to the coasts of Norway and the Arctic Ocean. To this latter branch a peculiar interest attaches, from the fact that it wonderfully modifies the climate of all Western Europe.

10. Every west wind that blows crosses the Gulf Stream, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper the northern winds of Europe. It is, in fact, the influence of the Gulf Stream that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while, in the same latitude, the coast of North America is fast bound in fetters of ice.

11. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still much warmer than the water on either side at the same

depth, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is everywhere a cushion of cold water between this current and the solid parts of the earth's crust.

12. This arrangement is very beautiful. For, as we have seen, it is one of the offices of the Gulf Stream to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, and diffuse it over Western Europe. Now, cold water parts with its heat very slowly, or, as we say, is a good non-conductor of heat; but if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth, all its warmth would be lost in the first part of the way, and the mild climates of France and England would be like that of wintry, ice-bound Labrador.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. THE RIVER IN THE OCEAN: its banks and bed—its current—its fountain—its mouth—name of this river.

II. OCEAN CURRENTS: their office—how they diminish extremes of temperature—explanation of their cause—great evaporation—flow of water from the polar regions—cause of the turning aside of their course.

III. ORIGIN OF THE GULF STREAM: nature of the equatorial current—how the land interrupts its regular flow—how in the Atlantic its main branch reaches the Gulf of Mexico.

IV. DESCRIPTION: extent of the Gulf Stream in the Strait of Florida—flow of its waters—their color—temperature—northward course—where it divides into two branches.

V. ITS TWO BRANCHES: its southern branch—its northern branch—effect on the climate of north-western Europe.

53.—Passing Away.

bûr'den, *theme, refrain.*
ships, *takes aboard.*

| staffed, *supported by a staff.*
| winds, *blows, sounds.*

Was it the chime of a tiny bell

That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell

That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,

And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar
To catch the music that comes from the shore?

Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words: as they float they say,—
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,

Blown on the beach so mellow and clear:
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,

Striking the hours, that fell on my ear
As I lay in my dream: yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung

(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,—
“Passing away! passing away!”

O, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands as they swept o'er the dial of gold
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo she had changed! in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung,
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,—
“Passing away! passing away!”

While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed, as when evening steals

Upon noon's hot face: yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,—
“Passing away! passing away!”

While yet I looked, what a change there came!

Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,

Yet just as busily swung she on:
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone
(Let me never forget to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay),—
“PASSING AWAY! PASSING AWAY!”



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **expect** (*specere*); **pendulum** (*pendere*); **dial** (*dies*).

What English derivatives are formed by adding to root-words *y*, *ness*, *ly*, and *less*?

II. Analyze this sentence:—

“O, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!”

III. In this word-picture of a lifetime, in how many phases is the character represented? What lesson is taught by the *refrain* in the five stanzas? Select three similes.

54.—A Dutch Governor.

bürg'o-más-ter, <i>mayor</i> .	dūn'der-pāte, <i>dunce, dullard</i> .
de-tēr'mīne, <i>reach a conclusion</i> .	skīdŕ, <i>timber supports</i> .

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This narrative, in Washington Irving's best vein of humor, is from his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was the second of four governors whom the Dutch West India Company sent out to rule their colony of New Netherlands (now New York State), and who held this office from 1623 to 1637. In the person of Van Twiller, Irving wittily caricatures the quaint and phlegmatic peculiarities of the Dutch colonists of New Amsterdam (now New York City.)

PART I.

1. The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers.

2. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts: by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stu-

pedest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom.

3. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

4. With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it.

5. Certain it is, that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time

in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had doubts about the matter," which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original *dwijfler*, or, in plain English, *doubter*.

6. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between his shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids.

7. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-

fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

8. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty.

9. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

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LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **descend** (*scandere*); **successive** (*cedere*); **comport** (*portare*); **casual** (*cadere*); **invincible** (*vincere*); **perplexity** (*plectere*); **reflective** (*flectere*); **circumference** (*ferre*).

Give synonyms of: *renowned*; *illustrious*; *magnitude*; *stupendous*.

II. Select all the adjectives in paragraph 1, all the nouns in paragraph 2, and all the verbs in paragraph 3. In paragraph 5, select all the past tenses and past participles.

III. In paragraph 1, select an example of *irony* (Definition 11). In paragraph 2, select a *simile*. In paragraph 3, select an example of *hyperbole* (Definition 9).

55.—A Dutch Governor.

a-eū'men, *keenness, sagacity.*lōg'el, *slothful, wasteful.*prē'sage, *indication, token.*stădt'hōld-er, *provincial govern-
or.*tim'ber-man, *wood-carver.*

PART II.

1. In his council Governor Van Twiller presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers.

2. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that, when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain

regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

3. The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle.

4. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

5. This summary process was as effectual in those

simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun al-Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word.

6. At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvelous gravity counted over the leaves and weighed the books. It was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore it was the final opinion of the court, that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

7. This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and

the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

8. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter,—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **preside** (*sedere*); **transaction** (*agere*); **exact** (*agere*); **stately** (*stare*); **attentively** (*tendere*); **commotion** (*mo-vere*); **evince** (*vincere*).

Write the analysis of: **solemnity**; **curiously**; **admirer**; **earthen**; **prodigious**; **decipherer**.

Give synonyms of: *huge*; *celebrated*; *constant*; *renowned*; *marvelous*; *straightway*.

II. What derivative words are formed by adding the suffix *ment* to three verbs? What two phrases modify the verb in the first sentence? In paragraph 3, select an adverbial clause; an adjective clause.

III. In paragraph 1, select a loose sentence. In paragraph 6, select a period. "In this stately chair would he sit," etc. (2): arrange in the direct order. In what droll way (2) does the author convey the fact that the Governor would sometimes snore for two hours at a time? "This *excellent* magistrate" (3): is this literal, or ironical? (See Definition 11.) Select other ironical expressions. What is meant by "High Dutch commentator" (5)? State briefly, in your own language, the mode in which the Governor decided in the dispute between Wandle and Barent.

56. — Contentment.

bühl, *inlaid metal work.*

eām'e-ōs, *stones carved in relief.*

de-rīde', *laugh at and despise.*

vē'l'lum, *very fine calf-skin.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This fine piece of subtle humor is from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809- —), a native of Cambridge, Mass., and for many years professor of anatomy in Harvard University. In his mastery of the humorous, the grotesque, and the satiric, Dr. Holmes is easily foremost among modern English poets.

(4) **Plenipo. . . St. James'**: i.e., Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James' (the British Court). — (4) **gubernator**: a Latin word meaning "governor." — (7) **Stradivarius**; i.e., a violin made by Stradivarius (1644-1737), the most celebrated of Italian violin-makers. His instruments are regarded as models, and are now very rare and costly. — (9) **Midas' golden touch**; in allusion to the legend that Midas, king of Phrygia, begged the gods to grant that whatever he touched might turn to gold. His wish was fulfilled, but he soon repented him when he found that even his food underwent this transformation.

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW."

1. Little I ask; my wants are few:

I only wish a hut of stone

(A very plain brown stone will do),

That I may call my own;

And close at hand is such a one,

In yonder street that fronts the sun.

2. Plain food is quite enough for me:

Three courses are as good as ten;

If Nature can subsist on three,

Thank Heaven for three. Amen!

I always thought cold victual nice:
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

3. I care not much for gold or land;
 Give me a mortgage here and there,
 Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad-share:
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.
4. Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names:
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo.,
 But only near St. James';
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our gubernator's chair.
5. Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things:
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
 Some, not so large, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me; I laugh at show
6. Of books but few: some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;
 Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

7. Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride:
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.
8. Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool:
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share:
I ask but one recumbent chair.
9. Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch:
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much, —
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

- I. Write the analysis of: **selfish; golden; wasteful; unfruitful.**
Give synonyms of: *plain; subsist; silly; deride; confess; possess.*
- II. Analyze the following complex sentence: —

“If Heaven more generous gifts deny
I shall not miss them much.”

- III. Transpose into the prose order: —

“Little I ask; my wants are few.”

“Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn.”

“Two meerschaums I would fain possess.”

57.—The Stage-Coach.

bōot, *leathern apron.*
brāke, *thicket.*

| rāmp'ant, *prancing.*
| yō'kel (colloq.), *rustic.*

1. When the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom Pinch such a turn that he was half disposed to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and, looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or at all events a part of the turn-out, and was quite confused by the novelty and splendor of his situation.

2. And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next to that coachman; for, of all the swells that ever flourished a whip professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of his fingers.

3. The guard too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manner was a canter, his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

4. The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, London coach; up all night and lying by all day, and leading a terrible

life. It rattled noisily through the best streets, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making every thing get out of its way; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle as its last glad parting legacy.

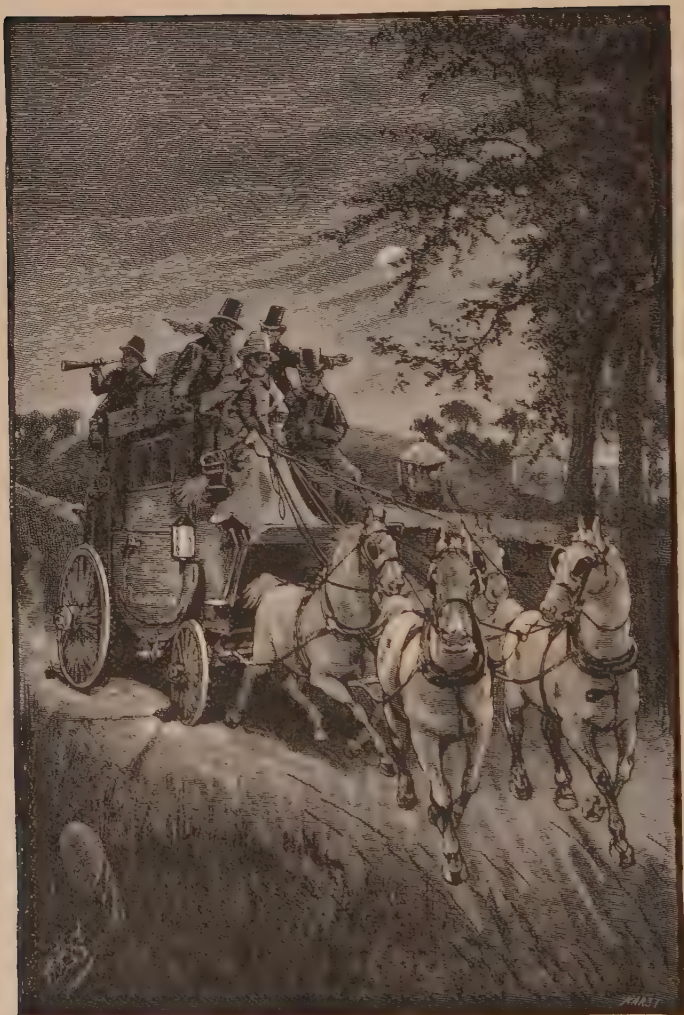
5. It was a charming evening, mild and bright. And, even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air.

6. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brasswork on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

7. Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work.

Yoho! past donkey-chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road.

8. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep — for it is evening — on the bosoms of the dead.



Yoho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing in the waning light like ruined gables, old and brown.

9. Yoho! among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness all the same as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare.

10. Yoho! see the bright moon! high up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church-steeple, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak: trembling does not become him; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig.

11. Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the plowed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter. Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before.

12. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the moon her-

self. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, — our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon. Yoho! Yoho!

13. The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve.

14. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down quite stunned and giddy, is in London.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **event** (*venire*); **motion** (*movere*); **elect** (*legere*); **conversation** (*vertere*); **resist** (*sistere*); **captive** (*capere*).

Write the analysis of: **noisily**; **slowly**; **defiance**; **uncertainty**; **immensity**; **cheerfully**; **steadfastness**; **straggler**; **countless**.

II. Divide the long loose sentence (6) into its component parts, pointing out its members, clauses, and phrases. Write the principal parts of: *write*; *lead*; *skim*; *chime*; *become*.

III. Is the first sentence a period, or a loose sentence? the second sentence? Point out a metaphor in paragraph 3. Point out a personification in paragraph 4. Point out a simile in paragraph 10.

58.—The Stranger on the Sill.

eāl'a-mūs, *sweet-flag.*
im-pārt', *yield, bestow.*

lāve, *dip and bathe.*
rēv'er-ençe, *respect and honor.*

1. Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born:
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shady door-way still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.
2. There is the barn; and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song.
But the stranger comes: O, painful proof!—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.
3. There is the orchard,—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.
4. There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,

And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing:
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

5. O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when ye crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest-sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.
6. Deal kindly with those orchard-trees;
And, when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **lowly; stranger; mournful; painful; childhood; lightly; gladden; kindly; reverence.**

II. What two adjectives are formed by adding the suffix *y* to nouns? Analyze the following complex exclamative sentence:—

“O ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!”

III. To what class of composition does this poem belong? (See Definition 17.) Point out where the poet changes from description to a reflective tone. Transpose into the prose order,—

“Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born.”

“There bubbles the shady spring below.”

59.—Glimpses of Science.

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

a-mássed', <i>heaped up in mass.</i>	ex-tin <u>e</u> t', <i>not now living.</i>
an-té'ri-or (Latin comparative of ante, "before"), <i>previous.</i>	pét'ri-fied, <i>converted into stone.</i>
eon-glōm-er-ā'tion, <i>collection.</i>	pîr-ou-êtte', <i>a whirling dance on tip-toe.</i>
de-eliv'i-ty, <i>descent, incline.</i>	sÿm'bol-ized, <i>represented.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This account of the boyish excursion which determined the bent of his after-career is by Archibald Geikie, a distinguished Scotch scientist, and professor of geology in the University of Edinburgh.

(4) **treasure-trove**: treasure once hidden, but now found (retrieved).

1. We started off about noon; a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings, with two or three hammers, and a few pence amongst us, and no care to be home before dusk.

2. The four miles seemed to shrink into one, and we arrived at length at the quarries. They had been opened, I found, along the slope of a gentle declivity. At the north end stood the kilns where the lime was burned, the white smoke from which we used to see when miles away. About a quarter of a mile to the south lay the workings; and there too stood the engine that drew up the wagons and pumped out the water.

3. "Where are the petrified forests and fishes?" cried one of the party. "Here!" "Here!" was shouted in reply from the top of the bank. We made for the heap

of broken stones whence the voices had come; and there, truly, on every block and every fragment the fossils met our eye, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay.

4. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first-found fossil) was one that excited the deepest interest. Tom, the commander-in-chief, pronounced my treasure-trove to be unmistakably a fish. True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins; the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which were the scales; and in after-years I learned that it was really a vegetable, — the seed-cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club-moss: but, in the mean time, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be.

5. Like other schoolboys I had, of course, had my lessons on geology. I could repeat a "Table of Formations," and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our text-books.

6. But the notion that these pictures were the representations of actual, though now extinct monsters; that the matter-of-fact details of our text-books really symbolized living truths, and were not invented solely to distract the brains of school-boys; that beneath and beyond the present creation there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious, and infinitely older; and thus that more, immensely more, than our books taught us could be learned by looking

at nature for ourselves, — all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation, — one that has gladdened my life ever since.

7. We wrought on the rubbish-heap most lustily, and found an untold sum of wonders. The human mind in its earlier stages dwells on resemblances, rather than on differences. We identified what we found in the stones with that to which it most nearly approached in existing nature. Hence, to our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain; and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary conglomeration of organic remains, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist.

8. It did not occur at that time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose-leaves; why a sea-shore whelk lay entwined in the arms of a butterfly; or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish. These questions came all to be asked afterwards, and then I saw how egregiously erroneous had been our identifications. But in the mean time, knowing little of the subject, I believed every thing, and with implicit faith piled up dragon-flies, ferns, fishes, beetle-cases, sea-weeds, and shells.

9. The sun, with a fiery glare, had sunk behind the distant hills. The chill of an evening late in autumn fell over every thing, save the spirits of the treasure-seekers; and yet they too in the end succumbed.

10. The ring of the hammer became less frequent, and the shout that announced the discovery of each fresh marvel seldomer broke the stillness of the scene; and as the night-wind swept across the fields, and rustled fitfully among the withered weeds of the quarry, it was wisely resolved that we should all go home. Then came the packing-up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens, well-nigh as large as himself.

11. Despite our loads, we left the quarry in high glee. Arranging ourselves into a concave phalanx, with the speaker in the center, we resumed a tale of thrilling interest, that had come to its most tragic part just as we arrived at the quarry several hours before. It lasted all the way back, beguiling the tedium, darkness, and chill of our four-mile journey; and the final consummation of the story was artfully reached just as we got to the door of the first of the party, who had to wish us good-night.

12. Such was my first geological excursion, — a simple event enough, and yet it was the turning-point in my life. From that day onward, the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my everyday thoughts. I might have been a merchant, or a banker, or a lawyer, as others of the party have successively become; but that day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

13. And yet I had carried home with me a strange medley of errors and misconceptions. Nearly every fossil we found was incorrectly named. We believed

ourselves to have discovered in the rock organisms which had really never been found fossil by man. So far, therefore, the whole lesson had to be unlearned. But (what was of infinitely more consequence to me than the correct names, or even the true nature, of the fossils) I had now seen fossils with my own eyes, and struck them out of the rock with my own hand.

14. The meaning of the lessons we had been taught at school began to glimmer upon me; the dry bones of our books were touched into life; the idea of creations anterior to man seemed clear; the fishes and plants of the lime-quarry must have lived and died, but when and how? was it possible for *me* to discover? Yes, it was possible; and, after many an hour of puzzling thought and conjecture, I did discover what the fossils had to teach. It was a strange lesson when learned at last,—very different from the first impressions obtained at the quarry.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. BEGINNING OF THE EXCURSION: number of young geologists—their outfit—arrival at the quarries.

II. THE GEOLOGISTS AT WORK: “Where are the petrified forests and fishes?”—the discovery—young Geikie’s first fossil—the “fish” that was only a “catkin.”

III. THE UNTOLD SUM OF WONDERS: way the boys took to identify the fossils—examples of funny mistakes they made—return of the young geologists, each with “a pile of specimens.”

IV. EFFECT ON GEIKIE: the excursion makes him a geologist—true, this first lesson had to be unlearned—but he had learned to *observe*.

60.—The Round of Life.

glōam'ing (=glooming), *twilight*. | sēa'-mew, *the sea-gull*.

1. Two children, down by the shining strand,
 With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
 With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
 Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
 And the amber bars stretch over the west.
2. A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
 A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand while the tale of yore
 Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
 And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
 In the days gone by, is spoken still.
3. A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
 A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
 And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch, and a radiant face
 By the open door in the falling night;

A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children
bright.

4. An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.
5. An old church-yard on a green hill-side,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!



LANGUAGE STUDY.

- I. Write the analysis of: **golden; breezy; sailor; peaceful.**

For what plain words are these poetical terms used: "strand" (1); "dell" (2); "yore" (2); "imps" (3); "roof-tree" (3); "gloaming" (4)?

- II. Write the analysis of:—

"Love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill."

III. Each of the five stanzas in this sweet poem forms a *word-picture*: briefly describe in prose form each scene so that it could be *painted*.

61.—The Foot-Ball Match.

an-tīç'i-pāt-ing, <i>taking (into the mind) beforehand, expecting.</i>	ea-reer', <i>movement, course.</i>
an-tīç'i-pāt-ing, <i>taking (position) beforehand, forestalling.</i>	eās'ū-al-ty, <i>accident, misfortune.</i>
	knōll, <i>hillock, hummock.</i>
	un-im-paired', <i>unweakened.</i>

1. The battle had been waged with very equal success for half an hour, the "Ins" having scored four games, and the "Outs" the same number. This result had rather surprised the by-standers, who were anticipating a decided superiority on the part of the "Outs," that side being the strongest and most experienced. Hope's play was generally thought to have caused this unlooked-for equality between the sides. He had certainly shown unusual energy and skill, and had repeatedly called forth shouts of applause from the spectators.

2. "They are a tie now," said one of the second-class boys, as he stood with his companions on the top of a small knoll in the playing-fields, from which a full view of the scene of action might be obtained. "The 'Outs' had got three before, and now this is the third which our side has scored. How splendidly Norton and Hope are playing!"

3. "Tell us what has happened, Hooper: there's a good fellow."

"Well," said the boy addressed, "on the side of the 'Ins,' Norton has kicked one goal, and Hope two. On our side, Shaw, Brook, and Thorpe have kicked one

each. So far the game is a tie; but Thorpe just came down upon Mills with such an awful charge, that Mills was knocked head over heels, as if he had been turning a somersault. They have carried him off to the school-room; and I don't believe there is much chance of his coming right again before the end of the hour. So their side has only five to our six; and, besides, we have now scored one game in advance of them."

4. "What say you to that?" shouted Williams, a minute afterwards, as Norton, who had gained possession of the ball, carried it straight before him towards the enemy's goal, and, Brook throwing himself in his way, the two boys met in full career. The ball was driven "beyond bounds" of the outside goal, both champions falling prostrate to the ground. But the next moment Norton rose unimpaired, and continued his rush; while his antagonist, struggling to his feet by the help of his companions' hands, limped slowly towards the house. "What say you to that? Quits once more, I think, isn't it?"

5. The attention of the boys was speedily drawn to a new crisis in the game, which was now approaching its close. Two or three games had been won by both sides, the "Ins" having a lead of two. But another casualty had occurred to one of their party. Bloomfield had sprained his ankle in a fall over the ball, and was obliged to retire from the contest. The "Outs" perceived their advantage, and pressed it vigorously; but were met with an equally vigorous resistance. Norton



stood before his goal, covered with dust, and repelled charge after charge with invincible pluck and vigor; while Hope, gallantly seconding him, repeatedly carried the ball almost to the goal of his opponents; the

superior numbers of the latter alone preventing his scoring the game.

6. The "Ins" contrived in this manner, by great exertions, to maintain the unequal contest for several minutes, until a new disaster turned the scale of battle wholly against them. Gaining possession of the ball for a moment, Morgan succeeded in kicking past Selby and Thorpe, and rushed forward in the hope of anticipating Shaw also. But the latter was the nearer of the two to the ball, as well as quicker of foot. He caught it in mid-career with all the force of his kick, when he was within a few feet of his adversary; and the ball, striking Morgan full on the nose, instantly deluged his cheeks with blood, for the moment completely stunning him. Though sorely unwilling, he too was obliged to withdraw, and stanch his wounds at the school-pump.

7. And now the case of the "Ins" appeared desperate indeed. They could oppose three men only to the enemy's five; and these are odds which, in such a contest as this of the "Picked Sixes," it was impossible to maintain. It lacked, however, only eight minutes to the hour, when this last mischance occurred; and the "Ins" were still one game ahead.

8. After contriving to keep the "Outs" at bay, beyond all expectation, for several charges, the "Ins" were overpowered by numbers, and lost another game, thus reducing their score to a tie with that of their antagonists. "We won't give it up," said Norton to

his two comrades, as they paused after this short but desperate struggle. "We won't give it up. While there is life there is hope; and it can't lack more than three or four minutes to the hour now. Look here, Hope, do you take my place, and let me have the first kick; and do you back me up, Story, as well as you can. If I can kick it past any one of them, we may save the day yet."

9. The umpire gave the signal to recommence. Norton rushed forward, and succeeded in kicking past Hooper, whom he dashed to the ground with his left arm as he passed. But Shaw, perceiving their plan, now threw himself directly in his way; and the two leaders, meeting with a crash, fell to the ground, every particle of breath, for the moment, being driven out of their bodies. Harry Story sprang over the fallen giants, and was met in like fashion by Selby, both champions rolling over without advantage to either side.

10. "Now for it, Thorpe! Hurrah, Thorpe!" shouted the "Outs," as the boy named, springing forward unopposed, drove the ball forward with a force which sent it nearly to the end of the field, where Hope now stood alone. Thorpe rushed forward to follow up his kick, Bell and Hooper succeeding him at intervals to make sure of the victory. But at this moment Hope, rushing forward, caught the flying ball in his hands. Nimbly evading the approach of Thorpe, he ran with it still tightly clasped in his embrace; he broke away from

Bell, who attempted to seize him, and had more than passed the middle of the lists before he was arrested by Hooper.

11. A furious struggle now commenced: Hooper and Bell endeavoring to tear the ball from his grasp, and Hope retaining it with the most determined pluck. All three soon came to the ground, and rolled over one another in wild confusion, amid the deafening shouts of the favorers of either party. But Thorpe had now reached the spot, and the unequal contest could no longer be maintained. The ball was wrenched from Hope's grasp, and Thorpe, poising it in his hands, was about to launch it into the air, securing thereby the victory to the "Ins," when the deep tones of the minster-clock came pealing over the meadows; and the voice of the umpire was heard shouting aloud, "Time up! Ten games for the 'Ins,' and ten for the 'Outs.' The match is drawn."

12. So ended the most evenly contested and exciting foot-ball match ever played at Barford Bridge.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **anticipate** (*capere*); **spectator** (*specere*); **continue** (*tenere*); **casualty** (*cadere*); **perceive** (*capere*); **repel** (*pellere*); **invincible** (*vincere*); **prevent** (*venire*).

II. In paragraph 5, select a simple sentence; a complex sentence; a compound sentence.

III. Copy, substituting synonyms for the Italicised words: "The attention of the boys was *speedily drawn* to a new crisis in the game, which was now *approaching its end*."

62.—The Mean Side of Napoleon's Character.

eāl-eu-lā'tion, <i>scheming for effect.</i>	per-fid'i-oūs, <i>faithless.</i>
ea-reer', <i>course of life.</i>	sēn-si-bil'i-ty, <i>tenderness of feel-</i>
e-elāt' (e-klā'), <i>splendor and ap-</i>	<i>ing.</i>
<i>plause.</i>	stīp-ū-lā'tion, <i>predetermined for-</i>
in-eōg'ni-to, <i>unknown, disguised.</i>	<i>bearance.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(1) **constituents**; i.e., his French supporters. — (2) **Kellermann** . . . **Bernadotte**. **Junot** (zhū-nō'), three of Bonaparte's marshals. — (3) **Moniteurs**; i.e., issues of Bonaparte's official newspaper of that name. — (3) **his lonely island**: i.e., the island of St. Helena, to which, after his defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon was banished by the British, and where he afterwards died. — (6) **Duroc**, another of Napoleon's generals. — (9) **Scamp Jupiter**: Jupiter, in the Roman mythology, was chief among the gods. This epithet means, then, that Bonaparte was as knavish as he was powerful.

1. Napoleon had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuits of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments; and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

2. Napoleon was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has

not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne.

3. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse,—he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical *éclat*.

4. Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days."

5. To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages." His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering.

6. "There are two levers for moving men,—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it.

Friendship is but a name. I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers: perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too, but why? Because his character pleases me: he is stern and resolute, and I believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; but men should be firm in heart and purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government."

7. He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred. He was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police; and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that "he knew every thing;" and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and the compliments of the street, *incognito*.

8. His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears, and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days.

9. It does not appear that he listened at key-holes, or, at least, that he was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of a sort of Scamp Jupiter.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **reverse** (*vertere*); **involve** (*volvere*); **dictate** (*dicere*); **intercept** (*capere*); **impostor** (*ponere*).

II. In paragraph 6 are three simple sentences, three complex sentences, and three compound sentences: select each.

III. To which class of composition does this piece belong? (See Definition 19.) Emerson is fond of short and pithy sentences rounded like bullets: point out examples. Point out also examples in the extract from Napoleon.



63.—Golden Thoughts.

[TEACHER'S NOTE.—It is suggested as a profitable exercise, that to each pupil be assigned *one* of these "Golden Thoughts," to be memorized, and that the class be called on to *repeat* the couplets and stanzas, each the "Thought" assigned him.]

1. Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
2. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

3. Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.
4. The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
5. Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
6. Fail! — fail?
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word
As — *fail*.
7. He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
8. Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show, —
That mercy show to me.

64.—Glimpses of Science.

THE WINDS.

*dūe, directly, exactly.**māk'ing, moving, tending.**pāçe, rate of motion.**spēnt, worn-out, exhausted.*

1. How is it that the wind blows? What makes the air move?

You know the globe, the model of our earth. I dare say there is one in the school-room. You know the two poles, the north pole and the south pole, where it is always cold winter. You know the equator, between the two tropics, where it is always hot summer.

2. Now, remember that hot air is lighter than cold air: for hot air expands, that is, swells, and spreads its atoms apart, and becomes more spongy the hotter it grows; while cold air contracts, that is, shrinks, and closes its atoms together, and becomes more solid the colder it grows.

3. But if hot air is lighter than cold, then the hotter it is the more it must rise into the sky, if it can; and the colder it is the more it must sink toward the earth. In the hot tropics the air must be always swelling and rising, while at the cold poles it must be always shrinking and falling. And what will happen then? The hot air from the tropics must always be flowing northward to the north pole, and southward toward the south pole, to fill up the space

which the cold air leaves empty when it shrinks. For air, like water, is always ready to flow in wherever it finds a vacant space.

4. And so, if the earth stood still, there would be a wind always rushing towards the north pole, and another wind always making towards the south pole. But there must be more than that. If only that went on, all the air would soon get to the poles; there would be too much air at the poles, and too little at the tropics. Therefore the air from the poles rushes back to the tropics, to fill up the space left empty there.

5. You have seen the same thing happen a thousand times. Why does the cold air, if there be a fire in the room, stream in through an open window or through a crack, and so make a draught? Because the fire heats the air in the room; and it becomes light, and flies away up the chimney, as the light hot air does towards the poles. But that leaves too little air in the room; and so the cold air rushes in through the key-hole, and under the doors, just as the cold air rushes from the poles to the tropics.

6. The mere difference of heat between the tropics and the poles would make two winds, even if the earth stood still. But the earth does not stand still. It turns round on its axis once every twenty-four hours; and thus the course of the winds is altered, and, instead of blowing due north and south, they blow generally north-east and south-west.

7. You all know that when you are traveling in a

carriage your body is moving on with the same speed as the carriage, and keeps that speed if you jump out, till you touch the ground, and are stopped suddenly by it: so that, if you jump out forward, the speed which your body has caught from the carriage will throw you on your face if you do not take care; while if you jump out backward the same speed will throw you on your back, and has stunned many a foolish person ere now by a tremendous blow on the back of his head.

8. Now, let us apply that same law to the air at the tropics. The earth there is 24,900 miles round, and it turns round once every twenty-four hours, from west to east. Now divide 24,900 by 24. What have you? $1,037\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Therefore every little atom of air at the tropics is going eastward with the earth at the rate of more than a thousand miles an hour. But as the air travels north the earth's circumference grows smaller.

9. This you may prove for yourselves by measuring on the globe. But as it all turns round in the same time, — twenty-four hours, — each spot on the globe is turning more slowly, the farther north it is. Look, for instance, at St. Petersburg in Russia. There it is only about half as far around the earth from east to west as it is in the tropics: so that St. Petersburg is moving eastward only half as fast as a point on the equator moves.

10. But the hot air from the equator keeps up to something of that tremendous pace of a thousand miles an hour eastward with which it started; and when it

comes up to us here, it is going eastward much faster than we are, and when it gets as far north as St. Petersburg, much faster still. It is traveling east as well as north: therefore it is traveling, on the whole, north-east.

11. But we name the winds, not by the quarter which they are going to, but by the quarter which they are coming from; and, as this wind comes to us from south and from west, we call it a south-west wind.

12. Why does not the south-west wind strike us here at the pace of hundreds of miles an hour? It blows usually some ten to twenty miles an hour only, and if it blows as hard as sixty miles an hour we call it a terrible storm. How is there not a perpetual hurricane here, such as sometimes comes in the tropics, such as no man nor house could stand upright in?

13. I will tell you. The air is stopped by friction against other air, and against the earth. The south-west wind comes up to us here—even the very fiercest gale—like a spent bullet bearing its course through the air. It has to fight its way up against the earth, with its hills and trees and houses all trying to stop it, and against the north-east winds too, which are rushing in the opposite direction; and it is continually checked and baffled by them; and the fiercest gale we ever felt is but a little strip or flake of it, which has, as it were, escaped, and run away for a few hundred miles.

14. And now let us talk a little of that north-east wind, and why it does not come straight from the north

all the year round. Because, as with the south-west wind, the earth moves eastward on its axis. Now, the north pole simply stands still, and turns round on itself, like the axle of a wheel, in the midst of snow and ice. But, since the pole is not moving eastward, the air round it is not moving eastward either; and therefore the cold air which starts from the pole to go south starts without any inclination to go east.

15. But as it moves south, it finds the earth under it flying round eastward faster and faster. The earth is meeting it continually from the westward, and this is why we often feel the north wind as a north-east wind: we are rushing against it as we go east. So we have a north-east wind going from the north pole to the tropics, and a south-west wind going from the tropics to the pole.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I. AIR AS AFFECTED BY HEAT: why hot air is lighter than cold—the result of this—air in the tropical regions—in the polar regions.

II. WHAT MUST HAPPEN THEN: interchange of air between Torrid and Frigid zones—effect on the winds if the earth stood still—effect of the earth's daily rotation in changing the course of the winds.

III. EFFECTS IN DETAIL: explanation of the north-east winds—of the south-west winds.

65.—The Bells of Shandon.

çŷm'balſ, *musical instruments.*
kĩ-ösk', *Turkish summer-house.*

mĩn'a-rets, *slender, lofty turrets.*
spëlls, *charm, enchantment.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

These beautifully musical verses are by Francis Mahony (1804–1866), a native of Cork, Ireland, and widely known as a contributor to various English periodicals, under the pen-name of “Father Prout.”

(1) **Shandon bells:** i.e., the bells of St. Anne Shandon's church, a chime celebrated for its sweet harmony. (2) **Lee:** the city of Cork is situated on the river Lee. — (5) **Adrian's Mole:** i.e., the castle of St. Angelo, with massive tower, called from its founder, the emperor Hadrian, the “Mole of Hadrian.” — (5) **Vatican:** the great palace of the Roman pontiff. — (5) **Notre Dame:** the cathedral of that name at Paris. — (7) **St. Sophia:** a gorgeous mosque at Constantinople.

With deep affection and recollection,

I often think of those Shandon bells

Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,

And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,—

With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,

Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,

While at glib rate brass tongues would vibrate:

But all their music spoke naught like thine;

For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Makes the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk, O!
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **recollection; pleasant; glorious; solemnly; freely.**

II. Analyze the first stanza. Select an exclamative sentence.

III. What peculiarities in the meter and rhythm of this poem, do you think, give it its *music*? What is the name of the river with a mellifluous sound? What is the refrain, and how often is it repeated?

66.—The Quicksand.

en-shroud'ress, <i>one who buries</i>	mē'di-ŭm, <i>substance, material.</i>
im-plā'ea-ble, <i>relentless.</i>	pro-trūdes', <i>thrusts itself out.</i>
in-ĕx'o-ra-ble, <i>unyielding.</i>	sin'is-ter, <i>evil and deplorable.</i>

1. It sometimes happens, on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man—traveler or fisherman—walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it: it is sand no longer, it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry; but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water.

2. The eye, however, has noticed no change. The immense strand is smooth and tranquil (all the sand has the same appearance): nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from the surface which is no longer so. The joyous little cloud of sand-fleas continues to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines towards the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious (anxious about what?), only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes.

3. Suddenly he sinks in; he sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road. He stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his

feet. His feet have disappeared: the sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand, he will retrace his steps: he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles. He pulls himself out, and throws himself to the left—the sand is half-leg deep: he throws himself to the right—the sand comes up to his shins.

4. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one: he lightens himself like a ship in distress. It is already too late: the sand is above his knees.

5. He calls: he waves his hat or his handkerchief—the sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the sand-bank is of too ill repute, if there is no hero in sight, it is all over: his fate is sealed.

6. He is condemned to that appalling interment, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end; which seizes you erect, free, and in full health; which draws you by the feet; which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper: which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubling of its grasp; which sinks the man slowly into the earth, while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green



fields, the smoke of the villages in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine, the sky.

7. The grave becomes a tide, and rises from the depths of the earth towards a living man. Each minute is an inexorable enshrouddress. The victim

attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep: every movement he makes inters him. He straightens up—he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despairs.

8. Behold him waist deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast—he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails (would hold by that straw), leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly. The sand rises, the sand reaches his shoulders, the sand reaches his neck: the face alone is visible now.

9. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Then the forehead decreases; a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand protrudes, comes through the surface of the beach, moves and shakes and disappears. Sinister effacement of a man!



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **difficulty** (*facere*); **decide** (*cædere*); **resistance** (*sistere*); **visible** (*videre*); **victim** (*vincere*).

Write the analysis of: **perfectly**; **appearance**; **tumultuously**; **unspeakable**; **interment**; **resistance**; **effacement**.

What noun does Victor Hugo invent from the verb “enshroud”?

II. Select an elliptical imperative sentence. Write the principal parts of: *cry*; *stick*; *notice*; *feel*; *disappear*; *lighten*; *appall*.

III. To what class of composition does this piece belong? (The style is very characteristic of Victor Hugo.) “He is now only a bust” (8): note this powerful metaphor. Select other vivid expressions.

67.—My Oratorical Experience.

ā'lien, *foreign, adverse.*
 drift, *tendency, direction.*
 ef-fū'sion, *outpouring.*
 eū-lo-ġist'ie, *laudatory.*

gǎ'r-ru-loūs, *talkative.*
 ĩm'mi-nent, *threatening.*
 prē-ter-nāt'ū-ral, *unnatural.*
 rēnd, *tear.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This amusing account of his first experience as a public speaker refers to a banquet at the Lord Mayor's, in London, at which Hawthorne was present as the principal American guest.

(5) **distinguished representative:** Hawthorne was United States Consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. — (7) **Hear!** This is an exclamation by which, in English audiences, it is common to direct special attention to what has just been said by a speaker.

1. While I was occupied in criticising my fellow-guests, the mayor had got up to propose another toast; and, listening to the first sentence or two, I became sensible of a drift in his remarks that made me glance apprehensively toward Sergeant Wilkins. "Yes," grumbled that gruff personage, "it is your turn next;" and seeing in my face, I suppose, the consternation of a wholly unpracticed orator, he added, "It is nothing. A mere acknowledgment will answer the purpose. The less you say, the better they will like it."

2. That being the case, I suggested that perhaps they would like it best if I said nothing at all. But the Sergeant shook his head. Now, on first receiving the mayor's invitation to dinner, it had occurred to me

that I might possibly be brought into my present predicament; but I had dismissed the idea from my mind as too disagreeable to be entertained, and, moreover, as so alien from my disposition and character that fate surely could not keep such a misfortune in store for me. If nothing else prevented, an earthquake or the crack of doom would certainly interfere before I need rise to speak. Yet here was the mayor getting on inexorably.

3. If the gentle reader, my kindest friend and closest confidant, deigns to desire it, I can impart to him my own experience as a public speaker quite as indifferently as if it concerned another person. Indeed, it does concern another, or a mere spectral phenomenon; for it was not I, in my proper and natural self, that sat there at table, or subsequently rose to speak.

4. At the moment, then, if the choice had been offered me whether the mayor should let off a speech at my head, or a pistol, I should unhesitatingly have taken the latter alternative. I had really nothing to say, not an idea in my head, nor — what was a good deal worse — any flowing words or embroidered sentences in which to dress out that empty nothing and give it a cunning aspect of intelligence, such as might last the poor vacuity the little time it had to live.

5. But time pressed; the mayor brought his remarks, affectionately eulogistic of the United States and complimentary to their distinguished representative at that table, to a close amid a vast deal of cheering; and the band struck up "Hail Columbia," I believe, though it

might have been "Old Hundred" or "God save the Queen" over again, for any thing that I should have known or cared.

6. When the music ceased, there was an intensely disagreeable instant, during which I seemed to rend away and fling off the habit of a life-time, and rose, still void of ideas, but with preternatural composure, to make a speech.

7. The guests rattled on the table, and cried, "Hear!" most vociferously, as if now, at length, in this foolish and idly garrulous world, had come the long-expected moment when one golden word was to be spoken; and in that imminent crisis I caught a glimpse of a little bit of an effusion of international sentiment which it might and must and should do to utter.

8. Well, it was nothing, as the Sergeant had said. What surprised me most was the sound of my own voice, which I had never before heard at a declamatory pitch, and which impressed me as belonging to some other person, who, and not myself, would be responsible for the speech,—a prodigious consolation and encouragement under the circumstances.

9. I went on without embarrassment, and sat down amid great applause, wholly undeserved by any thing that I had spoken, but well won from Englishmen, methought, by the new development of pluck that alone had enabled me to speak at all. "It was handsomely done," quoth Sergeant Wilkins; and I felt like a recruit who had been for the first time under fire.

68.—A Discourse of Flowers.

eom-mūne', *hold converse.*ef-fēm'i-nate, *womanish.*ex-hāleſ', *breathes anew.*hār'bin-ġer, *fore-runner.*in-eār'ġer-āt-ed, *imprisoned.*rude, *unpolished.*sēp'ul-tūre, *burial.*va-gā'rġes, *wanderings.*

PREPARATORY NOTES.

This beautiful "Discourse of Flowers" is an extract from one of a series of essays called "Star Papers," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887), a native of Connecticut, who is known as one of the most eloquent pulpit-orators that ever lived. In addition to his church-work, Mr. Beecher has been largely engaged in lecturing and editing, in which paths he has shown himself one of the most advanced leaders of modern progress. All his utterances reveal subtlety of thought and great felicity of style.

(14) **Turner**: a celebrated English landscape painter. — (14) **Thorwaldsen**: a famous Danish sculptor.

1. Happy is the man that loves flowers, — loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them. But such men need no blessing of mine: they are blessed of God.

2. He who does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like any other man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. But men who contemptuously reject flowers as effeminate, and unworthy of manhood, reveal a certain coarseness.

3. Many persons lose all enjoyment of certain flowers by indulging false associations. There be some who think that no *weed* can be of interest as a flower. But all flowers are weeds where they grow wildly and abundantly; and somewhere our rarest flowers are somebody's commonest.

4. Generally, also, there is a disposition to undervalue common flowers. There are few that will trouble themselves to examine minutely a blossom that they have seen and neglected from their childhood; and yet, if they would but question such flowers, and commune with them, they would often be surprised to find extreme beauty where it had long been overlooked. A very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitudes who could have no flowers were Nature to charge a price for her blossoms. Is a cloud less beautiful, or a sea or a mountain, because often seen, or seen by millions?

5. The first thing that defies the frost in spring is the chickweed. It will open its floral eye, and look the thermometer in the face at thirty-two degrees. It leads out the snowdrop and the crocus. Its blossom is diminutive: and no wonder; for it begins so early in the season, that it has little time to make much of itself. But, as a harbinger and herald, let it not be forgotten.

6. You can not forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called dandelions. There are many greenhouse-blossoms less pleasing to us than these; and we have reached through

many a fence since we were incarcerated, like them, in a city, to pluck one of these yellow flower-drops. Their passing-away is more spiritual than their bloom. Nothing can be more airy and beautiful than the transparent seed-globe. — a fairy dome of splendid architecture.

7. As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks who used to love them. The morning-glory, or, to call it by its city name, the convolvulus, needs no praising: the vine, the leaf, the exquisite vase-formed flower, the delicate and various colors, will secure it from neglect while taste remains.

8. We do not need to speak for that universal favorite, the rose. As a flower is the finest stroke of creation, so the rose is the happiest hit among flowers. Yet, in the feast of ever-blooming roses and of double roses, we are in danger of being perverted from a love of simplicity as manifested in the wild, single rose. When a man can look upon the simple wild-rose, and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.

9. But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit-trees. What a great heart an apple-tree must have! What generous work it makes of blossoming! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossom there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet: it gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom.

10. How one exhales, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when, emerging from the hard and hateful city-streets, he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom,—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple, waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill-sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot. This is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing? or is all this humming sound the music of bees? The frivolous flies, that never seem to be thinking of any thing, are rather sober and solemn here. Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds.

11. We love to fancy that a flower is the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial: it is the sentient, vegetable soul. We ascribe dispositions to it; we treat it as we would an innocent child. A stem or root has no suggestion of life; a leaf advances toward it: but flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock. We find ourselves speaking of them as laughing, as gay and coquettish, as nodding and dancing. No man of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as he would of a fungus, a pebble, or a sponge. Indeed, they are more life-like than many animals.

12. It is with flowers as with friends,—many may be loved, but few much loved. Wild honeysuckles in

the wood, laurel-bushes in the very regality of bloom, are very beautiful to you; but they are color and form only. They seem strangers to you. They bring back nothing from time. They point to nothing in the future. But the wild-brier starts a genial feeling: it is the country cousin of the rose, and that has always been your pet. You have nursed it and defended it; you have had it for companionship as you wrote; it has stood by your pillow while sick; it has brought remembrance to you, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others. And so a wild rose, a prairie-rose, or a sweet-brier that at evening fills the air with odor (a floral nightingale, whose song is perfume), greets you as a dear and intimate friend. You almost wish to get out as you travel, and inquire after their health, and ask if they wish to send any messages by you to their town friends.

13. This flower is like some friend; another reminds you of mignonette, and mignonette always makes you think of such a garden and mansion where it enacted some memorable part; and *that* flower conveys some strange and unexpected resemblance to certain events of society; this one is a bold soldier; that one is a sweet lady dear; the white-flowering bloodroot, trooping up by the side of a decaying log, recalls to your fancy a band of white-bannered knights: and so your pleased attention strays through a thousand vagaries of fancy, memory, or hope.

14. It is a matter of gratitude that this finest gift of

Providence is the most profusely given. Flowers can not be monopolized. The poor can have them as much as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them as it would to admire a picture of Turner's or a statue of Thorwaldsen's.

15. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that all men recognize a brief brotherhood in them. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest. A hundred persons turned together into a meadow full of flowers would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood.

16. It is affecting to see how serviceable flowers often are to the necessities of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it can not but touch your heart to think that their grateful affection longed to express itself as much as yours. I never take one from a child or from the poor, that I do not thank God in their behalf for flowers.

17. And then, when Death enters a poor man's house! It may be it is an only son, and his mother a widow, who, in all his sickness, felt the limitation of her poverty for her darling's sake as she never had for her own; and did what she could, but not what she would had there been wealth. The coffin is pine. The room is small. The attendant neighbors are few. The shroud is coarse.

18. O, the darling child was fit for whatever was

most excellent: and the heart aches to do for him whatever could be done that should speak love. It takes money for fine linen, money for costly sepulture; but flowers, thank God, the poorest may have: so put white buds in the hair, and honey-dew and mignonette and half-blown roses on the breast. If it be spring, a few white violets will do (and there is not a month till November that will not give you something): but if it is winter, and you have no single pot of roses, then I fear your darling must be buried without a flower; for flowers cost money in the winter.

19. And then, if you can not give a stone to mark his burial-place, a rose may stand there; and from it you may every spring pluck a bud for your bosom, as the child was broken off from you.



LANGUAGE STUDY.

I. Write the analysis of: **reject** (*jacere*); **secure** (*cura*); **pervert** (*vertere*); **profusion** (*fundere*); **defend** (*seuere*); **enact** (*agere*); **express** (*premere*).

Write the analysis of: **association**; **imperfect**; **blindness**; **unworthy**; **manhood**; **enjoyment**; **minutely**; **prodigality**.

II. In paragraph 4 are three simple sentences, one complex sentence, and one compound sentence: select those of each type.

III. The piece is a mingling of the descriptive and the reflective styles. Select what you think the best touches of description. Select the thought that comes home to you most. Which is the most pathetic passage? Note the happy mingling of long and short sentences, and of periods and "loose" sentences. Point out a period; a "loose" sentence. Show inversions illustrating the indirect or rhetorical order of words.

69.—Glimpses of Science.

ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

ae-count'ed, <i>considered.</i>	çĩr'cuit (sĩr'kit), <i>continuous elec-</i>
al-tẽr'nate-ly, <i>by turns.</i>	<i>trical communication.</i>
a-nãt'o-my, <i>an account of the</i>	eõm'mons, <i>public fields.</i>
<i>structure of the human body, ob-</i>	dis-sẽet'ing, <i>cutting apart.</i>
<i>tained by dissection.</i>	põles, <i>extremities.</i>

PREPARATORY NOTES.

(2) **Gilbert** (1540-1603), an English physician and natural philosopher. — (4) **Guericke** (gã'rik-eh), a German natural philosopher, and the inventor of the air-pump (1602-1686). — (4) **Hawksbee** (—— -1730), an English scientist. — (6) **Du Fay** (1698-1739), a French scientist. — (14) **Galvani** (gãl-vã'nei), an Italian philosopher (1737-1798). — (16) **Volta** (1745-1827), an Italian scientist. — (21) **Wheatstone and Cooke**, two English physicists of the present century. — (21) **Steinheil**, a Bavarian scientist. — (21) **Morse** (1791-1872), a celebrated American electrician.

I.

1. So long ago as the time of the Greeks it was already known that amber, when rubbed, will attract or draw towards it bits of straw and other light bodies; and it is from the Greek word *electron*, — amber, — that our word “electricity” is taken.

2. Until the sixteenth century, however, no one had made any careful experiments upon this curious fact; and it was Dr. Gilbert, an English physician, who first discovered that other bodies besides amber will, when rubbed, attract straws, thin shavings of metals, and other substances; and he also proved that the attrac-

tion was stronger when the air is dry and cold than when it is warm and moist.

3. You can easily try this for yourself by rubbing the end of a stick of common sealing-wax on a piece of dry flannel, and then holding the rubbed end near to some small pieces of light paper or feathers. You will find that these substances will spring towards the sealing-wax, and cling to it a short time.

4. After Gilbert's time very little notice was taken of these facts, till Guericke invented the first rude electrical machine in 1672. He made a globe of sulphur which turned in a wooden frame, and by pressing a cloth against it with his hand as it went round he caused the sulphur to become charged with electricity. His apparatus was very rough, but it led to better ones being made; and, some years later, a man named Hawksbee substituted a glass globe for the sulphur and a piece of silk for the cloth, and in this way electrical machines were made much like those we now use.

5. Guericke also discovered that an electrical body attracts one that is not electrified, but repels it again as soon as it has filled it with electricity like its own. He was also the first to notice the spark of fire and crackling sound which are produced by electricity when it passes between two bodies which do not touch each other.

6. Soon after this, a Frenchman named Du Fay showed that substances filled with *different* kinds of electricity *attract* each other. Both these men thought

that electricity was a fluid which was created by the rubbing, and which was not in bodies at other times.

7. But about the middle of the last century Benjamin Franklin began to pay attention to these experiments in electricity, and to make experiments himself. He soon saw clearly that *all* bodies have more or less electricity in them, which the rubbing only brings out. Franklin began to consider how many of the effects of lightning were the same as those of electricity.

8. Lightning travels in a zigzag line, said he, and so does an electric spark; electricity sets things on fire, so does lightning; electricity melts metals, so does lightning. Animals can be killed by both, and both cause blindness. Electricity always finds its way along the best conductor, or the substance which carries it most easily, so does lightning; pointed bodies attract the electric spark, and in the same way lightning strikes spires and trees and mountain-tops. "Is it not probable," thought he, "that lightning is nothing more than electricity passing from one cloud to another, just as an electric spark passes from one substance to another?"

9. Franklin's idea was, that, if he could send an iron rod up into the clouds to meet the lightning, it would become charged with the electricity which he believed was there, and would send it down a thread attached to it, so that he might be able to feel it. He took, therefore, two light strips of cedar fastened crosswise, upon which he stretched a silk handkerchief tied by the corners to the ends of the cross; and to the top of this

kite he fixed a sharp-pointed iron wire more than a foot long. He then put a tail and a string to his kite; and at the end of the string near his hand he tied some silk (which is a bad conductor), to prevent the electricity from escaping into his body. Between the string and the silk he tied an iron key (the metals being the very best conductors), in which the electricity might be collected.

10. When his kite was ready he waited eagerly for a heavy thunderstorm: and, as soon as it came, he went out with his son to the commons near Philadelphia, and let his kite fly. It mounted up among the dark clouds: but at first no electricity came down, for the string was too dry to conduct it. But by and by the heavy rain fell, the kite and string both became thoroughly wet, and the fibers of the string stood out as threads do when electricity passes along them.

11. As soon as Franklin saw this, he knew that his experiment had succeeded: he put his finger to the key, and drew out a strong bright spark,—the most welcome rap upon the knuckles that any man ever received. Franklin soon put his discovery to practical use. Whenever you see a lightning-rod guarding a building from destruction, remember that we owe that invention to him and to his kite-flying.

12. Franklin proposed to fix on the highest points of edifices upright rods of iron made as sharp as a needle, and gilded to prevent rusting, and extending down the outside of the building into the ground, or

down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down the side till it reaches the water.

13. It has since been found that rods of copper form the best conductors. These are now set into the masts of ships, passing down which they pierce the keel, and are fastened underneath by copper bolts in contact with the water.

II.

14. Only a few months before Franklin died, a new fact was discovered about electricity by Galvani, professor of anatomy at Bologna. One day as Madame Galvani was skinning frogs for a soup, one of Galvani's assistants was working an electrical machine near her. Just as the flow of electricity was going on rapidly, this young man happened to touch a nerve of the leg of one of the frogs with a dissecting-knife; and to his great surprise the leg began to move and struggle as if it were alive.

15. Madame Galvani was so much struck by this that she told her husband of it; and he repeated the experiment many times, and found that whenever the flow of electricity from the machine was brought near the nerve of the frog's leg it produced convulsions. This discovery of Galvani soon became spoken of far and wide, under the name of *galvanism*.

16. Among the celebrated men who were attracted by it was Volta, professor of natural philosophy at Pavia. Not satisfied with merely reading about Galvani's experiments, he tried them himself; and he began to

suspect that the electricity was produced by the metal, acted on by the moisture of the flesh. As a result of his experiments Volta discovered that two different metals when joined together in contact with moisture, and separated from other substances, produce a current of electricity.

17. This may easily be tried in its very simplest form. If you take a piece of copper and a piece of zinc, placing one above your tongue and the other below it, you will feel nothing remarkable so long as the metals are kept separate; but as soon as you let them touch each other at the ends, a tingling sensation will pass through your tongue, proving to you that an electrical current is passing between the metals. If you put the zinc under your upper lip, so that the copper may remain outside, you may, perhaps, even see a slight flash when the two metals meet.

18. Volta found that some acid put in the water between the two metals greatly increased the strength of the electricity. We know now, what Volta did not know, that a change is going on between the zinc and the acid water; but we do not yet know what electricity itself is. Such was Volta's discovery, and we owe to it all the powerful *voltaiic* batteries with which our most valuable experiments are now made.

19. Franklin had proved the real action of electricity, had shown it to be the same as lightning, and had brought it down from the sky. Galvani had proved its existence in animals, and led the way to Volta's

discoveries; and Volta had produced it in such enormous quantities by means of two metals and acid water, that he could keep up a constant flow of electricity, *which would travel any distance so long as the circuit was not broken.*

20. Here, you will see, was the first step towards the electric telegraph. Ever since Volta showed that an electric current can be sent for any distance along a wire the two ends of which are joined to the poles of a battery, scientific men had thought it might be possible to use this current for making signals at a distance. But there was always the difficulty of how to make the signs at the other end.

21. An electric telegraph was patented by Professor Wheatstone and Mr. Cooke in 1837; and during the same year Dr. Steinheil, of Munich, and Professor Morse, an American, both invented telegraphs.

22. Telegraph stations are connected by an electrified wire, the ends of which enter the ground, the earth (which is a good conductor) completing the circuit. When one operator wants to send a message to another, he alternately depresses and raises a button at his end of the wire. This action alternately breaks and completes the electric circuit, and this breaking and completing of the circuit is instantly perceptible at the other end of the wire. The different letters of the alphabet are indicated by the number and length of these interruptions of the circuit.

23. Some machines record the dots and lines of the

telegraphic alphabet on paper tapes, and some even print the message in letters; but a skillful operator becomes so accustomed to the various sounds, that the clicking of the instrument is readily understood by him through the sense of hearing alone.

24. The telegraph is now used for many other purposes besides the sending of messages. By its means alarm-bells and time-bells are rung, and clock-hands at points remote from each other are moved in unison.

25. Little as we yet know of what electricity *is*, we are learning every year how to make it more and more useful to us. Successful experiments have been made in moving boats and cars by this great power; all our most beautiful metal-plating (*electro*-plating, as it is called) is done by it, and whole cities are brilliantly lighted by it at night.

26. But perhaps the most interesting of recent electrical discoveries is the telephone. Just as the word *telegraph* is made up of two words which mean "writing at a distance," so *telephone* means "hearing at a distance;" and this is just what the telephone helps us to do,—to hear what a person miles away is saying. It was found that by placing at each end of an electrified wire a speaking-trumpet and an ear-trumpet, as we may call them, words uttered at one end could be understood at the other.

27. This invention, although very recent, has come into great use. Hardly a city of any size but has its system of telephones with all their network of centering

wires, bringing together without the delays of time and travel, office and factory, lawyer and client, physician and patient, buyer and seller. Surely a discovery that will do all these things must be accounted one of the chief wonders of this wonderful age.



HEADS FOR COMPOSITION.

I.

I. EARLY EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRICITY: origin of the word "electricity" — what Dr. Gilbert discovered — description of Guericke's first rude electrical machine (1672).

II. FURTHER PROGRESS: Guericke's two important discoveries — attraction and repulsion — the electric spark and crackling sound — Hawksbee's two improvements (glass globe and silk).

III. FRANKLIN'S OBSERVATIONS: he sees that all bodies contain electricity — how brought out — compares effects of lightning and electricity — examples of how both agree.

IV. FRANKLIN'S KITE: his idea of sending an iron rod up into the clouds — how he made his kite — the "welcome rap on his knuckles" — description of the lightning-rod.

II.

I. GALVANI'S DISCOVERY: the frogs and the electrical machine — what struck Madame Galvani — *galvanism*.

II. VOLTA'S DISCOVERY: his repetition of Galvani's experiments — what he began to suspect — result of his experiments.

III. THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH: the first step towards it — Professor Wheatstone's telegraph — names of other men who invented telegraphs — description of the working of the telegraph — meaning of the word "telegraph" — meaning of the word "telephone" — what does the telephone enable us to do?





1.—PROSE SELECTIONS.



70.—Shakespeare on Good Elocution.

This selection is Hamlet's address to the players in the tragedy of "Hamlet" (Act III. Scene 2), the most sublime and profound of all the plays of Shakespeare (1564-1616). It is a perfect epitome of the art of elocutionary delivery, and should be committed to memory by every pupil who wishes to learn to read well.

PEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier¹ spoke my lines.

Nor do not² saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind³ of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance,⁴ that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a

¹ town-crier: in Old England the person whose business it was to make public announcements of every kind, and whose delivery was likely to be in a bawling and monotonous tone.

² nor do not: observe the double

negative so frequent in Shakespeare and other older English writers. Point out other examples in this piece.

³ torrent . . . whirlwind: what figure of speech is this? (See Def. 6.)

⁴ temperance, moderation.

robustious¹ periwig-pated² fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,³ who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.⁴ I pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action:⁵ with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is *from*⁶ the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his⁷ form and pressure.⁸

Now this overdone, or come tardy off,⁹ though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious

¹ robustious, fat and blustering.

² periwig-pated; i.e., his pate or head covered with a periwig or wig. Periwigs (from French *perruque*), in Shakespeare's time, were worn by actors only, and not, as later, by others. In relation to this and other allusions to the stage, it is interesting to bear in mind that Shakespeare was himself an actor, and the manager of the Globe Theater in London.

³ groundlings: those who stood on the *ground* in the pit, or lower part of the theater, and whose

judgment in regard to acting was notably very bad.

⁴ Termagant... Herod: Termagant (corruption of Terragant, a Saracen deity) and Herod were characters in the old "miracle-plays," remarkable for their boisterous demeanor.

⁵ word . . . word. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 5.)

⁶ from, contrary to.

⁷ his = its; the latter form being scarcely introduced into our language in Shakespeare's time.

⁸ pressure, impress, character.

⁹ come tardy off, too feebly represented.

grieve; the censure¹ of the which one,² must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

71.—Washington's Sword and Franklin's Staff.

This eloquent speech was delivered by John Quincy Adams on the occasion of the presentation of Washington's sword and Franklin's staff to the United States government.

The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin! O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant³ with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunder-bolt and the printing-press!⁴ What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind!

¹ censure, judgment, opinion.

² the which one; i.e., one of whom, namely, the judicious.

³ linked in adamant: not to be severed. "Adamant" is a Greek derivative, meaning *not to be broken*.

⁴ thunderbolt . . . printing-

press. "Thunderbolt" (i.e., lightning), in allusion to Franklin's invention of the lightning-rod. "Printing-press," in allusion to Franklin's improvement of the old printing-press, in the form of what is still known as the *Franklin press*.

Washington and *Franklin*! What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after-time?

WASHINGTON! the warrior and the legislator. In war, contending by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, — ever manifesting amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.

FRANKLIN! the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression: while descending the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, "the battle and the breeze," bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence¹ which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace.

¹ traversing . . . Independence. of that government in favor of the Americans. He carried with him In the fall of 1776, Franklin was sent as a diplomatic agent to the Declaration (Charter) of Independence. France, in order to secure the voice

the mercurial wand¹ of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety² to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth,³ after contributing by his counsels to that Constitution under the authority of which we, as the representatives of the North American people, are assembled to receive, in the name of them and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age.

May they be deposited among the archives⁴ of our Government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

J. Q. ADAMS.

¹ **mercurial wand** = wand of Mercury, the Roman divinity of commerce. He is represented as carrying a staff or wand (*caduceus*).

² **amulet . . . safety**. This whole passage means that Franklin tendered to France the friendship

and close alliance of the United States.

³ **adopted commonwealth**; i.e., Pennsylvania, where Franklin went as a boy from his native Boston.

⁴ **archives** (är'kīvz), a repository of records and memorials.

72.—Patriotism.

Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the custom-house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land,—of mountains, rivers, and woods,—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret¹ sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried² gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale,³ disdaining

¹ secret, real, inner.

² Arnold von Winkelried. See Lesson 35, Third Reader, and Lesson 80, Lesson 92, Fourth Reader.

³ Nathan Hale. See Lesson

| Fourth Reader.

no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown,¹ and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall,—recruited only from the flower of mankind,² cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

G. W. CURTIS.

73.—The Veterans of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

This burst of eloquence is from Daniel Webster's celebrated oration, delivered on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker's-hill Monument (June 17, 1825), on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, among whom were Lafayette and the survivors of the battle.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you may behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour,

¹ **crown.** In the year 1782, certain officers of the Continental army wrote to Washington, urging him to assume the place and title of king. Washington replied, "You could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

² **the flower of mankind;** i.e., the best and most heroic of men.

with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet: but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown.¹ The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

The heights of yonder metropolis,² its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the

¹ See Lesson 77, Fourth Reader. | ² metropolis; i.e., Boston.

name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge!¹ our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him!² the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature³ victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the

¹ Prescott . . . Bridge. These were all distinguished officers in the battle of Bunker's Hill. This whole passage is an example of the figure of speech called *vision*. Point out a later passage in which the same figure of speech is used.

² Him, etc. Notice the fine effect produced by the rhetorical or inverted order of words in this passage. By "Him" is meant Warren. (See Lesson 77, Fourth Reader.)

³ premature, untimely.

star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize¹ a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea: but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

WEBSTER.

74.—A Picture of Dawn.

This vivid and eloquent extract is from Edward Everett's magnificent oration on the "Uses of Astronomy," delivered on the occasion of the opening of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N.Y., in 1858.

The great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence² of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system,—the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power.

How grand the conception of the ages on ages required

¹ blood . . . fertilize. What is | ² precedence (pre-sē'dens), pri-
the figure of speech? (See Def. 3.) | ority in place.

for several of the secular equations¹ of the solar system; of distances from which the light of a fixed star would not reach us in twenty millions of years; of magnitudes compared with which the earth is but a foot-ball; of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore; of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces with a velocity compared with which the cannon-ball is a wayworn, heavy-paced traveler.²

Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist.³ The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day;⁴ the Pleiades,⁵ just above the hori-

¹ secular equations, the periods of revolution of the heavenly bodies.

² wayworn . . . traveler. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 3.)

³ whist, hushed.

⁴ herald of the day; i.e., the morning star.

⁵ Pleiades . . . Pointers. The "Pleiades" (plē'ya-dēz) are a group of seven small stars; "Ly'ra" and "An-drom'e-da" are two constellations in the northern heavens; the "Pointers" are the two stars in the Dipper (constellation "Great Bear"), by means of which the Pole-star is readily found.

zon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest;¹ the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day,² arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient

¹ like . . . rest. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 2.)

² lord of day. What is meant by this expression?

Magians,¹ who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

EDWARD EVERETT.

75.—Story of John Maynard.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below; and the captain called out, —

"Simpson, go below, and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, —

¹ Magians, or Magi, followers | worshipers of the sun and of
of the religion of Zoroaster, — | fire.

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger *here*! See the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet,—

"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out,—

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp: one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion,¹ and his teeth

¹ **stanchion** (stăń'shun), an upright beam supporting the deck.

set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached¹ the ship: every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

J. B. GOUGH.

76. — Address of Sergeant² Buzfuz.

This humorous sketch, by Charles Dickens, is from the report of the trial of Bardell *versus* Pickwick, in the novel called "Pickwick Papers." In it the author satirizes the manner in which a pompous lawyer tries to make a great deal out of nothing.

You have heard from my learned friend that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500.

The plaintiff³ is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman,⁴ Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Gos-

¹ beached; i.e., ran the steamer on the beach, or shore.

² Sergeant (sär'jent), in England, means a lawyer of the highest rank.

³ plaintiff, the person who sues to obtain remedy, — opposed to *defendant*.

⁴ exciseman, an officer in the British revenue service.

well Street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard,¹ bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished for single gentlemen. Inquire within."

I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document, — "Apartments furnished for single gentlemen!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear; she had no distrust; she had no suspicion: all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections: to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen²), the lovely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train³ was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and the miner was at work. Before the bill had

¹ placard (*pron.*, pla-kärd').

² among . . . gentlemen. A parenthesis, and hence to be read in a lower key and at a faster rate

than the general text. Note other examples.

³ train, a metaphor founded on terms used in military engineering.

been in the parlor-window three days, — three days, gentlemen, — a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was *Pickwick*, — *Pickwick* the defendant.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, — letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak¹ the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert,² sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched³ in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery,⁴ — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye; letters that were evidently intended at the time, by *Pickwick*, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "*Garraway's*,⁵ twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, *Pickwick*." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, *Pickwick*! Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date what-

¹ **bespeak**, indicate.

² **covert** (literally, "covered"), secret, disguised.

³ **couched**, expressed, phrased.

⁴ **imagery** (im'age-ry, *not* im'ag-er-y), figures of speech.

⁵ **Garraway's**, a noted club in London.

ever, which is in itself suspicious. "Dear Mrs. B. — I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan."

The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about the warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire,—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen:¹ it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible² single gentlemen pass and re-pass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house: even

¹ But enough, etc. To be read
in a mock-heroic tone.

² Eligible, worthy to be chosen,
desirable.

the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps.

But Pickwick,¹ gentlemen,—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street; Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward; Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pan,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing² jury of her civilized countrymen.

DICKENS.

77.—The Crossing of the Rubicon.

This piece is the speech of one of the speakers in an imaginary debate on the character of Cæsar by James Sheridan Knowles. Hence the form of address, "Mr. President." By "A gentleman" is meant a previous speaker.

A gentleman, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition and of the reluctance with which he had entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did

¹ But Pickwick, etc. The voice should here imitate the simulated indignation of the lawyer.

² enlightened . . . sympathizing. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 6.)

he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! O, but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon.

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon. What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province.¹ From what did it separate that province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous. Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity. Its daughters were pure, lovely, and ingenuous.² Friendship was its inhabitant. Love was its inhabitant. Domestic affection was its inhabitant. Liberty was its inhabitant. All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon!

What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that

¹ province. Julius Cæsar, in eight campaigns (B.C. 58-50), conquered the whole region north of the Pyrenees and west of the Rhine; and of this province, named Gaul (Gallia), he was made governor. The small stream called the Rubicon separated his province from the territories of the Roman republic. Believing that his political enemies were trying to destroy him, he crossed the Rubicon in January, B.C. 49, and, after some years of war, made himself master of Rome.

² ingenuous, artless.

stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused; no wonder, if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some Gorgon¹ horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged,—he crossed,—and Rome was free no more.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

78.—Supposed Speech of John Adams.

In the three days' debate (July 2-4, 1776) in the Continental Congress, on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the most ardent and eloquent champion of the measure was John Adams of Massachusetts. There is no report of his speeches; but from traditional hints as to their tenor and language, Daniel Webster composed the following masterly speech, which represents the sentiments, if not the language, of Adams. (See Lesson 68, Fourth Reader.)

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."²

The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted,

¹ **Gorgon.** In Greek mythology the Gorgon Medusa was represented as a frightful female creature, whose head, on which were serpents instead of hair, was so terrible to look upon, that the beholder was turned into stone.

² "There's . . . ends" is a quotation from Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet."

till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration?

Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir,¹ who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague,² near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but *outlaws*?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We *NEVER shall submit!*

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this

¹ you, sir; i.e., John Hancock of Massachusetts, who was President of the second Continental Congress.

² venerable colleague; i.e., Benjamin Franklin, who, next to Adams, did most for the adoption of the Declaration.

place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates¹ our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune: the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us.

But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people

¹ predestinates, makes sure in advance.

of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there. Let *them* see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see — I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a *FREE country*.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have,¹ and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die,² survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment: independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

79. — Pitt in Reply to Horace Walpole.

This speech by William Pitt (known as "the younger Pitt," and son of the Earl of Chatham), born in 1759, died 1806, was drawn out by the fact that Horace Walpole, angered by a previous speech of Pitt in Parliament, twitted him with being a young man. Pitt held the great

¹ All that I have, etc. Note the climax. (See Def. 6.)

² live or die. Note the antithesis. (See Def. 5.)

office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-three, and was one of the most ardent friends of the American colonists. This whole speech abounds in cutting sarcasm and irony, and should be delivered so as to express these mental states.

Sir, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray head should secure him from insults. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may perhaps have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien,¹ however matured by age, or modeled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege,—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat which offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

¹ mien, manner, demeanor.

80.—The Fruits of Liberty.

This brilliant exposition of "The Fruits of Liberty" is an extract from Macaulay's celebrated essay on Milton,—the essay which first revealed Macaulay's dazzling style.

Ariosto¹ tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were for ever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he can not bear the light of day: he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize

¹ **Ariosto** (1474-1533), one of the greatest of Italian poets. His principal work is a long poem called "Orlando Furioso," in which the story referred to by Macaulay occurs.

faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever.

81.—The Spirit of Liberty in the American Colonies.

The following is an extract from one of the most celebrated speeches ("On Conciliation with America") of Edmund Burke (1730-1797), the most eloquent of British orators. This speech was delivered in the House of Commons, in 1775, at the time when Lord North was urging his insidious measures for the division of the American colonies.

These, sir, are my reasons¹ for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen,

¹ **These . . . reasons.** In a previous part of his speech, Burke had shown, from minute consideration of the state and circumstances of America, that force was an inadequate instrument for holding such a people in subjection to the mother country.

for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce: I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and, as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable,¹ whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane,² what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies, probably, than in any other people of the earth: and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.³

The people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation, which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant;⁴ and they took this bias

¹ **untractable** = intractable.

² **chicane**, fraudulent craft.

³ **which . . . largely**. Change from the rhetorical to the direct order of words.

⁴ **this part . . . predominant**. The reference here is to the fact that

the early emigrations to New England took place at a time when the Puritan revolt against the tyranny of the Stuarts was preparing the civil war which resulted in the dethronement and beheading of Charles I.

and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Their governments are popular¹ in a high degree; some are merely popular;² in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part³ towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education.

In no country, perhaps, in the world, is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The great number of the deputies sent to the Congress⁴ were lawyers. This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial⁵ cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance: here they anticipate

¹ **popular**; that is, springing from the people.

² **merely popular**. In some of the colonies, all the officers of government were chosen directly by the people: in others, the governor and some of the magistrates were appointed by the Crown, but were unable to act without the co-operation of the local assemblies.

³ **contributes no mean part**; i.e., contributes a great part. This figure (which, by denying the contrary, has the force of a positive assertion) is called *litotes*.

⁴ **the Congress**; that is, the first Continental Congress, which met in 1774.

⁵ **mercurial**, lively, quick-witted. See *Webster* for etymology.

the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.¹

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, wingéd ministers² of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces³ to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "*So far shalt thou go, and no farther.*"

Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

From all these sources, a fiercer spirit of liberty has

¹ **snuff . . . breeze.** A strong metaphor.

² **wingéd ministers;** i.e., the British ships of war.

³ **bolts . . . pounces:** an allusion to the thunderbolts placed by the Greek artists in the talons of the eagle, the bird of Jove.

grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth, — a spirit, that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

EDMUND BURKE.

82.—Character of Lord Chatham.

This keen analysis of the character of the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham (1708–78), was spoken in Parliament by Henry Grattan, one of the most eloquent orators in the British Parliament during the last century.

The Secretary¹ stood alone: modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity; his august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns² thought royalty so impaired in his presence that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery,³ no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object⁴ was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal⁵ age unanimous.

¹ Secretary; i.e., who was British secretary of state in 1755.

² one of his sovereigns; i.e., George the Third.

³ *chi-cān'er-y*, political trickery and corruption.

⁴ object, i.e., loved object.

⁵ venal, corrupt.

France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished: always seasonable; always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften and allure and vulgarize—were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the treasury trembled at the name of PITT through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous. Familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom, not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully,¹ it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like

¹ Tully; i.e., Cicero, whose full name was Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Murray¹ he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townsend,² for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history.

HENRY GRATTAN.

83.—Ossian's Address to the Sun.³

In 1762 a Scotchman named James Macpherson published a poem called "Fingal" as the translation of an original by a pretended Gaelic bard named Ossian. The work, though an invention, was founded on traditions gathered by Macpherson in the Highlands of Scotland. The book, which is written in a vague and misty style, was a favorite with Napoleon.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O Sun? thy everlasting

¹ **Murray**; i.e., Lord Mansfield, the great English judge.

² **Townsend**; i.e., Charles Townsend, a distinguished member of Parliament in Chatham's time.

³ **Elocution**. This piece gives an

excellent opportunity for practicing the *orotund* voice. (See p. 23.) It should be spoken very slowly, very distinctly, and with all the volume of "pure tone" at the pupil's command.

light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again, the moon herself is lost in the heavens; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth: age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

84.—Soliloquy of a Young Lady.

“Well!” exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, “my education is at last finished. Indeed, it would be strange if, after five years’ hard application, any thing

were left incomplete. Happily, it is all over now, and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

“ Let me see. As to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well,—as well, at least, as any of my friends, and even better; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company. I must still continue to practice a little,—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then, there are my Italian songs, which everybody allows that I sing with taste; and, as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

“ My drawings are universally admired, especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful certainly. Besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments.

“ And then my dancing and waltzing,—in which our master owned he could take me no farther. Just the figure for it, certainly. It would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

“ As to common things,—geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy,—thank my stars, I have got through them all, so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

“ Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! The only wonder is, that one head can contain it all.”

JANE TAYLOR.

85.—Spartacus to the Gladiators.

Spartacus, born in Thrace in the first century B.C., was chief of a band of banditti, and was captured by the Romans. He was sold, and trained as a gladiator, but persuaded seventy or eighty of his associates to escape with him from the training-school of Lentulus of Capua. Taking refuge in the crater of Vesuvius, the gladiators chose Spartacus as their leader. Spartacus proclaimed liberty to all slaves, gathered together an army of a hundred thousand of them, and repeatedly defeated the armies of Rome, but finally died in battle.

It had been a day of triumph at Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles,¹ had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away, the roar of the lion had ceased, the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Vulturnus² with a wavy, tremulous light.

No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater, a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Sparta-

¹ eagles, the symbol of the Roman army.

² Vulturnus (now Volturno), the chief river in Campania, Italy.

cus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:—

“Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

“And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

“One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra;¹ and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile² of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not know then what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my fore-

¹ Marathon and Leuctra, the scenes of two Grecian victories over the invading Persians.

² defile, etc., in allusion to the uneven and memorable battle in the pass of Thermopylæ.

head, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

“That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died,—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

“I told the pretor¹ that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon; while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome’s fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay!

“And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, ‘Let the carrion rot: there are no noble men but Romans.’ And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone

¹ pretor, a Roman magistrate.

than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint,—taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

“Ye stand here now like giants as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis,¹ breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces² upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? ’Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher’s knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylae.

“Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master’s lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!”

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

¹ Adonis, in the Greek mythology, a beautiful youth beloved by Venus.

² sesterces (*pron.*, sēs'ter-çes), a Roman coin worth about four cents of our money.

86.—The Loss of the Arctic.

In the fall of 1854 the steamer *Arctic* was lost through a collision with another vessel (the *Vesta*) in a voyage from Liverpool to New York, and a large number of persons perished. This vivid description of the disaster is from a sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages,—from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains; from the capitals of various nations: all of them saying in their hearts, "We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark. We will slide across the appeased ocean; and, in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land and our heart-loved homes."

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening towards the welcome ship, and narrowing, every day, the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the *Arctic* borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed, the great hull swayed to the current, the national colors streamed abroad as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore; and the *Arctic* glides joyfully forth from



the Mersey,¹ and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all

¹ Mersey (*pron. mēr'zy*).

the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence, nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent,¹ and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur, — “Home is not far away.” And every morning it was still one night nearer home.

Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that for ever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came, noiselessly stealing from the north, that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, two steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned, — within hail, and bearing right towards each other, unseen, unfelt, — till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened *Vesta* dealt her deadly stroke to the *Arctic*. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm.

Prompt upon humanity,² the *Arctic's* commander, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration

¹ **effulgent**, shining, bright.

² **Prompt upon humanity**, i.e.,

prompt to respond to the cry of

need.

and respect), ordered away his boat with first-officer Gourley to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, O that some good angel had called to the brave commander, in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved!"¹

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship; for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. O, had now that stern, brave mate Gourley been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to obey,—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy² of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep. Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

O, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank; and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as placid as before.

¹ **except . . . saved.** (See Acts xxvii. 31.)

² **recreancy**, unfaithfulness, disobedience.

87.—True Eloquence.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass¹ it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it: they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent: then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear concep-

¹ compass, accomplish, attain to,

tion, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing¹ every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, — noble, sublime, godlike action.

WEBSTER.

88.—Mrs. Caudle's Views on Masonry.

Mrs. Margaret Caudle was the feigned author of a series of "Curtain Lectures," addressed to her husband through a period of many years. These humorous sketches were originally contributed to the London "Punch" by Douglas Jerrold.

Note that the author does not record the replies of Mr. Caudle, the character of these replies being clearly indicated by Mrs. Caudle's own remarks. The piece should be so read as to plainly express this fact.

Now, Mr. Caudle, — Mr. Caudle, I say, — O, you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this: There's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle, — I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no. There's an end of the married state, I think, — an end of all confidence between man and wife, — if a husband's to have secrets, and keep 'em all to himself.

Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm

¹ informing, giving shape to, animating.

sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul. Tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still, — not that I care much about it, — still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? O, don't tell me *there's nothing in it*: I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle: I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you any thing. You know I would. Well?

And *you're not going to let me know* the secret, eh? You mean to say you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion. Not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't give a button to know it; for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about: it's the slight,¹ Mr. Caudle, — it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know.

Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a Mason, — when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a Mason, — when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute! — yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a Mason: not at all, Caudle. I dare say it's

¹ slight, intentional disregard.

a very good thing: I dare say it is. It's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,—you'll tell your own Margaret? *You won't?* You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

89.—Speech against the American War.

This speech was delivered in Parliament by Lord Chatham in November, 1777.

I can not, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them?—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do her reverence.¹

¹ But . . . reverence. A paraphrase of Mark Antony's words used in the funeral oration over the body of Julius Cæsar, as given in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name:—

“But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world:
now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him
reverence.”

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted¹ against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy;² and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility.

You can not, my lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns³ we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot;⁴ your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent, — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine⁵ and plunder, devoting⁶ them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

¹ abetted, aided and encouraged.

² inveterate enemy; i.e., France.

³ three campaigns, the campaigns in Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey, during 1775, 1776, and 1777.

⁴ extend . . . despot. An allusion to the employment by the

British government of hireling soldiery — Hessians, Hanoverians, and others — to fight their battles in foreign lands, as they did in the Revolutionary War.

⁵ rapine (*pron.* rāp'in), pillage.

⁶ devoting, dooming, condemning, giving over.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, — *never*, NEVER, NEVER!

LORD CHATHAM.

90.—An Appeal to Arms.—Part I.

This stirring "Appeal" was addressed to the Convention held at Richmond, Va., in March, 1775, by Patrick Henry, one of the foremost orators of our Revolutionary period, in support of resolutions "that the militia be organized, and the colony (Virginia) be put in a state of defence," to resist British aggression. On the conclusion of Henry's address, the resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice.

Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren¹ till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to just-

¹ siren, a deceiver.

ify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition¹ has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.² Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports³ with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the

¹ petition. In October, 1774, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia agreed to a humble petition to the king for redress of grievances. This petition was presented to the king in January, 1775, by Franklin and two others, agents of the Colo-

nies in England. By the king it was referred to parliament; which refused to discuss it, and rejected it by a large majority.

² betrayed with a kiss, in allusion to Judas betraying his Master.

³ comports, agrees.

last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate¹ these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

¹ *inviolable*, uninjured, unimpaired.

91.—An Appeal to Arms.—Part II.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election.¹ If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking² may be heard on

¹ election, choice, other resort.

² Their clanking, etc., in allusion to the accumulation of British troops in Boston, and of British

war-vessels in her harbor, at this time (March, 1775). The battle of Lexington came in the next month of the same year.

the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

92.—Christian Citizenship.

Ephesus¹ was upside down. The manufacturers of silver boxes for holding heathen images had collected their laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places, assaulting image-worship, and consequently very much damaging their business. There was a great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the street, violently gesticulating, and calling one another hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmiths; others, the policy of Paul.

Finally they called a convention. When they assembled, they all wanted the floor, and all wanted to talk at

¹ **Ephesus.** For a better understanding of this piece, the scholar should read Acts, chapter xix., where the incident referred to is related. Ephesus was a city of Asia Minor.

once. Some wanted to denounce, some to resolve. At last the convention rose in a body, all shouting together, till some were red in the face, and sore in the throat. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Well, the whole scene reminds me of the excitement we witness at the autumnal elections. While the goddess Diana has lost her worshipers, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and call it political party. While there are true men, Christian men, standing in both political parties, who go into the elections resolved to serve their city, their state, their country, in the best possible way, yet in the vast majority it is a question between the peas and the oats. One party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" when in truth both are crying, if they were but honest enough to admit it, "Great is my pocket-book!"

What is the duty of Christian citizenship? If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is happy in his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought the muddy Tiber was the favored river of heaven, and the Chinese pities everybody born out of the Flowery Kingdom, — shall not we, in this land of glorious liberty, have some thought and love for country? There is a power higher than the ballot-box, the gubernatorial chair, or the President's house. To preserve the institutions of our country, we must recognize this power in our politics.

See how men make every effort to clamber into higher positions, but are cast down. God opposes them. Every man, every nation, that proved false to divine expectation,

down it went. God said to the house of Bourbon, "Remodel France, and establish equity." It would not do it. Down it went. God said to the house of Stuart, "Make the people of England happy." It would not do it. Down it went. He said to the house of Hapsburgh, "Reform Austria, and set the prisoners free." It would not do it. Down it went. He says to men now, "Reform abuses, enlighten the people, make peace and justice to reign." They don't do it, and they tumble down.

How many wise men will go to the polls high with hope, and be sent back to their firesides! God can spare them. If he could spare Washington before free government was tested; Howard, while tens of thousands of dungeons remained unvisited; Wilberforce,¹ before the chains had dropped from millions of slaves,—then Heaven can spare another man. The man who for party forsakes righteousness, goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

93. — Washington.

It matters very little what spot may have been the birthplace of Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had

¹ Howard . . . Wilberforce. | philanthropists living in the early
Names of distinguished English | part of the present century.

his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications of some singular qualification. Caesar was merciful, Scipio was temperate, Hannibal¹ was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason — for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have

¹ Scipio . . . Hannibal. Scipio Africanus, a celebrated Roman general. Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian commander, who invaded Italy, but was finally overthrown by Scipio.

doubted what station to assign him, — whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation.

Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might almost be said to have created?

“How shall we rank thee upon Glory’s page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!”¹

Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven² yielded to your philosophy. The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

94.—Emmet’s last Speech.—Part I.

This and the following extract form the principal parts of the splendidly impassioned impromptu speech made by the Irish patriot Robert Emmet (born March 4, 1778), who, on account of his efforts for Irish independence, was tried Sept. 19, 1803, for high treason, and was executed the next day. The following by Washington Irving, on the character of Emmet and the circumstances of his death, will help the pupil to an understanding of these selections: “Every one

¹ “How . . . be!” From a poem | lusion to Franklin’s discoveries in
by Thomas Moore. | electricity. (See Lesson 69 of this
² lightnings of heaven. An al- | Reader.)

must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man; his conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid; the noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation,—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom."

My lords, "what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?" I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and by which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country, to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur: but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the

difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defense of their country and virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard, — a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows, which its cruelty has made.

I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently and assuredly hope that (wild and chimerical as it may appear) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

95.—Emmet's last Speech.—Part II.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain to my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government¹ speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad.

I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No: God forbid!²

¹ **Provisional Government**, the scheme for the temporary government of Ireland, planned by the patriots with whom Emmet associated.

² **God forbid!** Here Lord Norbury, the chief-justice, interrupted

Emmet to say that his sentiments disgraced his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, that, if alive, would not approve of such opinions. This fact will explain the eloquent and touching apostrophe that follows.

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, — O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors¹ which surround your victim. It circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

ROBERT EMMET.

¹ terrors; i.e., the British soldiery present in the court-house.

96.—The Blind Preacher.

The following celebrated descriptive sketch is by William Wirt (1772-1834), a native of Maryland, and at one time attorney-general of the United States. The blind preacher referred to was Rev. James Waddell of Virginia.

It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange,¹ that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But, ah, how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic² swarm of bees³ than were

¹ Orange; i.e., Orange County Virginia.

² prognostic, prophetic.

³ Plato . . . bees. In Greek

story it is related that bees settled on the lips of the infant Plato, in token that he was to be honey-tongued (mellifluous).

the lips of this holy man. It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour, — his trial before Pilate, his ascent up Calvary, his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. My soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Saviour, — when he drew to the life his blessed eyes streaming in tears to Heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” — the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being

entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flow of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed: indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau:¹ "Socrates² died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

WILLIAM WIRT.

¹ Rousseau, an eloquent French writer of the last century.

² Socrates, a Greek philosopher.

Elocution. In reading or delivering this piece, the following description of the blind preacher's mode of delivery given by Wirt should be studied by the pupil: "You are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the

few minutes of death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, 'Socrates died like a philosopher,'—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice,—'but Jesus Christ—like a God!'"

97. — Liberty and Union.

The following is an extract from one of the most magnificent of Daniel Webster's speeches, delivered in the United States Senate, Jan. 26, 1830, in reply to a speech of Senator Hayne of South Carolina.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind; I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder; I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious

Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured ; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards ;" but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

98.—America's Obligations to England.

This is an extract from a speech in the British House of Commons, by Col. Isaac Barré (1726-1802), who was one of the warmest friends of the American colonists. He had himself visited America, having taken part in the French and Indian war, and having been adjutant-general of Wolfe's army, that assailed Quebec. This fact will explain an allusion in the last part of the speech.

The honorable member has asked, "And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence, and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to contribute their mite?" *They planted by your care!* No! Your oppressions planted them in America.

They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, our American brethren met these hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them,—men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them.

They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defense: have exerted a valor, amid their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me, the very same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still.

Heaven knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat. What I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen that country, and been conversant with its affairs. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but they are a people jealous of their liberties, and who, if those liberties should ever be violated, will vindicate them to the last drop of their blood.

ISAAC BARRÉ.



II.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

99.—King Canute.

The original story, which Thackeray has so beautifully paraphrased, is thus told by an old English chronicler:—

“ King Cnut was one day by the sea-shore near Southampton; and when some of the men who were with him spake of his power and greatness, he bade a chair to be placed close to the water’s edge. Then said Cnut, ‘ O Sea, I am thy lord; my ships sail over thee whither I will, and this land against which thou dashest is mine: stay then thy waves, and dare not to wet the feet of thy lord and master.’ But the waves came on, for the tide was now coming in, and they came round the chair on which Cnut was sitting, and they wetted his feet and his clothes. Then spake King Cnut to the men that were with him: ‘ Ye see now how weak is the power of kings and of all men, for ye see that the waves will not hearken to my voice. Honor then God only, and serve him, for him do all things obey.’ ”

King Canute¹ was weary-hearted: he had reigned for years
a score,

Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and
robbing more;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild
sea-shore.

¹ **King Canute.** About a hundred years after the death of Alfred the Great (nearly a thousand years ago), the Danes were a short time in possession of England. Canute being the most important of the Danish kings. The word *Canute* (which in Danish is spelled Cnut) is by Thackeray accented sometimes on the first and sometimes on the second syllable, according to convenience of meter.

On that day a something vexed him: that was clear to
old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favorite
gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade
her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper
of the Seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or
the veal?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis
not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my
rest impair:

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no
care?

"O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried.
"The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the
Keeper nodded:

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two
footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my end is
drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to
squeeze a tear):

“Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year.”

“Live these fifty years!” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

“Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do’t.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a doctor can compete:

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish captain¹ stay the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?” Canute cried;

“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

¹ Jewish captain; i.e., Joshua. (See Book of Joshua, chap. x.)

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!"

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar;

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding on the shore:

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers, bore.

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;

And his golden crown¹ of empire never wore he from that day.

★ ★ THACKERAY.

¹ golden crown. The chronicler his crown, but he put it on the already referred to says, "Now from head of the image of our Lord in that day would not King Cnut wear the Old Minster at Winchester."

100.—The Height of the Ridiculous.

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came:
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,—
He of the mighty limb!

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed;
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
“There’ll be the devil¹ to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within:
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

¹ devil. To understand this pun, pupils should know that the boy in the printing-office, who runs of errands and does chores, is called “the printer’s devil,” — not a very complimentary name.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear:
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man;
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

HOLMES.

101. — The Old Continentals.

This very original poem, by Judge McMaster of New York (*b.* 1829), was called by its author *Carmen Bellicosum* ("Song of War"). It may be taken, not as referring to any particular battle of the Revolutionary War, but as a general description of the Continental soldiers of that period.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.
When the Grenadiers were lunging,¹
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot:

¹ lunging, thrusting with bayonets.

When the files
 Of the Isles,¹
 From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of
 the rampant
 Unicorn,²
 And grummer,³ grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the
 drummer,
 Through the morn!

But with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded
 acres
 Of the plain;
 And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
 Cracking amain!⁴

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red St. George's

¹ files of the Isles; i.e., the troops of the British Isles; the British soldiers. | animal the unicorn appears, associated with the lion, on the British coat of arms.

² banner . . . Unicorn, meaning | ³ grummer = grimmer.
 here the British flag. The fabulous | ⁴ amain, violently.

Cannoneers ;¹
 And the "villainous saltpeter"²
 Rang a fierce, discordant meter
 Round their ears ;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
 With hot sweeping anger came the Horse-guards' clangor
 On our flanks.
 Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud ;
 His broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath.
 And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-
 pounder,
 Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

¹ St. George's Cannoneers ; i.e., the British cannoneers ; St. George being the patron saint of England. St. George's ensign is the distinguishing flag of the British navy.

² "villainous saltpeter;" i.e., gunpowder, of which saltpeter is one of the essential ingredients. The phrase is a quotation from the fop's speech in Shakespeare's "Henry IV."

102.—Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers :
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
 woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
 ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
 say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
 hand ;
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my
 native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
 mine,
For I was born at Bingen,¹—at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
 crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard
 ground,
That we fought the battle bravely ; and when the day
 was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
 sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in
 wars,—

¹ **Bingen** (*pron.* bĭng'en).

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline ;
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her
old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild.
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine
On the village-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the
Rhine.

“There's another—not a sister; in the happy days
gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye.
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning!
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be
risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-
light shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed
to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and
clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
and still:
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remem-
bered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on
the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish
weak;

His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed, and ceased to
speak.

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled:

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead.
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
strown;¹

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

MRS. NORTON.

103.—Love of Country.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!²

¹ **strown** = strewed.

| ² **foreign strand**, foreign land.

If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
 For him no minstrel raptures¹ swell.
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,²
 The wretch, concentered³ all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair⁴ renown,
 And, doubly dying,⁵ shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SCOTT.

104.—The German Fatherland.

This is a partial translation of a famous German national song by Professor Arndt. It was written at a time when Germany was divided into many independent states, and was designed to rouse, as it did, the spirit of German unity.

“What country does a German claim?
 His Fatherland,—know'st thou its name?
 Is it Bavaria? Saxony?
 An inland state, or on the sea?
 There on the Baltic's plains of sand,
 Or mid the Alps of Switzerland?”

¹ minstrel raptures, praises of the poet; hence fame.

² pelf, riches,—but conveying a contemptuous idea of property or wealth.

³ concentered, = concentrated;

“concentered all in self;” that is, utterly selfish.

⁴ fair, beautiful, honorable.

⁵ doubly dying: that is, dying not only bodily, but in the remembrances of his fellow-men.

Austria? the Adriatic shores?
Or where the Prussian eagle soars?
Or where the hills, clad by the vine,
Adorn the landscape of the Rhine?
O no! O no! not there alone,
The land with pride we call our own;
Not there: a German's heart or mind
Is to no narrow realm confined.
Where'er he hears his native tongue,
When hymns of praise to God are sung,
There is his Fatherland, and he
Has but one country,—GERMANY!"

105.—The Eve before Waterloo.

This powerful descriptive poem is an extract from Lord Byron's "Childe Harold" (Canto III.). The battle of Waterloo was fought between the French under Napoleon and the English under Wellington in 1815, Napoleon being overthrown. Waterloo is a hamlet ten miles distant from Brussels, "Belgium's capital." To understand some of the allusions, it should be mentioned, that, when the impending battle was announced, many of the British officers were present at a ball at the British embassy in Brussels.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry,¹ and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

¹ beauty . . . chivalry; i.e., beau- | figure is synecdoche. (See Defini-
tful women and brave men. The | tion 7.)

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But, hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it ? — No : 'twas but the wind,
Or the car¹ rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

¹ car = carriage.

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come!
 they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering"¹ rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's² hills
 Have heard — and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:³
 How in the noon of night that pibroch⁴ thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's⁵ fame rings in each clansman's
 ears!

And Ardennes⁶ waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave — alas!

¹ "Cameron's Gathering." It should be borne in mind that in Wellington's army were several regiments of Scottish Highlanders, and that "Cameron's Gathering" is a battle-tune, the "war-note" of Lochiel (lo-keel'), the chief of the Cameron clan.

² Albyn; i.e., Scotland.

³ Saxon foes; i.e., the Lowland Scotch, with whom the Highlanders were long at enmity.

⁴ pibroch (pi'brok), a bagpipe tune; and the reference is to the "Cameron's Gathering."

⁵ Evan's, Donald's. Evan and Donald are very common Christian names among the Highland clansmen.

⁶ Ardennes (*pron.* är-den'; but here, for sake of meter, är'den); i.e., the forest of Ardennes, and which the poet uses to typify Belgium.

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay:
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array.
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,¹
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!²

BYRON.

106.—The Blind Men and the Elephant.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall

¹ **pent** (= penned), confined.

! ² **blent** = blended, commingled.

Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong. *SAXE.*

107.—Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander, and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

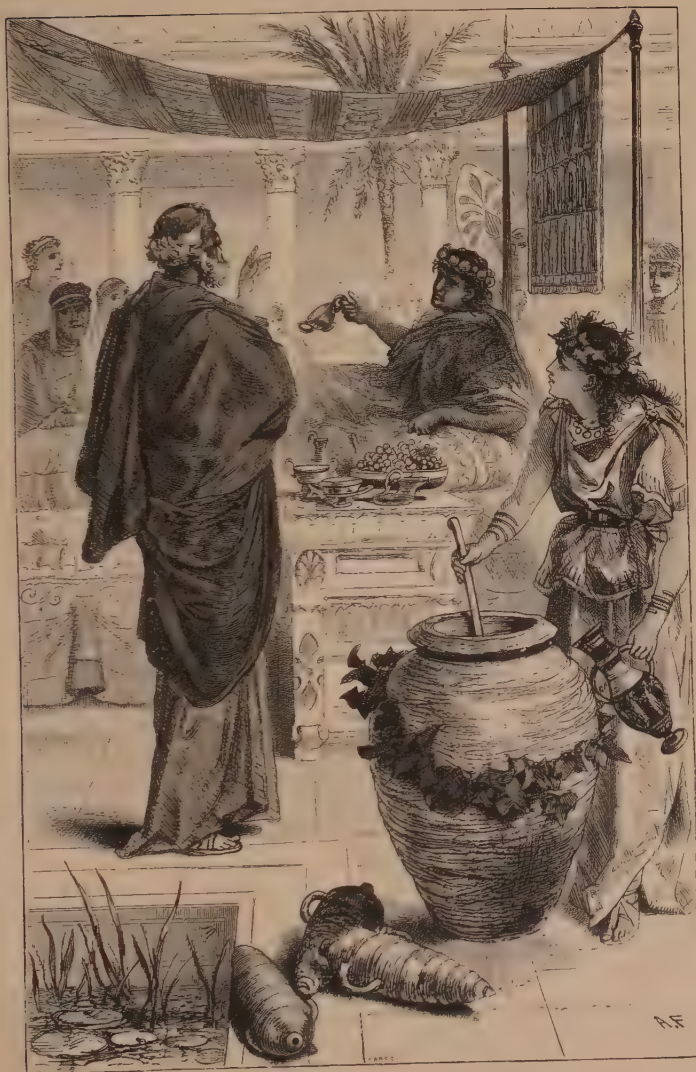
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

108.—The Wine-Cup.

Lycius, the Cretan prince of race divine,
Like many a royal youth, was fond of wine.
So, when his father died, and left him king,
He spent his days and nights in reveling.



Show him a wine-cup, he would soon lay down
His scepter, and for roses¹ change his crown;
Neglectful of his people and his state,
The noble cares that make a monarch great.
One day in summer,—so the story goes,—
Among his seeming friends, but secret foes,
He sat and drained the wine-cup; when there came
A gray-haired man, who called him by his name,—
“Lycius!” It was his tutor, Philocles,
Who held him when a child upon his knees.

“Lycius,” the old man said, “it suits not you
To waste your life among this drunken crew.
Bethink you of your sire, and how he died
For that bright scepter lying by your side,
And of the blood your loving people shed
To keep that golden circlet on your head.
Ah! how have you repaid them?”

“Philocles,”

The prince replied, “what idle words are these?
I loved my father, and I mourned his fate;
But death must come to all men, soon or late.
Could we recall our dear ones from their urn,²
Just as they lived and loved, ’twere well to mourn;
But, since we can not, let us smile instead:
I hold the living better than the dead.

¹ roses . . . crown. Among the ancients it was the custom to crown with a garland of roses those sharing in a wine-banquet.

² urn, in allusion to the ancient custom of inclosing the cremated ashes of the dead in a funeral urn.

My father reigned, and died : I live and reign.
As for my people, why should they complain ?
Have I not ended all their deadly wars,
Bound up their wounds, and honored their old scars ?
They bleed no more : enough for me and mine
The blood of the grape, the ripe, the royal wine ! —
Slaves, fill my cup again ! ” They filled, and crowned
His brow with roses ; but the old man frowned.

“ Lycius,” he said once more, “ the state demands
Something besides the wine-cup in your hands.
Resume your crown and scepter ; be not blind :
Kings live not for themselves, but for mankind.”

“ Good Philocles,” the shaméd prince replied,
His soft eye lighting with a flash of pride,
“ Your wisdom has forgotten one small thing, —
I am no more your pupil, but your king.
Kings are in place of gods : remember, then,
They answer to the gods, and not to men.”

“ Hear, then, the gods, who speak to-day through me
The sad but certain words of prophecy :
‘ Touch not the cup : small sins in kings are great ;
Be wise in time, nor further tempt your fate.’ ”

“ Old man, there is no fate, save that which lies
In our own hands that shape our destinies :
It is a dream. If I should will and do
A deed of ill, no good could thence ensue ;

And, willing goodness, shall not goodness be
Sovereign, like ill, to save herself and me?
I laugh at fate."

The wise man shook his head.

"Remember what the oracles have said:
'What most he loves who rules this Cretan land,
Shall perish by the wine-cup in his hand.'"

"Prophet of ill! no more, or you shall die.
See how my deeds shall give your words the lie,
And baffle fate, and all who hate me — so!"
Sheer through the casement, to the court below,
He dashed the half-drained goblet in disdain,
That scattered as it flew a bloody rain.
His courtiers laughed.

But now a woman's shriek
Rose terrible without, and blanched his cheek.
He hurried to the casement in affright,
And lo! his eyes were blasted with a sight
Too pitiful to think of. Death was there,
And wringing hands, and madness, and despair.
There stood a nurse, and on her bosom lay
A dying child, whose life-blood streamed away,
Reddening its robe like wine! It was his own,
His son, the prince that should have filled the throne
When he was dead, and ruled the Cretan land, —
Slain by the wine-cup from his father's hand!

109.—Douglas and Marmion.

This spirited piece is from Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Marmion" (Canto VI.).

The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.
" Though something¹ I might plain,"² he said,
" Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,³
While in Tantallon's towers⁴ I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
" My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists,⁵ howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone :
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire ;

¹ something, somewhat.

² plain, complain.

³ behest, command.

⁴ Tantallon's towers, Douglas's castle.

⁵ lists, likes, chooses.

And "This to me?" he said;
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head.

And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus,¹ be thy mate.

"And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee thou'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied."

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell,² no! —
 Up drawbridge, grooms! — what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis³ fall."

¹ **Angus**, or Lord Angus, the title of Douglas, one of the most celebrated Scottish chieftains.

² **Saint Bride of Bothwell**: Saint Bride or Bridget. She was a favorite of the Douglas family, and had a shrine at their castle of Bothwell on the Clyde.

³ **portcullis**, a sliding-door of cross-timbers pointed with iron, hung over a gateway so as to be let down in a moment.

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed¹ his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim.
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

SCOTT.

110. — Saint Jonathan.

There's many an excellent saint, —
St. George, with a dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot.

¹ razed = grazed.

He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possessing;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guessing.
In sooth,¹ our American saint
Has rather a secular² bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious.

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
To be starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind.
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
St. Jonathan ever has done
To rank with his calendar neighbors?³
Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
Quoth Jonathan, "Now, I declare,
They're dreadfully careless with thunder!"
So he fastened a rod⁴ to the steeple;
And now, when the lightning comes round,
He keeps it from building and people
By running it into the ground.

¹ sooth = truth.

² secular, worldly.

³ calendar neighbors; i.e., the list of saints.

⁴ rod: the poet's allusion has reference to the lightning-rod invented by Franklin. (See Lesson 69 of this Reader.)

One morning, while taking a stroll,
He heard a lugubrious¹ cry, —
Like the shriek of a suffering soul, —
In a hospital standing near by;
Anon, such a terrible groan
Saluted St. Jonathan's ear,
That his bosom — which wasn't of stone —
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm²
So potent, that folks who employ it,
In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it, —
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers;
And blesséd St. Jonathan now
Is patron of cripples and mothers.

There's many an excellent saint, —
St. George, with the dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot.

SAXE.

¹ lu-gū'bri-oūs, mournful.| ² charm; i.e., chloroform.

111. — The Raven.

The central idea in this, the most celebrated poem of Edgar Allan Poe, is thus stated in his essay on the "Philosophy of Composition:"—

"I asked myself what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy of poetic topics. The answer was obvious: it is Death. I then inquired when this most melancholy of topics is most poetical. Here, too, the reply was obvious: it is when it most closely allies itself to beauty. Hence the death of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world; and the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover. This is the essential motive of my poem."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-
door,—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost¹ upon the
floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease² of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost
Lenore;

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

¹ ghost; i.e., shadow.

| ² surcease, cessation, relief.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door, —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — Here I opened wide
the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
"Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
"LENORE!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore, —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
 flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or
 stayed he,
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-
 door;
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas¹ just above my chamber-door,—
 Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
 sure no craven;²
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly
 shore,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
 shore!"³
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
 For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-
 door,—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-
 door,
 With such name as "Nevermore!"

¹ **Pallas**; i.e., Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, whose bust would appropriately find place in the library of a student.

² **craven** (literally, one who has *craved* mercy), coward.

³ **Plutonian shore**. Plutonian; i.e., relating to Pluto, in the Grecian mythology the presiding deity of Hades: hence by "Plutonian shore" the poet here means the abode of the dead.

✓
But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown
before:

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown
before!"

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden¹
bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—Nevermore!"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of
yore—

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore.

¹ burden, strain, meaning, refrain.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer

Swung by seraphim,¹ whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he
hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe,² from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?³ tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,⁴
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore,—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

¹ **seraphim**, the Hebrew plural of seraph=seraphs, angels of the highest order.

² **nepenthe**; i.e., forgetfulness. Nepenthe was a drug used by the ancients to induce sleep, and supposed to be opium.

³ **balm in Gilead**; an allusion to the passage in Scripture, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

⁴ **Aidenn**, a word derived from the Arabic form of *Eden*, and here meaning "Heaven."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore:

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken.

Leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my door:
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming¹ of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted — NEVERMORE!

POE.

112. — Apostrophe to the Ocean.

This splendid "Apostrophe to the Ocean" is from the fourth canto of Byron's most celebrated poem, the "Childe Harold."

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

¹ seeming, semblance, appearance.

There is society where none intrudes—
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal¹
 From all I may, be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on,² thou deep and dark blue ocean, — roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
 Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
 The oak leviathans,³ whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

¹ steal, retire.

² Roll on. Note that the apostrophic form of address is necessarily expressed in imperative sentences.

³ armaments . . . oak leviathans. "Armaments;" i.e., fleets: by "oak leviathans" is meant the huge old English men-of-war; "leviathan" meaning a huge fish.

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride,¹ or spoils of Trafalgar.²

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou:
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses³ itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

¹ **Armada's pride**; i.e., the great fleet called the "Grand Armada" (armament), fitted out by Philip II. of Spain to invade England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which was destroyed by the English ships-of-war under command of Drake and Raleigh.

which was fought in 1805 a celebrated naval engagement, in which the English commander Lord Nelson destroyed the combined French and Spanish fleets.

³ **glasses**, reflects. Note that the word "glasses" is the carrying-out of the metaphor beginning

² **Trafalgar**, a cape in Spain, off "Thou glorious mirror."

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned¹ with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

BYRON.

113.—Tell Me, Ye Wingéd Winds.

Tell me, ye wingéd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it whispered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,

¹ wantoned, played joyously.

Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,¹
O, tell me, Hope and Faith!
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love,—best boons to mortals given,—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes: in
Heaven!"

MACKAY.

¹ secret soul, inner thought.

114.—Helps to Read.

A certain artist—I forget his name—
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or “Helps to read,” as, when they first were sold,
Was writ¹ upon his glaring sign in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed, by readers, to surpass.

There came a man into his shop one day:
“Are you the spectacle-contriver, pray?”
“Yes, sir,” said he: “I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.”
“Can you? Pray do, then.” So, at first he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And—book produced, to see how they would fit—
Asked how he liked ’em. “Like ’em? Not a bit.”

“Then, sir, I fancy—if you please to try—
These in my hand will better suit your eye.”
“No, but they don’t.”—“Well, come, sir, if you please.
Here is another sort: we’ll e’en try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter:
Now, sir?”—“Why, now, I’m not a bit the better!”
“No? here, take these that magnify still more:
How do they fit?”—“Like all the rest before.”

¹ writ, written.

In short, they tried the whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, "Sure the man is blind."
"What sort of eyes can yours be, friend?" said he.
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball:
Pray, let me ask you, can you read at all?"

"No, you great blockhead! if I could, what need
Of paying you for any Helps to Read?"
And so he left the maker in a heat,¹
Resolved to post him for an arrant² cheat.

DR. BYROM.

115.—Mark Antony's Address over the Dead Body of Cæsar.

This celebrated speech is from Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Scene 2. Mark Antony was a friend of Cæsar, who had just been assassinated (B.C. 44), and had been permitted by Brutus and Cassius, the leaders of the anti-Cæsar party, "to speak in Cæsar's funeral."

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.

¹ heat, rage.

| ² arrant, complete, absolute.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,—
And grievously hath Cæsar answered¹ it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable² man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,—
And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers³ fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,—
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal⁴
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,—
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

¹ answered it, atoned for it.

² honorable. Note that this is ironical, and, together with the subsequent uses of the word, should be read so as to convey this fact.

³ general coffers; i.e., the public treasury.

⁴ Lupercal, the Roman annual festival-day in honor of the god Pan.

You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar —
I found it in his closet — 'tis his will.
Let but the commons¹ hear this testament,² —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins³ in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!

¹ commons; i.e., the common
people or plebeians.

² testament, will.

³ napkins, handkerchiefs.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.¹
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
 See what a rent the envious Casca made!
 Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
 And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

This was the most unkindest² cut of all;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 E'en at the base of Pompey's statuë,³
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint⁴ of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! What! weep you, when you but behold

¹ **Nervii**, one of the Gallie tribes conquered by Cæsar.

² **most unkindest**, the double superlative, of which this is an example. was common with the writers of the Elizabethan age.

³ **statuë**. This word is here pronounced as a trisyllable. Pompey was a son-in-law of Cæsar, having married his daughter Julia.

⁴ **dint** (literally, *dent*), impression, emotion.

Our Cæsar's *vesture* wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors!

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs¹ they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator,² as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,³ nor words, nor worth,⁴
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid *them* speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones⁵ of Rome to rise and mutiny!

SHAKESPEARE.

¹ *griefs*, grievances.

² *orator*, etc. Note the artfulness of Antony's words.

³ *wit*, intellectual skill.

⁴ *wit . . . worth*. Note the alliteration.

⁵ *stones*. Observe the bold hyperbole.

116. — William Tell to his Native Mountains.

According to Swiss tradition, William Tell was a patriot, who, in the fourteenth century, rescued his native district from the tyranny of the House of Austria. This extract is from a play by the English dramatist J. Sheridan Knowles. The famous German poet Schiller wrote a drama on the same subject.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad; whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed,¹ do all the impress² wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling³ yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling⁴ near its brow,
O'er the abyss: his broad-expanded wings

¹ Robed or unrobed; i.e., whether clad in winter's snow or bare as in summer.

² impress, aspect.

³ scaling, climbing.

⁴ wheeling, circling.

Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded¹ will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow: yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about. Absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot:
'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

Heavens! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free! Yes; it was free;
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free, —
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake²
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft

¹ unlorded; i.e., without a master, free.

² lake. The reference is to Lake Lucerne.

By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along ;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws¹ to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there : the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish ; and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
" Blow on ! This is the land of liberty ! "

J. S. KNOWLES.

117.—The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee :
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight :
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid :
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

¹ flaws, gusts of wind, blasts.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep:
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned:
She faded 'midst Italian flowers, —
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee;

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth:
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

FELICIA HEMANS.



118.—The Burial of Moses.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, the author of this sublime poem, was the wife of the pastor of Strabane, Ireland. The following verse from Deut. xxiv. 6 states the occurrence on which the poem is founded:

“And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day.”

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave:
But no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—

So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,¹
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;²
They show the banners taken,
They tell³ his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals⁴ the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,

¹ eyrie (*pron.* ā'rĭ).

² funeral car, hearse.

³ tell, recount, enumerate.

⁴ peals, sounds.

In the great minster transept,¹
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned² wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — O wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment-day,

¹ minster transept; in allusion to the fact, that, in Great Britain, illustrious men are buried in the aisles of Westminster Abbey.

² emblazoned; i.e., adorned with the blazons or heraldic emblems and armorial signs of the illustrious dead.

And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious¹ hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace, —
Ways that we can not tell:
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

119. — False Deference to Wealth.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise: he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange!" cried I; "whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried:
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said, by their silence, "Better stay at home."

¹ curious, inquiring longingly.

A rich man burst the door, —
 As Cræsus¹ rich, I'm sure!
 He could not pride himself upon his wit:
 And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
 He had what some think better, — he had wealth.
 What a confusion! All stand up erect;
 These crowd around to ask him of his health;
 These bow in eager duty² and respect;
 And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
 And these conduct him there.
 "Allow me, sir, the honor!" — then a bow
 Down to the earth. Is't possible to show
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
 And to himself he said,
 "This is indeed beyond my comprehension!"
 Then looking round,
 One friendly face he found,
 And said, "Pray tell me, why is wealth preferred
 To wisdom?" — "That's a silly question, friend!"
 Replied the other. "Have you never heard
 A man may lend his store
 Of gold or silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend!"³

KHEMNITZER,

Translated by Bowring.

¹ Cræsus, an ancient king of Lydia, possessed of enormous wealth.

² duty, subservience.

³ But . . . lend: what is the order? (See Definition 14.)

120.—The Song of the Shirt.

The "Song of the Shirt" (first published in London "Punch" in 1844) was written by Thomas Hood, in order to show the sorrows and sufferings of the poor needle-women of London. It is a cry from the depths of the human heart, and profoundly stirred public sympathy for the class referred to.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work! work! work!
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's O to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work! work! work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.



Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

“O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives.

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death,

That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own,—

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep:

O God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work! work! work!

My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? a bed of straw,

A crust of bread, and rags;

That shattered roof, and this naked floor;

A table, a broken chair;

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there.

“Work! work! work!

From weary chime to chime;

Work! work! work!

As prisoners work for crime.

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work! work! work!
In the dull December light;
And work! work! work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

“O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

“O, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

121.—The Baron's Last Banquet.

This spirited ballad, which makes a very effective declamation, is by A. G. Greene (1802–68), a native of Providence, R.I.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of life
are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band
no more:
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now
that I,
Their own liege-lord and master born, that I—Ha, ha!
—must die,

“And what is Death? I’ve dared him oft before the
Paynim¹ spear:

Think ye he’s entered at my gate,—has come to seek
me here?

I’ve met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight
was raging hot:

I’ll try his might, I’ll brave his power, defy, and fear
him not!

“Ho! sound the tocsin² from my tower, and fire the
culverin;³

Bid each retainer⁴ arm with speed; call every vassal⁵ in!
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet-board
prepare;

Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor
there!”

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth
was spread,

And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial
tread;

While from the rich dark tracery, along the vaulted⁶ wall,
Lights gleamed on harness,⁷ plume, and spear, o’er the
proud old Gothic hall.

¹ Paynim = Pagan; i.e., the
Turks.

² tocsin, the alarm-bell in feudal
castles.

³ culverin, along cannon mount-
ed on the battlements of feudal
castles.

⁴ retainer, a follower of a liege-
lord; i.e., a lord to whom allegiance
was due in feudal times.

⁵ vassal, retainer.

⁶ vaulted, arched.

⁷ harness, the defensive armor
of a knight.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark carved oaken chair of state,
Armed *cap-à-pie*,¹ stern Rudiger, with gilded falchion, sat.

"Fill every beaker² up, my men! pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim.
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not: forth draw each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly: louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:

¹ *cap-à-pie*, from head to foot. | ² beaker, wine-goblet.

“Ho! cravens! Do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have
ye flown?

Ho! cowards! have ye left me to meet him here alone?

“But I defy him! let him come!” Down rang the
massy cup,

While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing
half-way up;

And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling
on his head,

There in his dark carved oaken chair, old Rudiger sat
— dead!

A. G. GREENE.

122.—The Comet.

The Comet! He is on his way,

And singing as he flies;

The whizzing planets shrink before

The specter of the skies.

Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,

And satellites turn pale:

Ten million cubic miles of head,

Ten billion leagues of tail!

And what would happen to the land,

And how would look the sea,

If in the bearded devil's path

Our earth should chance to be?

Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam :
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube,¹
The Comet's course to spy :
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye.
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green :
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!²

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub ;
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub."
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried ;
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines ;
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines.

¹ tube, telescope.

| ² magazine, powder-room.

I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand,
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays:
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze.
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul:
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights, strange sounds, O fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still;
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger, if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

123.—A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap, —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick !

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky ;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot :
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose ;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! ”

124.—The Razor-Seller.

A fellow in a market-town,
Most musical, cried "Razors!" up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin¹ the great offer heard, —
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors shave;
It certainly will be a most enormous prize."
So home the clown² with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze.
'Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried:
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,
"I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse."

¹ bumpkin, rustic.| ² clown, rustic, bumpkin.

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun:

"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun

That people flay themselves out of their lives.

You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing

With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't shave!"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave.

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my word, I never thought

That they *would* shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell:

"What were they made for, then, you scamp?" he cries.

"Made!" quoth the fellow with a smile, "To *SELL*!"

JOHN WOLCOTT.

125. — Piano-Music.

This piece is an illustration of "sound the echo of the sense," and, if well rendered, will produce an amusing illustration of rampant piano-playing. The successive changes sufficiently indicate the elocution: first soft, then *staccato*, etc.

First a soft and gentle tinkle,

Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,

Then a stop,

Fingers drop.

Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill ;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a ripple on the ocean.
See the fingers dance about,
Hear the notes come tripping out ;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle,
Like to hailstones on a shingle,
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell ! Double, single,
Now they come in wilder gushes,
Up and down the player rushes,
Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter
Like the music of a platter
When the maid is stirring batter.
O'er the music comes a change,
Every tone is wild and strange :
Listen to the lofty tumbling,
Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
Like the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking.
Heads are aching, something's breaking.
Goodness gracious ! Ain't it wondrous,
Rolling round above and under us,
Like old Vulcan's¹ stroke so thunderous ?

¹ **Vulcan**, the Roman god of fire, and hence of the smithy.

Now 'tis louder, but the powder
Will be all exploded soon ;
For the only way to do,
When the music's nearly through,
Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
Striking twenty notes together with a clang :
Hit the treble with a twang,
Give the bass an awful whang,
And close the whole performance
With a slam — bang — whang !

126.—The Countryman and the Lawyer.

A lawyer in the Common Pleas,¹
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,—
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer,—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appeared expressly meant by Fate
To be quizzed and played upon.

So, having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,

¹ Common Pleas (i.e., Common | ordinary suits between parties are
Pleadings) is the court in which | tried.

Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why — not, sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,¹

Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do, pray, keep silence down below there.

Now look at me, clown, and attend:

Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Ye-es — very like:² I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish — quite laconic,"

The lawyer cried, with grin sardonic:³

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,

This genius of the clods, when I,

On circuit,⁴ was at York residing.

Now, Farmer, do for once speak true:

Mind, you're on oath; so tell me, — you

Who doubtless think yourself so clever, —

Are there as many fools as ever

In the West Riding?"⁵

"Why, no, sir, no: we've got our share,

But not so many as when you were there."

¹ elf, here meaning trickster.

² like = likely.

³ sardonic, mocking and bitter.

⁴ circuit, the appointed route or

tour from court to court made by
 a judge or lawyer.

⁵ West Riding, one of the three

judicial districts of Yorkshire,

127.—Rienzi to the Romans.

The following is an extract from the drama of "Rienzi," by Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the English authoress. Cola di Rienzi, known as "the last of the Roman tribunes," was born in Rome about 1312. In 1347 he stirred up the people to revolt against the Roman nobles, and he himself assumed regal power under the ancient Roman title of "tribune." His career, however, was brief, and he was assassinated in 1354.

Friends !

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave ; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame, —
But base, ignoble slaves ! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ;¹ lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
In that strange spell, — a name ! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck, — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Orsini ! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,

¹ petty . . . despots. Rome was | whose houses were fortified castles,
in the early part of the fourteenth | and whose dependants kept the city
century a prey to factions of nobles, | in a constant turmoil.

Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor?—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

MITFORD.

128. — Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night, —
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel-guard of Loves and Graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
 Art thou a man? a patriot? — look around:
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

129. — St. Philip Neri and the Youth.

St. Philip Neri,¹ as old readings say,
 Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
 And, being ever courteously inclined
 To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
 He fell into discourse with him; and thus
 The dialogue they held comes down to us.

NERI. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome.

YOUTH. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

NERI. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

YOUTH. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

NERI. Suppose it so, what have you next in view?

YOUTH. That I may get to be a canon too.

NERI. Well, and how then?

YOUTH. Why, then, for aught I know,
 I may be made a bishop.

NERI. Be it so —
 What then?

¹ **St. Philip Neri.** This poem, by the English poet Byrom, embodies an incident related of St. Philip Neri. Philip Neri was a wealthy Italian of the sixteenth century; but he sold all that he possessed, and devoted himself to a life of active benevolence. After his death he was canonized (i.e., put in the list of saints) by Pope Gregory XV.

YOUTH. Why, cardinal's¹ a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

NERI. Suppose it was, what then?

YOUTH. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

NERI. Well, having worn the miter and red hat,
And triple crown,² what follows after that?

YOUTH. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high
As long as God shall please, then I must die.

NERI. What! *must* you die, fond youth? and, at the
best,
But wish, and hope, and *may be*, all the rest?
Take my advice: Whatever may betide,
For that which *must be*, first of all provide;
Then think of that which *may be*, and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed,³
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope?⁴

DR. BYROM.

¹ cardinal, one of the seventy
composing the pope's council, and
by whom the pope is elected.

² mitre . . . crown; the mitre
being a bishop's crown, the red

hat being the symbol of a cardinal,
and the triple crown the crown of
the pope.

³ succeed, follow.

⁴ pope. Note the climax.



APPENDIX.

ANALYSIS OF LATIN DERIVATIVES.

Introductory Note.—Following will be found a list of Latin prefixes and suffixes, together with very many of the most important Latin root-words. These roots are arranged alphabetically, as are also the derivatives under each. These derivatives include all the words the analysis of which is called for in the Language Studies, with many additional words of interest. These latter are put in brackets at the end of each list. In the case of *verb* roots, the present infinitive and the supine are given, and that part of these forms which is the *radical* (used along with prefixes and suffixes to form English derivatives) is given in bold-face type. In the case of *noun* and *adjective* roots, the nominative and genitive (possessive) forms are given, and the radical is marked in bold-face type. Under each root the words called for are fully analyzed and defined; but in the *supplementary* lists it has been thought better to leave the words unanalyzed, in order to test the pupils' knowledge of etymology, and practice them in the use of the dictionary.

I.—PREFIXES.

ab-	<i>from.</i>	contra-	<i>against.</i>
ad-	} <i>to, towards.</i>	de-	<i>down, off, out, from.</i>
a-		dis-	} <i>asunder, apart, opposite of, not, aside.</i>
ac-		di-	
af-		dif-	} <i>to make, put, cause.</i>
ap-		en-	
at-		ex-	} <i>out, from forth.</i>
ante-	} <i>before.</i>	e-	
anti-		in-	(in nouns and verbs.)
bi-	<i>two, twice.</i>	il-	} <i>in, into, on to, toward,</i>
circum-	<i>around.</i>	im-	
con-	} <i>with, together to.</i>	en-	} <i>near.</i>
co-		in-	
col-		im-	(in adjectives and nouns.)
com-		ir-	} <i>not.</i>
cor-		inter-	
			<i>between.</i>

ob-	}	<i>in the way, in front of, against, out.</i>	se-	}	<i>apart.</i>	
o-			sub-			
oc-			suc-			
op-			suf-			
per-	}	<i>through, thoroughly. after, behind. before, in front of. forward, in front of. back, again, away, down. backwards.</i>	sup-	}	<i>under, after.</i>	
post-			sus-			
pre-			super-			
pro-			trans-			
re-			tra-	}	<i>through, over, beyond, across.</i>	
retro-			un-			
					<i>not, to reverse.</i>	

II.—SUFFIXES.

-able	{	<i>that may be; fit to be, worthy of. the state of.</i>	-ion	{	<i>the act of, state of being; -ing, that which.</i>
-ible					
-acy					
-al	{	<i>adj. relating to; like, having the qual- ity of. n. that which.</i>	-ise	{	<i>to render; to make.</i>
-ial			-ize		
			-ist		
-an	{	<i>pertaining to. act of, condition of, -ing. adj. having the quality of, -ing. n. one who.</i>	-ite	{	<i>one who. being. that which; state of being. n. one who; that which.</i>
-ance			-ity		
			-ty		
-ant	{	<i>adj. having the quality of, -ing. n. one who.</i>	-ive	{	<i>adj. having the quality of.</i>
-ary					
-ate	{	<i>to perform the act of, to cause. one to whom.</i>	-less	{	<i>without. adj. like. adv. in a manner.</i>
-ee			-ly		
-ence	{	<i>state of, that which. n. one who; that which.</i>	-ment	{	<i>state of being; act of. state of being. one who; that which.</i>
-ency			-ness		
			-or		
-ent	{	<i>adj. having the quality of; -ing. full of.</i>	-ory	{	<i>adj. relating to. n. place where; act of. full of, relating to, of the nature of.</i>
-ful			-ous		
-fy	{	<i>to make, to cause. like, made of. minute.</i>	-tude	{	<i>condition or quality of. minute.</i>
-ify			-itude		
-ic			-ule		
-icle	{	<i>relating to, apt for.</i>	-ure	{	<i>act or state of; that which.</i>
-ile					

III.—DERIVATIVES.

- 1.—ÆQUUS, *equal, even*; ÆQUARE, ÆQUATUM, *to make equal.*

equal: equ+al, *even-like*: alike, not differing.

equation: equat+ion, that which expresses *equality*.

equator: equat+or, that which divides into two *equal* parts: a line midway between the poles of a sphere.

equality: equal+ity, the state of being *equal*.

equalize: equal+ize, to make *equal*.

equity: equ+ity, state of being *even* or impartial: hence, *equal* justice, fairness.

[equable, equitable, adequate, co-equal, unequal.]

- 2.—AGERE, ACTUM, *to act, to do, to drive.*

act: (*verb*) to do, to perform; (*noun*) a thing *done*, a deed.

action: act+ion, the act of *doing*: *act*, performance.

active: act+ive, having the quality of *acting*: constantly engaged in *action*, lively, busy.

actor: act+or, one who *acts*.

enact: en+act, to put in *act*: to decree, to perform.

exact: (Lat. *exactus*, accurate), precise.

exactly: exact+ly, in an exact manner: precisely.

transaction: trans+act+ion, an act, affair.

[agency, agent, activity, agile(ity), enactment.]

- 3.—ARS, ARTIS, *art, skill.*

art: (1) cunning; (2) skill; (3) painting, sculpture, etc.

artful: art+ful, full of *art*: crafty, cunning.

artificer: (through Lat. *ars* and *facere*, to make), a mechanic, *artisan*.

artist: art+ist, one who is engaged in one of the fine *arts*.

artless: art+less, without *art*: simple, ingenuous.

[artfulness, artfully, artlessness, artistic, inartistic.]

- 4.—CADERE (CID in compounds), CASUM, *to fall.*

accident: ac+cid+ent, that which *befalls*: an event proceeding from an unknown cause.

accidental: ac+cid+ent+al, chance-like: incidental.

casual: (through Lat. *casualis*, accidental), incidental.

casualty: casual + ty, that which is casual: accident, misfortune.

occasion: oc + cas + ion, the act of *befalling*, or happening.

[occasional, incident, incidental, casually.]

5.—**CÆDERE** (CID in compounds), **CÆSUM** (CIS in compounds), *to cut, to kill.*

concise: con + cis(e), *cut off*: short, terse.

decide: de + cid(e), *to cut off thought*: to come to a conclusion.

decision: de + cis + ion, the act of *cutting off*: determination, resolution.

incisor: in + cis + or, that which *cuts*: a front tooth.

precise: pre + cis(e), lit. *cut off in front*: exact, accurate.

[excise, conciseness, decisive, excision, incision.]

6.—**CAPERERE** (CIP in compounds), **CAPTUM** (CEPT in compounds), *to take.*

accept: ac + cept, *to take to one's self*: to receive.

anticipate: anti + cip + ate, (1) *to take (into the mind) beforehand*: to expect; (2) *to take (position) beforehand*: to forestall.

captive: capt + ive + ate, *to take one a prisoner*: to attract, to allure.

deceive: (through Old Fr. *decever*, to ensnare), *to take away from the right thought*: to lead into error.

intercept: inter + cept, lit. *to take between*: to stop on its passage.

occupation: (through Lat. *occupatio*), an employment *taken up* by one: avocation, engagement.

perceive: (through Old Fr. *percever*, to discern), *to take in through sight*: to observe.

[capable, captive, capture, deception, intercept, preceptor.]

7.—**CAPUT, CAPITIS, the head.**

capital: capit + al, the *head* city of a state or country: seat of government.

captain: (through Fr. *capitaine*, a chief officer), the *head* of a ship's company or of a military company.

decapitate: de + capit + ate, *to behead*.

8.—**CEDERE, CESSUM, to go, to yield.**

cession: cess + ion, the act of *yielding*: a surrender of property.

intercession: inter + cess + ion, the act of *going between*: interposition.

proceed: (through Fr. *procéder*, to go onward), to *go forward*: to act by method.

success: *sue* + *cess*, a *going* from under: the act of succeeding.

successive: *sue* + *cess* + *ive*, *going* in order: consecutive.

[successful, recess, successively, accessible, procession.]

9.—CLAUDERE or CLUDERE, CLUSUM, to close, to shut.

conclusion: *con* + *clus* + *ion*, that which wholly *closes* any thing: termination, final decision.

exclude: *ex* + *clud*(e), to *shut out*: to except, to debar.

inclose: (through Fr. *enclos*), to *shut in*: surround.

include: *in* + *clud*(e), to *close within*: to contain, to comprehend.

[conclude, exclusive, recluse, inclosure, seclusion.]

10.—COR, CORDIS, the heart.

cordial: *cord* + *ial*, having the quality of the heart: *heartly*, sincere.

courage: (through Fr. *courage*), *heartiness*: bravery, intrepidity.

encourage: (through Fr. *encourager*, to inspirit), to put in *heart*: to cheer, to *hearten*.

record: *re* + *cord*, that which is got by *heart*: a register, a remembrancer.

11.—CORPUS, CORPORIS, the body.

corporal: *corpor* + *al*, relating to the *body*.

corpulent: (through Lat. *corpulentus*, fleshy), stout of *body*: fleshy.

incorporate: *in* + *corpor* + *ate*, to make into a *body*: to combine closely.

12.—CREDERE, CREDITUM, to believe.

credible: *cred* + *ible*, worthy of *belief*.

credit: *belief*: faith, trust given or received.

incredible: *in* + *cred* + *ible*, not to be *believed*.

[credibility, credulous, creditable, creditor, discredit.]

13.—CURA, care.

accuracy: *ac* + *cur* + *acy*, the state of exercising *care*: correctness.

curious: *cur* + (i)ous, full of *care* to learn: inquisitive.

curiosity: *cur* + (i)os(e) + *ity*, the state of being curious.

secure: (through Lat. *securus*, from *se* for *sine*, without, and *cura*, care), free from *care*: safe.

[accurate, inaccurate, security, insecure.]

14.—CURRERE, CURSUM, *to run.*

courier: (through Fr. *courier*, a runner), a messenger.

current: curr+ent, *running*: passing from person to person, now in progress.

excursion: ex+curs+ion, the act of *running* out: an expedition or jaunt.

occur: oc+cur, *to run* in the way: to happen.

[currency, incursion, precursor, currently, excursionist.]

15.—DICERE, DICTUM, *to say.*

contradict: contra+dict, *to say* against: to gainsay, to deny.

dictate: dict+ate, *to make* authoritative statement: to prescribe, to direct.

16.—DIES, *a day.*

dial: di+al, that which marks the hours of the *day*.

diary: di+ary, that which holds the record of a *day*.

diurnal: (through Lat. *diurnus*, daily), daily.

17.—DUCERE, DUCTUM, *to lead, to bring forward.*

deduce: de+duc(e), *to lead* from: to infer.

educe: e+duc(e), *to lead* out: to elicit.

reduce: re+duc(e), *to lead* back (or down): to lower, to degrade.

[education, reducible, ductile, deduction.]

18.—FACERE (FIC in compounds), FACTUM (FECT in compounds),
to do, to make.

defeat: (through Fr. *défaite*, undone), an *undoing*: overthrow, failure.

difficulty: (Lat. *difficultas*, trouble), obstruction, arduousness.

fact: a thing *done*: a reality.

factory: fact+ory, place where things are *made*.

imperfection: im+per+fect+ion, the state of not being thoroughly *done*: fault, deficiency.

perfect: per+fect, thoroughly *done*: faultless, finished.

perfection: per+fect+ion, state of being perfect.

satisfaction: (Lat. *satis*, enough), the act of *making* sufficient for one's desire: contentment, gratification.

[affect, imperfect, faction, benefactor (*henc*, well), manufacture (*manus*, the hand).]

19.—FENDERE, FENSUM, *to keep off, to strike.*

defend: de + fend, to *keep off*: to guard from harm.

defendant: de + fend + ant, one who defends a suit.

fender: fend + er, that which *keeps off*: a fire-screen.

20.—FERRE, LATUM, *to bear, to carry.*

circumference: circum + fer + ence, literally, a measure *carried* around any thing: that which bounds.

confer: con + fer, to *carry with*: to bestow.

different: dif + fer + ent, having the quality of being *borne* apart: distinct, separate.

relate: re + lat(e), to *carry back*: to narrate.

relation: re + lat(e) + ion, state of having reference to some other thing: connection.

suffer: suf + fer, to *bear* (up) under: to feel pain or distress.

translate: trans + lat(e), to *carry over* (from one language to another).

[conference, difference, prefer, sufferer, transferable.]

21.—FIDERE, *to trust*; FIDES, *faith.*

confide: con + fid(e), to have full *faith* in.

confidant: con + fid + ant, one who is *trusted*.

confident: con + fid + ent, having full *faith*.

confidently: con + fid + ent + ly, in a confident manner.

22.—FINIS, *an end or limit.*

define: (through Fr. *définir*, to limit), to bring a thing down to its *limits*: to determine with precision.

definition: de + fin + it(e) + ion, that which marks off the exact *limits* of meaning.

infinite: in + fin + ite, being without *end*.

[finite, infinity, confine, confinement.]

23.—FLECTERE, FLEXUM, *to bend.*

circumflex: circum + flex, *bent* around: a rise and fall of voice on one syllable.

flexible: flex + ible, that can be (easily) *bent*.

reflect: re + flect, to *bend back* (the mind) to: to ponder, to consider.

reflective: re + flect + ive, having the quality of reflecting: meditative.

24.—IRE, ITUM, *to go*.

ambition: amb(around) + it + ion, the act of *going* around: eager desire for power. The meaning arose from the habit of Roman candidates for office going around to solicit votes.

initial: in + it + ial, relating to the in-*going*: marking the commencement.

transit: trans + it, a *going* across: (1) the act of passing; (2) the line of passage.

25.—JACERE, JACTUM (JECT in compounds), *to throw or cast*.

ejaculate: (Lat. *jaculare*, to hurl or throw), to *throw* out, as an exclamation.

object: ob + ject, something *cast* before one: (1) a thing; (2) an end or purpose.

objection: ob + ject + ion, that which may be *thrown* against a purpose or argument: adverse reason.

project: pro + ject, to *throw* forward.

projected: pro + ject + ed, *thrown* forward.

reject: re + ject, to *throw* back: to repel, to despise.

[adjective, dejection, eject, interjection.]

26.—LEGERE, LECTUM, *to choose, to gather*.

collection: col + lect + ion, that which is *gathered* together: assemblage, mass.

elect: e + lect, to *choose* out from among many.

elegant: e + leg + ant, being *chosen*: choice, graceful.

recollect: re + col + lect, to *gather* again: to recall to mind.

recollection: re + col + lect + ion, the act of recollecting.

[elegance, intelligible, eligible, collector, election.]

27.—LIBER, *free*.

liberal: liber + al, having the quality of being *free*: (1) *free*-handed; (2) independent in opinion.

liberate: liber + ate, to make *free*.

liberator: liber + at(e) + or, one who *frees* or liberates.

liberty: liber + ty, state of being *free*: *freedom*.

28.—LOQUI, LOCUTUS, *to speak*.

circumlocution: circum + locut + ion, a roundabout way of *speaking*.

colloquial: col+loqu+ial, relating to common *speaking* as distinguished from formal discourse.

elocution: e+locut+ion, the act of *speaking* out: the art of good delivery.

eloquent: e+loqu+ent, having the quality of *speaking* out: emotional and persuasive.

29.—MITTERE, MISSUM, *to let, to cast, to send.*

admission: ad+miss+ion, permission to enter.

committee: com+mitt+ee, persons to whom business is *sent* or referred.

omit: o+mit, *to send* out: to leave out, to pass by.

permit: per+mit, *to let* through: to allow, to consent to.

promise: pro+mis(e), *to send* (word) forward: to engage to do in advance.

submit: sub+mit, *to send* (under approval).

submission: sub+miss+ion, the act of submitting: meekness, resignation.

30.—MORS, MORTIS, *death.*

mortal: mort+al, relating to *death*.

mortify: mort+ify, *to cause to die*: (1) to destroy vital functions; (2) to humble.

immortal: im+mort+al, having the quality of not *dying*: *deathless*.

immortalize: im+mort+al+ize, *to make deathless*; to perpetuate in fame.

31.—MOVERE, MOTUM, *to move.*

commotion: com+mot+ion, *motion* of many with one another: agitation.

motion: mot+ion, act of *moving*.

motionless: mot+ion+less, without *motion*.

movement: move+ment=*motion*.

remove: re+move, *to move* away.

[movable, motor, remote, promote, promotion.]

32.—NOCERE, NOCITUM, *to hurt.*

innocent: in+noc+ent, having the quality of not *hurting*: guileless.

innocence: in+noc+ence, state of being guileless.

innocuous: (Lat. *innocuus*, harmless), not *hurtful*: harmless, — said only of things.

33.—OMEN, OMINIS, *a foreboding, a prognostic.*

abominate: ab+omin+ate, to turn from as ill-omened: to abhor.

abomination: ab+omin+ate+ion, (1) the act of abominating: extreme hatred; (2) that which is abominated.

abominable: ab+omin+able, fit to be abominated: detestable.

ominous: omin+ous, pertaining to an *omen*: *foreboding* evil.

34.—PARARE, PARATUM, *to make ready, to prepare.*

preparation: pre+parat+ion, act of *making ready* beforehand.

preparatory: pre+parat+ory, relating to *making ready* beforehand.

separate: se+par+ate, to *prepare* apart: to disjoin, to sever.

sever: (Old Fr. *sevrer*, to render asunder), to divide, to separate.

35.—PARERE, PARITUM, *to be visible.*

apparent: ap+par+ent, having the quality of being seen: (1) *visible*; (2) seeming.

appear: (Lat. *apparere*, to come forth), to become *visible*: to seem.

appearance: appear+ance, (1) act of appearing; (2) look, a seeming.

transparent: trans+par+ent, having the quality of being *seen* through: admitting the passage of light.

[disappear, apparently, transparency, transparently.]

36.—PARS, PARTIS, *a part.*

depart: de+part, to go from one *part* to another.

impartial: im+part+ial, having the quality of not taking the *part* of one as against another: unprejudiced, just.

particle: part+icle, a small or minute *part*.

partial: part+ial, relating to a *part*: inclined to favor one person or thing.

party: (through Fr. *partie*, a set of persons), a *part* of the people engaged in some design.

[partiality, impartially, departure.]

37.—PEL LERE, PULSUM, *to drive.*

expel: ex+pel, to *drive* out.

propel: pro+pel, to *drive* forward.

repel: re+pel, to *drive* back: to check, to repulse.

repulsive: re+puls+ive, having the quality of repelling: repellent, forbidding.

38.—PENDERE, PENSUM, *to hang*; PONDUS, PONDERIS, *a weight*.

depend: de + pend, *to hang* from or on: rely, trust.

dependant: de + pend + ant, one who depends on another for support or favor.

dependent: de + pend + ent, *hanging* down: subject to, subordinate.

pendulum: (Lat. *pendulus*, *hanging*), a suspended swinging body.

ponder: to weigh in thought: to muse, to reflect.

[append, independence, suspend, pensile.]

39.—PETERE, PETITUM, *to seek*.

appetite: Fr. *appétit*), literally, a *seeking* from hunger.

compete: com + pet(e) *to seek* together: to rival.

competitor: com + petit + or, one who competes with another: a rival.

petition: petit + ion, that which is *sought*: a request.

[competent, incompetent, petitioner, competitive.]

40.—PINGERE, PICTUM, *to paint*.

depict: de + pict, *to paint* out: to describe, to represent.

picture: pict + ure, that which is *painted*, or depicted.

picturesque: Fr. *pittoresque*), expressing a kind of beauty agreeable in a picture.

41.—PLECTERE, PLEXUM, *to twist*.

complex: com + plex, *twisted* together: intricate, not simple.

perplex: per + plex, *to twist* thoroughly: to puzzle, to embarrass.

perplexity: per + plex + ity, the state of being perplexed.

42.—PLERE, PLETUM, *to fill*.

complete: com + plette), (*verb*) *to fill* wholly: to fulfill, finish; (*adjective*, filled up: finished, concluded.

completion: com + plette) + ion, the state of being completed

incomplete: in + com + plet(e), not complete: deficient.

incompleteness: in + com + plet(e) + ness, the state of being incomplete.

43.—PONERE, POSITUM, *to place, to put, to set*.

disposition: dis + posit + ion, state of being disposed; habit of mind, temper.

impostor: (Lat. *impostor*, a deceiver), a cheat, a rogue.

oppose: op + pos(e), to *put* against: to withstand.

opposite: op + posit(e), quality of being opposed: the reverse.

positive: posit + ive, having the quality of being firmly *placed*: determined, certain.

purpose: (Old Fr. *purpos*, a design), an end *set* before one: a design.

suppose: sup + pos(e), to *place* under: to imagine, to conjecture.

[postpone, opponent, composition, opposition, proposition, transposition, supposition, deposit, depository.]

44.—PORTARE, PORTATUM, to *bear*, to *carry*; PORTA, a *gate*.

comport: com + port, to *carry* one's self: to behave.

portal: port + al (Lat. *porta*, a gate), — poetic use of the word.

transport: trans + port, to *carry* across (from one place to another).

support: sup + port, to *bear* by being under: to *bear* up under, to endure.

[portable, porter, export, import, department.]

45.—PREHENDERE, PREHENSUM, to *lay hold of*, to *grasp*.

apprehend: ap +prehend, to *lay hold of*: (1) to *grasp* bodily; (2) to *lay hold of* with the mind.

comprehend: com +prehend, to *grasp* thoroughly: (1) to include, to comprise; (2) to *grasp* with the understanding.

prehensile: prehens + ile, apt for *grasping*.

surprise: (Fr. *surprise*), the act of coming upon unawares.

[apprehension, apprehensive, comprehension, reprehensible.]

46.—PREMERE, PRESSUM, to *press*.

compressible: com + press + ible, that may be *pressed* together.

express: ex + press, to *press* out: to declare freely.

expression: ex + press + ion, that which is *pressed* out: (1) an utterance; (2) what is *expressed* by the countenance.

pressure: press + ure, the act of *pressing* upon.

[depression, expressive, impression, oppressor.]

47.—PUTARE, PUTATUM, to *count*, to *think*.

compute: com + put(e), to *count* together, to reckon.

dispute: dis + put(e), to *think* apart: to contend in argument.

reputation: re + putat + ion, that which is *thought* over about one: regard, fame.

[computation, disputant, reputable, disreputable.]

48.—RAPERE, RAPTUM, *to hurry away, to seize suddenly.*

enraptured: en+rapt+ure+(e)d, *seized* with sudden pleasure: delighted, entranced.

rapid: (Lat. *rapidus*, swift), literally, being *hurried away*.

rapidity: rapid+ity, state of being rapid: swiftness.

rapture: rapt+ure, state of being *seized* with sudden joy.

49.—REGERE, RECTUM, *to rule, to lead.*

correct: cor+rect, *ruled* rightly: accurate, exact.

direct: di+rect, *to lead* straight: to guide, conduct.

direction: di+rect+ion, that which directs: a point of the compass.

irregular: (Lat. *regula*, a rule), not according to rule: uneven.

[rectify, rectitude, directory, indirect.]

50.—RIPA, *a bank or shore*; RIVUS, *a brook.*

arrive: (Fr. *arriver*, to reach a point), literally, to come to *shore*: to reach an end.

rival: (Lat. *rivalis*, one who uses a brook in common with another), a competitor.

river: (Fr. *rivière*=Lat. *riparius*, having banks), a large stream.

rivulet: (Lat. *rivulus*, a small brook): a streamlet.

51.—SCANDERE (SCEND in compounds), SCANSUM (SCENS in compounds), *to climb.*

ascend: a+scend, *to climb* up: to mount.

ascension: a+scens+ion, the act of ascending.

descend: de+scend, to come down: move down.

transcend: tran+scend, *to climb* beyond: to surmount, to rise above.

[ascendancy, descendant, condescend, transcendental.]

52.—SCRIBERE, SCRIPTUM, *to write.*

describe: de+scrib(e), *to write* about: to represent, to delineate.

inscribe: in+scrib(e), *to write* in: to imprint deeply.

subscribe: sub+scrib(e), *to under-write*: (1) to make a signature; hence, (2) to give consent to.

scripture: script+ure, that which is *written*: in particular, the Old and New Testaments.

[circumscribe, script, description, postscript.]

53.—SECARE, SECTUM, *to cut*.

bisect: bi+sect, *to cut* in two.

insect: in+sect, literally, an animal whose body is apparently *cut*.

sect: literally, a body of persons *cut* off or separated from others by peculiar doctrines.

[section, dissect, dissection, intersect.]

54.—SEDERE (SID in compounds), SESSUM, *to sit*.

preside: pre+sid(e), *to sit* before or over. to occupy a place of authority.

president: pre+sid+ent, one who presides: a chief officer.

reside: re+sid(e), to continue *to sit*: to abide, to inhabit.

sedentary: (Lat. *sedentarius*, accustomed to sit), leading an indoor life.

[presidency, residence, session, subside.]

55.—SILVA, *a wood*.

savage: (Old Fr. *salvage*), literally, one who lives in the *woods* (remote from civilization): a barbarian.

silvan: silv+an, pertaining to the *woods* or groves.

56.—SPECERE (SPIC in compounds), SPECTUM, *to behold, to look*.

expect: (Lat. *expectare*, to look out for), to *look* forward to, anticipate.

inspect: in+spect, to *look* into: to examine closely.

respective: re+spect+ive, relating to what respects or regards each of a given number.

spectator: (Lat. *spectator*), a *beholder*, an *onlooker*.

suspect: su(s)+spect, to *look* underneath: to distrust, to doubt.

suspicious: su(s)+spic+(ious, (1) having the quality of suspecting; (2) open to suspicion.

[circumspect, respect, prospect, retrospect.]

57.—STARE and SISTERE, STATUM, *to stand*; STANS, STANTIS, *standing*.

distance: di+st+ance, the condition of *standing* apart: remoteness

distant: di+stant, *standing* apart: remote.

instant: in+stant, literally, that which *stands* near: a moment.

resist: re+sist, to *stand* against: to oppose, to thwart.

resistance: re+sist+ance, the act of resisting.

state: (Lat. *status*, a standing), (1) condition: (2) a political division; (3) dignity.

stately: state + ly, state-like: evincing state or dignity.

[circumstance, statement, station.]

58.—STRUERE, STRUCTUM, *to build, to place in order.*

construct: con + struct, *to place together in order*: to form, to make.

construction: con + struct + ion, that which is constructed: structure. contrivance.

destruction: de + struct + ion, the act of *unbuilding*: ruin.

structure: struct + ure, that which is *built*: a *building*.

[destructible, instruct, instructive, instructor.]

59.—TENDERE, TENSUM, or TENTUM, *to stretch, to strive.*

attend: at + tend, *to stretch* the mind towards: to give close heed.

attention: at + tent + ion, the act of *stretching* the mind towards a subject: close heed.

attentively: at + tent + ive + ly, in an attentive manner.

contend: con + tend, *to strive* together.

intend: in + tend, *to stretch* the mind to: to purpose, to design.

intent: in + tent, *stretched* toward: having the mind closely fixed on an object.

intently: in + tent + ly, in an intent manner.

[tendency, extend, tension.]

60.—TENERE (TIN in compounds), TENTUM, *to hold, to rest.*

contentment: con + tent + ment, state of *resting* within one's self: satisfaction of the mind.

continent: con + tin + ent, literally, *holding* together: in geography. one of the grand divisions of land.

continue: (through Fr. *continuer*, to hold together): to stay, to last.

[tenant, discontent, retentive.]

61.—TRAHERE, TRACTUM, *to draw.*

attract: at + tract, *to draw* to: to allure.

contract: con + tract, *to draw* together: to narrow.

extract: ex + tract, *to draw* from.

subtraction: sub + tract + ion, a *withdrawing* from something else: a deducting.

[attractive, attraction, detract, retraction.]

62. — UNDA, a wave.

abundance: ab + und + ance, literally, condition of overflowing: great plenty.

inundate: in + und + ate, to overflow, as a wave.

undulate: (Lat. *undula*, a little wave), to move gently, as a wave.

[abundant, superabundant, inundation, undulation.]

63. — UNUS, one.

union: un + ion, the act of joining two or more things into one.

unite: (Lat. *unitare*, to join into one), to combine.

unit: (Lat. *unitum*, a single thing), the least whole number, one.

unity: un + ity, state of being one: union, oneness, harmony.

64. — VENIRE, VENTUM, to come, to go.

convenient: con + ven + (i)ent, coming together: suitable, handy.

conventional: con + vent + ion + al, relation to a common custom; customary.

event: e + vent, that which comes forth: any thing which befalls, an occurrence.

revenue: (Fr. *revenu*, returned), that which comes back: profits, returns, income.

venture: vent + ure, that which is gone after: risk, hazard.

venturous: vent + ur(e) + ous, full of venture: hazardous.

[adventure, invent, inventor, prevent.]

65. — VERBUM, a word.

verb: the most important word in a sentence.

verbal: verb + al, relating to word of mouth, in contrast with written words.

adverb: ad + verb, a word added to a verb.

proverb: pro + verb, a word (sentence) spoken before people: a pithy remark, an adage, a maxim.

66. — VERTERE, VERSUM, to turn.

adverse: ad + vers(e), turned (in a hostile way) towards (a person or thing): opposed to.

adversity: ad + vers + ity, that which is adverse to one: calamity, misfortune.

conversation: con+vers+at(e)+ion, a *turning* together of thoughts: familiar discourse.

diversion: di+vers+ion, the act of *turning* aside (from business): amusement, pastime.

pervert: per+vert, thoroughly turned from — in a bad sense.

reverse: re+vers(e), (*noun*) a *turning* against one: overthrow; (*verb*) to *turn* backward or over; (*adjective*) *turned* over: the opposite.

traverse: tra+vers(e), to go across in traveling.

universe: (Lat. *universum*, turned or combined into one whole), the whole of creation.

universal: univers(e)+al, relating to the whole: unlimited.

[advert, avert, divert, adversary.]

67.—VIA, a way.

devious: de+vi+ous, relating to that which is turned away from the true *way*: wandering, rambling.

obvious: ob+vi+ous, relating to what we meet on the *way*: evident, manifest.

impervious: im+per+vi+ous, having no *way* through.

68.—VIDERE, VISUM, to see.

evidence: e+vid+ence, that which makes any thing to be plainly *seen*: conclusive testimony.

evident: e+vid+ent, clear to be *seen*: plain, apparent.

invisible: in+vis+ible, that cannot be *seen*.

visible: vis+ible, that can be *seen*.

vision: vis+ion, act of *seeing*: sight.

[evidently, visionary, advisable, revise.]

69.—VINCERE, VICTUM, to conquer, to prove.

evince: e+vinc(e), to *prove*: to make manifest, to display.

invincible: in+vinc+ible, that cannot be *conquered*.

victim: (Lat. *victima*, a beast of sacrifice), one who is sacrificed.

victor: vict+or, one who *conquers*.

victory: vict+ory, act of *conquering*.

victorious: victory+ous, of the nature of a victory.

70.—VOCARE, VOCATUM, to call.

advocate: ad+voc+ate, to *call* out in favor of: to plead for.

avocation: a+vocat+ion, that to which one is *called*: occupation, employment.

convocation: con+vocat+ion, an assembly *called* together.

vocative: vocat+ive, the case of a noun in which the subject is *called* or addressed.

71.—VOLVERE, VOLUTUM, *to roll*.

evolve: e+volv(e), *to roll* out: to unfold, to develop.

involve: in+volv(e), *to roll* in: to complicate, to entangle.

revolve: re+volv(e), *to roll* again or continually: to turn around.

revolution: re+volut+ion, the act of *rolling*: (1) rotation, (2) revolt.



PHONIC MARKINGS.

I.—Vowel Markings.

<i>Sounds of</i>	<i>breve.</i> ˘	<i>macron.</i> —	<i>circum- flex.</i> Λ	<i>dots.</i> ..	<i>dot.</i> .	<i>wave.</i> ~
a	băg	plāy	hâir	fâr, fằl	âsk, whằt	hêr dỉrt
e	běj	mē, they	thêre			
i	bỉg	kĩte		machĩne		
o	bỗg	ôld	fôr	dỏ	dỏne, wỏlf	
u	bủg	ũse	củrl	rủde	pủsh	
y	hỹmn	mỹ				
oo	fỏôt	schỏol				

II.—Equivalent Vowel Markings.

e, ā	prey, prāy	ē, ī,	pěrt, dỉrt
ỹ, ĩ	hỹmn, hĩm	ạ, ỗ	whằt, hỏt
ỹ, ĩ	mỹ, mĩne	ỏ, ũ	nỏne, nủn
u, ỏ, ỏỏ	pủll, wỏlf, wỏỏl	ỏ, ạ	fỏr, fằl
u, ỏ, ỏỏ	trủe, tỏ, tỏỏ	ỉ, ē	pằque, pằk
â, ê	âir, hêir		

III.—Consonant Markings.

ç and çh	çellar, maçhine	like s and sh
e and eh	eurl, sehool	" k
ğ	ğem	" j
ğ	ğet	hard
ş	haş	like z
x	ex <u>act</u>	" gz
<u>n</u>	th <u>in</u> k	" ng
th	there	flat

(,) under c is the cedilla; (⊥) under s and x is the suspended bar



March 13, 1896. last day of school

March 5 1897 last day of school

June, 7 last day of school.

